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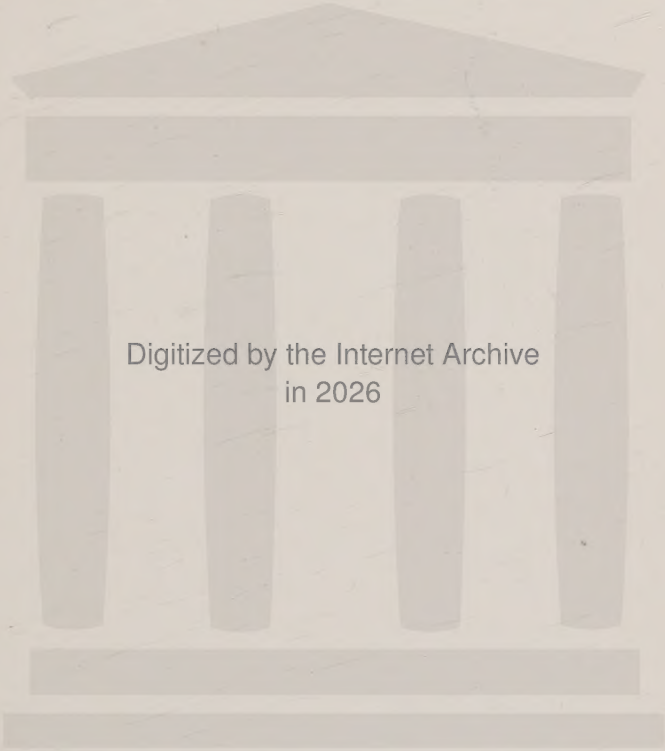

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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

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The Complete Works of William Makepeace Thackeray

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. I

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MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES

ON

ENGLISH HISTORY

Vol. XI.

MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY

A CHARACTER

(TO INTRODUCE ANOTHER CHARACTER)

WE have the pleasure to be acquainted with a young fellow by the name of Adolphus Simcoe, who, like many another person of his age and rank in life, has been smitten with a love for literary pursuits, which have brought him to early ruin.

He gained a decent maintenance as assistant in the shop of Messrs. ——, apothecaries, Cheapside, but even then was observed never to move without a Byron in his pocket, and used to amuse the other gents in the establishment, by repeating whole passages from Shelley, Wordsworth, and Moore. To one young man he confided a large ledger of poems, of his own composition; but being of a timid turn, and the young man falling asleep during the reading of the very first ballad, Adolphus never attempted a similar proceeding with any of his comrades again, but grew more morose and poetical, frequenting the theatres, coming late to business, living alone, and turning down his shirt-collars more and more every day. Messrs. Butler had almost determined, although with regret, to turn away the lad, when he prevented that step on their part by signifying his own intention to retire. His grandmother, who, we are led to believe, kept a small shop in the town of York, left Adolphus a fortune of three hundred pounds in the Three per Cents., which sum he thought fully adequate for the making of his fortune in his own way.

His passion was to become an editor of a Magazine; to assemble about him "the great spirits of the age," as he called them; and to be able to communicate his own contributions to the public, aided by all the elegances of type, and backed by all the ingenuities of puffery.

That celebrated miscellany, the *Lady's Lute*, then being for

sale—indeed, if a gentleman has a mind to part with his money, it is very hard if he cannot find some periodical with a broom at its masthead—Adolphus, for the sum of forty-five pounds became the proprietor and editor of the *Lute;* and had great pleasure in seeing his own name in the most Gothic capitals upon the title-page—his poems occupying the place of honour within. The honest fellow has some good mercantile notions, and did not in the least hesitate to say, on the part of the proprietors, and on the fly-leaf of the Magazine, that the Public of England would rejoice to learn, that the great aid of ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQUIRE, had been secured, at an immense expense, for the *Lady's Lute*; that his contributions would henceforth be *solely* confined to it, and that the delighted world would have proofs of his mighty genius in song.

Having got all the poets by heart, he had a pretty knack of imitating them all, and in a single ballad would give you specimens of, at least, half-a-dozen different styles. He had, moreover, an emphatic way of his own, which was for a little time popular; and the public, for near a year, may be said to have been almost taken in by Adolphus Simcoe—as they have been by other literary characters of his kind. It is, we do believe, a fact, that for a certain time Adolphus's Magazine actually paid its contributors; and it is a known truth, that one India-paper proof of the portrait of himself, which he published in the second year of his editorship, was bought by a young lady, a sincere admirer of his poems.

In the course of eighteen months he exhausted his manuscript ledger of poetry—he published his "Ghoul," a poem in Lord Byron's style; his "Leila," after the manner of Thomas Moore; his "Idiosyncrasy," a didactic poem, that strongly reminded one of Wordsworth; and his "Gondola, a Venetian Lay," that may be considered to be slightly similar to the works of L. E. L. Then he came out with a Tragedy, called "Perdition, or the Rosicrucian Gammons," of which the dulness was so portentous, that at the end of the fourth act it was discovered there were not more than thirty-three subscribers left to the Magazine.

Suffice it to say, that though he continued the work desperately for six months longer, pouring, as he said, the whole energies of his soul into its pages—(the fact was that, as there was no more money, there were no more contributors)—though he wrote articles pathetic, profound, and humorous, commenced romances, and indited the most bitter and sarcastic reviews, the *Lady's Lute* fell to the ground—its chords, as he said, were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them with such joy went forth a wretched and heart-broken man.

He passed three months in her Majesty's Asylum of the Fleet, from whence he issued in brocade robe-de-chambre, and the possessor of

the cut-glass bottles and shaving trumpery of a dressing-case, the silver covers of which he had pawned in order to subsist while in durance.

Our belief is that Miss Tickletoby is his relation: it is certain that he sleeps in her back garret (and the venerable age of the lady puts all scandal out of the question); he has, we are fully certain, instructed her pupils in penmanship, filling up his leisure moments by writing what would have been contributions to the Magazines, if those works would but have accepted the same.

He still speaks of the *Lady's Lute* as of the greatest periodical that ever was produced, and but the other day apologised warmly to the writer of this for having abused his early volume of Poems —"Lyrics of the Soul" they were called—written at sixteen, when we were students at the University of London. He persists in thinking that the author of "Lyrics of the Soul" has never forgiven him, that he has never been the same man since, but has pined away under the effects of that withering sarcasm. Our next work, he says, was the bitter Slough of Despair—it was called "The Downy Dragsman; or, Love in Liquorpond Street." This, at least, the reader will remember. Could anything be more frank than its humour—more joyously low than every one of the scenes in that truly racy production?

It is needless to say, we have no sort of anger against poor Adolphus; but that, on the contrary, meeting him very wild and gloomy, and more than usually dirty, at the "Globe," in Bow Street, which we both frequent, it was a great pleasure to us to lend him seven shillings, which enabled him to order a dish of meat in addition to that unhappy half-pint of beer which seemed really to form all his dinner.

The dinner and the money made him communicative; and he was good enough to confide to us the history of a vast number of his disappointments—"His blighted opes—his withered dreams of hearly years—his 'vain hambition'" (Adolphus is a Londoner, whatever his grandmother may have been), and at the end of all, he pulled out a manuscript (which is always rather a frightful object to a literary man), but instead of reading it began, thank Heaven! only to discourse about it. It was another's writing, not his own.

"Halfred," said he, "you know I hoccupy no common position in the literary world. I ave at least done so, until misfortune hovertook me. Since my sorrows, I've been kindly oused by a munificent being—a woman ('ere's to 'er,'" said he, draining his glass solemnly, "who doubles hall our joys, and alves hall our sorrows—to woman!"). Having finished his brandy-and-water, he resumed:—

"Hever since hi've been in the ouse of that hangelic being—she's hold, Halfred, hold enough to be my grandmother, and so I

pray you let the sneer pass away from your lips—hi've not neglected, has you may himagine, the sacred calling for which hi feel hi was born. Poesy has been my solace in my lonely hagonies, hand I've tried the newspapers hall round. But they're a callous and ard-earted set, those literary men—men who have feasted at my table, and quaffed of my wine-cup—men, who in the days of my prosperity have grown rich from my purse—will you believe it, they won't accept a single harticle of my writing, and scornfully, pass me by! Worse than this—they refuse to elp me by the most simple puff, for me and mine; would you believe it, my dear friend, Miss Tickletoby has just commenced a series of lectures, for which hi'm hanxious to get the world's good opinion, and not one paper will hinsert the little description I've written off. The *Hage*, the *Hargus*, the *Hera*, hi've applied to 'em all, and they're hall the same—hall, hall, ungrateful."

"My dear fellow, if you will write verse," said I——

"It's not verse," answered Adolphus, "it's prose—a report of Miss T.'s lecture, prefaced by a modest leading harticle."

"I'll see if I can get it into *Punch*," said I.

"Hush, *Punch!*" shouted he, "Heavens, have you fallen so low? I, write in *Punch!* Gracious powers! In *Punch*—in *Punch!*"

"Rum or brandy, sir?" said Betsy, the waiter, who caught the last word.

"*Rum*," said Adolphus (with a good deal of presence of mind); and, as he drank the steaming liquor, took my hand. "Halfred," said he, "tell me this one thing—does *Punch pay?* for, between ourselves, Miss Tickletoby says that she'll turn me out of doors unless I can make myself useful to her and—pay my bill."

Adolphus Simcoe is to be paid for his contributions, and *next week* we shall begin Miss Tickletoby's Lectures

LECTURE I

WE have just had the joy to be present at one of the most splendid exhibitions of intelligence which has been witnessed in our splendid and intelligent time.

The great spirit of History, distilled in a mighty mind's alembic, outpouring, clear, rich, strong, intoxicating oft—so delicious was the draught, and so eager the surrounding drinkers—the figures of statesmen and heroes, wise heroes and heroic states-

men, caught up from their darkness in the far past, and made by the enchantress to shine before us visible; the gorgeous and gigantic memories of old Time rising stately from their graves, and looking on us as in life they looked: such were the thoughts, sensations, visions, that we owe to the eloquence of Miss Tickletoby this day.

We write under a tremendous emotion, for the words of the fair speaker still thrill in our ears; nor can we render account of one tithe part of that mystic harmony of words, that magic spell of poesy, which the elegant oratrix flung round her audience—a not readily-to-be-dissipated charm.

Suffice it to say, that, pursuant to her announcements in the public prints, this accomplished lady commenced her series of lectures on English History to-day. Her friends, her pupils, those who know and esteem her (and these consist of the rarest of England's talent, and the brightest of her aristocracy), were assembled at one o'clock punctually in her modest dwelling (No. 3 Leg-of-Veal Court, Little Britain, over the greengrocer's; pull the *third* bell from the bottom). We were among the first to attend, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to a record of the glorious transactions of the day. The reporters of this paper were employed in taking down every word that fell from the speaker's lips—(would that they could have likewise transferred the thrilling tones and magic glance which made her words a thousand times more precious): we, on the other hand, being from our habits more accustomed to philosophic abbreviation, have been contented with taking down rather the heads and the *suggestivity* (if we may use the phrase) of Miss Tickletoby's discourse, and we flatter ourselves that upon a comparison with the text, the analysis will be found singularly faithful.

We have spoken of the public character: a word now regarding Miss Tickletoby *the woman*. She has long been known and loved in the quarter of which she is the greatest blessing and ornament —that of St. Mary Axe.

From her early life practising tuition, some of the best families of the City owe to her their earliest introduction to letters. Her Spelling-book is well known, and has run through very nearly an edition; and when we rank among her pupils *the daughter of one of the clerks of Alderman Harmer* AND A NIECE OF A LATE HONOURED LORD MAYOR, we have said enough to satisfy the most fastidious votary of fashion with respect to the worldly position of those who sit at Miss Tickletoby's feet.

Miss Tickletoby believes that education, to be effective, should be begun early, and therefore receives her pupils from the age of

two upwards. Nay, she has often laughingly observed that she would have no objection to take them from the month, as childhood's training can never be too soon commenced. Of course, at so tender an age, *sex* is no consideration. Miss Tickletoby's children (as she loves to call them) are both of the sterner and the softer varieties of our human species.

With regard to her educational system, it is slightly coercive. She has none of the new-fangled notions regarding the inutility of corporal punishments, but, remembering their effects in her own case, does not hesitate to apply them whenever necessity urges.

On Wednesdays (half-holidays) she proposes to deliver a series of lectures upon English history, occasionally (it would appear from a hint in the present discourse) diversified by subjects of a lighter and more holiday kind. *We shall attend them all*—nor can the public of this city do better than follow our example. The price of tickets for the six lectures is—ninepence.

> Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer cloud
> Without our special wonder?

THE LECTURE-ROOM

The lecture was announced for one o'clock, and arriving at that hour, we found the room full of rank and fashion. Excellent accommodation was arranged for the public press. Flowers, some of those cheap but lovely and odorous ones which form the glory of England's garden, were placed tastefully here and there—on the mantel, on the modest table at which stood the lecturer's chair, and a large and fragrant bouquet in the window-sill. These were (with the exception of a handsome curtain that hung before the door from which Miss Tickletoby was to issue) the sole ornaments of the simple academic chamber.

The lovely children, with wistful eyes and cheeks more flushed than any roses there, were accommodated with their usual benches, while their parents were comfortably ranged in chairs behind them. 'Twas indeed a thrilling sight—a sight to bring tears into the philanthropic heart—happy tears though—such as those spring showers which fall from the lids of childhood, and which rainbow joy speedily dries up again.

The bell rings: one moment—and the chintz curtain draws aside; and 'midst waving of kerchiefs, and shouting of bravos, and with smiling eyes fixed upon her, and young hearts to welcome her,

THE LECTURER steps forth. *Now, our* task is over. Gentles, let the enchantress speak for herself.

Having cleared her voice, and gazing round the room with a look of affection, she began

THE LECTURE

MY LOVES,—With regard to the early history of our beloved country, before King Alfred ascended the throne, I have very little indeed to say; in the first place, because the story itself is none of the most moral—consisting of accounts of murders agreeably varied by invasions; and secondly, dears, because to tell you the truth, I have always found those first chapters so abominably stupid, that I have made a point to pass them over. For I had an indulgent mamma, who did not look to my education so much as I do to yours, and provided she saw Howell's "Medulla" before me, never thought of looking to see whether "Mother Goose" was within the leaves. Ah, dears! that is a pleasant history, too, and in holiday time we will have a look at *that.*

Well, then, about the abominable, odious Danes and Saxons, the Picts and the Scots, I know very little, and must say have passed through life pretty comfortably in spite of my ignorance. Not that this should be an excuse to *you*—no, no, darlings; learn for learning's sake; if not, I have something hanging up in the cupboard, and you know my name is Tickletoby. [*Great sensation.*]

How first our island became inhabited is a point which nobody knows. I do not believe a word of that story at the beginning of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," about King Brute and his companions; and as for the other hypotheses (let Miss Biggs spell the word "hypothesis," and remember not to confound it with "apothecary") they are not worth consideration. For as the first man who entered the island could not write, depend on it he never set down the date of his arrival; and I leave you to guess what a confusion about dates there would speedily be—you who can't remember whether it was last Thursday or Friday that you had gooseberry pudding for dinner.

Those little dears who have not seen Mrs. Trimmer's "History of England" have, no doubt, beheld pictures of Mr. Oldridge's Balm of Columbia. The ancient Britons were like the lady represented there, only not black; the excellent Mrs. T.'s pictures of these, no doubt, are authentic, and there our ancestors are represented as dressed in painted skins, and wearing their hair as long as possible. I need not say that it was their own skins they painted, because, as for clothes, they were not yet invented.

Perhaps some of my darlings have seen at their papas' evening parties some curious (female) Britons who exist in our own time, and who, out of respect for the country in which they were born, are very fond of the paint, and not at all partial to clothes.

As for the religion of the ancient Britons, as it was a false and abominable superstition, the less we say about it the better. If they had a religion, you may be sure they had a clergy. This body of persons were called Druids. This historian Hume says that they instructed the youth of the country, which, considering not one boy in 1,000,000,000,000 could read, couldn't give the Druids much trouble. The Druids likewise superintended the law matters and government of Britain; and, in return for their kindness, were handsomely paid, as all teachers of youth, lawyers, and ministers ought to be. [*"Hear, hear," from* Lord ABINGER *and* Sir ROBERT PEEL.]

The ancient Britons were of a warlike, rude nature (and loved broils and battles, like Master Spry yonder). They used to go forth with clubs for weapons, and bulls' horns for trumpets; and so with their clubs and trumps they would engage their enemies, who sometimes conquered them, and sometimes were conquered by them, according to luck.

The priests remained at home and encouraged them; praying to their gods, and longing no doubt for a share of the glory and danger; but they learned, they said, to sacrifice themselves for the public good. Nor did they only sacrifice themselves—I grieve to say that it was their custom to sacrifice other people: for when the Britons returned from war with their prisoners, the priests carried the latter into certain mysterious groves, where they slew them on the horrid altars of their gods. The gods, they said, delighted in these forests and these dreadful human sacrifices, and you will better remember the facts by representing these gods to you as so many wicked Lovegroves, and their victims as unfortunate Whitebait. [*Immense sensation.*]

And as your papas have probably taken some of you to see the opera of "Norma," which relates to these very Druids that we are talking about, you will know that the ancient Britons had not only priests, but priestesses—that is, clergywomen. Remember this, and don't commit an error which is common in society, and talk of two clerical gentlemen as two *priestesses*. It is a gross blunder. One might as well speak of the "Blue Posteses" (in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, where, I am told, excellent beef-steaks are served), or talk of having your *breakfasteses*, as I have heard the Duchess of —— often do. Remember, then, Priests; singular, Priest. "Blue Posts" (Cork Street, Burlington Gardens); singular

"Blue Post." "Breakfasts," singular—What is the singular of Breakfasts, Miss Higgins?

Miss Higgins. I don't know.

Master Smith (*delighted and eager*). I know.

Miss Tickletoby. Speak, my dear, and tell that inattentive Miss Higgins what is the singular of "breakfasts."

Master Smith (*clearing his voice by rubbing his jacket sleeve across his nose*). The most singular breakfast *I* know is old John Wapshot's, who puts sugar in his muffins, and takes salt in his tea! [Master SMITH *was preparing to ascend to the head of the class, but was sternly checked by* Miss TICKLETOBY *who resumed her discourse.*]

It was not to be supposed that the wickedness of these Priests could continue for ever: and accordingly we find (though upon my word I don't know upon what authority) that, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago, Julius Cæsar, that celebrated military man, landed at Deal. He conquered a great number of princes with jaw-breaking names, as did the Roman Emperors, his successors, such as the Trinobantes, the Atrebates, the Silures, all richly deserving their fate, doubtless, as I fear they were but savages at best. They were masters of the Britons for pretty near five hundred years, and though the Scotch pretend that the Romans never conquered their part of it, I am inclined to suppose it was pretty much for the reasons that the clothes are not taken off a scarecrow in the fields, because they are not worth the taking.

About the year 450, the Romans, having quite enough to do at home, quitted Britain for good, when the Scots, who were hungry then, and have been hungry ever since, rushed in among the poor unprotected Britoners, who were forced to call the Saxons to their aid.

'Twas two o'clock—the Lecturer made her curtsey and reminded her auditory that another Lecture would take place on the following Wednesday, and the Company departed, each making a mental affidavit to return.

LECTURE II

IN the lecture-room we observed one of the noblest of our poet-philosophers, who was assiduously taking notes, and we say that it is to ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, ESQUIRE, author of the "Ghoul," "Leila," "Idiosyncrasy," &c., that we are indebted for the following Philosophical Synopsis of Miss Tickletoby's First

Lecture on English History, delivered to her pupils and their *friends* on the — July at her Scholastic Hall, Little Britain.

1. On the painful impression occasioned by the contemplation of early barbarism.

2. The disposition of the human mind to avoid such a study.

3. The *mystic* and the *historic:* their comparative beauty and excellence—the Lecturer promises on a further occasion to speak upon the former subject.

4. Spite of his unwillingness, 'tis the duty of the student to acquaint himself with *all* the facts of history, whether agreeable or not, and of the tutor to urge *by every means* the unwilling.

5. Various hypotheses with regard to the first colonisation of Britain. The hypothesis of the chivalric ages, and of the cycle of Arthur.

6. The insufficiency of all theories upon the subject proved by a familiar appeal to the student's own powers of memory.

7. The Ancient Britons—their costume: (8) its singular resemblances with that of the Transatlantic savage; (9) a passing word of reprobation upon an odious modern custom.

10. The Religion of the Britons.—11. A religion inseparable from a priesthood.—The attributes of the Druidical priesthood, their privileges and powers.—12. Of the rewards that the State ought to grant to the ministers of its government, its laws, and its education.

13. The Wars of the Britons.—14. Their weapons.—15. Their various fortunes in the field.

16. The influence of the Priests upon their campaigns.—17. The barbaric sacrifices in the groves of Odin.—18. Fanciful simile

19. The Priestesses: grammatical distinction to be drawn between them and the Priests.

20. Episode of Miss Higgins and Master Smith — absurd blunder of the latter.

21. The Romans in Britain.—22. The character of Cæsar.—23. Of his successors.—24. Their victories over the barbarous Britons a blessing, and not an evil.—25. The Scottish boasts of invincibility; the true view of them.

26. The Downfall of the Roman Empire.—The legions withdrawn from Britain. Depredations of the Scots in that unhappy island.

The following questions on the most important points of the Lecture were delivered by Miss Tickletoby to her pupils:—

Examination Paper.

July 1842.

At the Academe, Leg-of-Veal Court, London, superintended by Wilhelmina Maria Tickletoby.

Q. By whom was Britain first colonised; and at what period?

A. From the best accounts it is quite uncertain. It was colonised at the period when the colonists landed.

Q. What was the date of the landing of the Romans in Britain?

A. A day or two after they quitted Gaul.

Q. Why were they obliged to jump into the water from their boats?

A. Because they were *inwaders*.

Q. When Boadicea harangued the Icenic warriors before her supreme combat with Suetonius, why did she remind the latter of a favourite vegetable?

A. Because she was an Icenean (a nice inion). The alicampane prize to Miss Parminter (for answering this).

THE LECTURE

Personages present.

Miss Wilhelmina Maria Tickletoby.
Master Spry (*a quarrelsome boy*).
Miss Pontifex (*a good girl*).
Master Maximus Pontifex (*her brother, a worthy though not brilliant lad*). } Pupils.
Master Delancey Mortimer (*says nothing*).
Mr. Desborough Mortimer (*footman in the service of* Sir George Gollop, Bart., *and father of the above*).
Miss Budge, *an assistant* (*says nothing*).
Boys, Girls, Parents, &c.

Scene as before.

The Picts, the Scots, the Danes; Gregory the Satirist, the Conversion of the Britons, the Character of Alfred. —I did not in my former Lecture make the least allusion to the speech of Queen Boadicea to her troops before going into action, because, although several reports of that oration have been handed down to us, not one of them, as I take it, is correct, and what is the use, my darlings, of reporting words (hers were very abusive against the Romans) —of reporting words that never were uttered? There's scandal enough, loves, in this wicked world without going

back to old stories: *real* scandal, too, which may satisfy any person. Nor did I mention King Caractacus's noble behaviour before the Roman Emperor Claudius—for that history is so abominably stale that I am sure none of my blessed loves require to be told it.

When the Britons had been deserted by the Romans, and found themselves robbed and pillaged by the Picts and Scots, they sent over to a people called Saxons (so called because they didn't live in Saxony): who came over to help their friends, and having turned out the Picts and Scots, and finding the country a pleasant one to dwell in, they took possession of it, saying that the Britons did not deserve to have a country, as they did not know how to keep it. This sort of argument was considered very just in those days—and I've seen some little boys in this school acting *Saxon-fashion:* for instance, Master Spry the other day took away a piece of gingerbread from Master Jones, giving him a great thump on the nose instead; and what was the consequence? I showed Master Spry the injustice of his action, and punished him severely.

To Master Spry. How did I punish you, my dear?—tell the company.

Master Spry. You kept the gingerbread.

Miss T. (*severely*). I don't mean that: how *else* did I punish you?

Master Spry. You vipped me: but I kicked your shins all the time.

Unruly boy!—but so it is, ladies and gentlemen, in the infancy of individuals as in that of nations: we hear of these continual scenes of violence, until prudence teaches respect for property, and law becomes stronger than force. To return to the Saxons, they seized upon the goods and persons of the effeminate Britons, made the latter their slaves, and sold them as such in foreign countries. The mind shudders at such horrors! How should *you* like, you naughty Master Spry, to be seized and carried from your blessed mother's roof—[*immense sensation, and audible sobbing among the ladies present*]—how should you like to be carried off and sold as a slave to France or Italy?

Master Spry. Is there any schools there? I shouldn't mind if there ain't.

Miss T. Yes, sir, there *are* schools—and RODS.

[*Immense uproar. Cries of "Shame!" "No flogging!" "Serve him right!" "No tyranny!" "Horse him this instant!" With admirable presence of mind, however,* Miss TICKLETOBY *stopped the disturbance by unfolding her* GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE!

It chanced that two lovely British children, sold like thousands of others by their ruthless Saxon masters, were sent to Rome, and exposed upon the slave-market there. Fancy those darlings in such a situation!

There they stood—weeping and wretched, thinking of their parents' cot, in the far Northern Isle, sighing and yearning, no doubt, for the green fields of Albin! *

It happened that a gentleman by the name of Gregory, who afterwards rose to be Pope of Rome—but who was then a simple clerical gent, passed through the market, with his friends, and came to the spot where these poor British children stood.

The Reverend Mr. Gregory was instantly struck by their appearance—by their rosy cheeks, their golden hair; their little jackets covered all over with sugar-loaf buttons, their poor nankeens grown all too short by constant wash and wear: and demanded of their owner, of what nation the little darlings were?

The man (who spoke in Latin) replied that they were *Angli*, that is, Angles or English.

"Angles," said the enthusiastic Mr. Gregory, "they are not Angles, but Angels;" and with this joke, which did not do much honour to his head, though certainly his heart was good, he approached the little dears, caressed them, and made still further inquiries regarding them.†

Miss Pontifex (*one of the little girls*). And did Mr. Gregory take the little children out of slavery, and send them home, ma'am?

Mr. Hume, my dear good little girl, does not mention this fact; but let us hope he did: with all my heart, I'm sure *I* hope he did. But this is certain, that he never forgot them, and when in process of time he came to be Pope of Rome——

Master Maximus Pontifex. Pa says *my* name's Lat'n for Pope of Rome; is it, ma'am?

I've no doubt it is, my love, since your papa says so: and when Gregory became Pope of Rome, he despatched a number of his clergy to England, who came and converted the benighted Saxons and Britons, and they gave up their hideous idols, and horrid human sacrifices, and sent the wicked Druids about their business.

The Saxons had ended by becoming complete masters of the country, and the people were now called Anglo or English Saxons. There were a great number of small sovereigns in the land then:

* Albin, the ancient name of England: not to be confounded with Albin, hairdresser and wig-maker to the Bar, Essex Court, Temple.

† Miss Tickletoby did not, very properly, introduce the other puns which Gregory made on the occasion; they are so atrociously bad that they could not be introduced into the columns of *Punch*.

but about the year 830, the King called Egbert became the master of the whole country; and he, my loves, was the father of Alfred.

Alfred came to the throne after his three brothers, and you all know how good and famous a king he was. It is said that his father indulged him, and that he did not know how to read until he was twelve years old—but this, my dears, I cannot believe; or, at least, I cannot but regret that there were no nice day-schools then, where children might be taught to read before they were twelve, or ten, or even eight years old, as many of my dear scholars can.

[Miss Tickletoby *here paused for a moment, and resumed her lecture with rather a tremulous voice.*

It is my wish to amuse this company as well as I can, and sometimes, therefore—for I am by nature a facetious old woman, heartily loving a bit of fun—I can't help making jokes about subjects which other historians treat in a solemn and pompous way.

But, dears, I don't think it right to make one single joke about good King Alfred; who was so good, and so wise, and so gentle, and so brave, that one can't laugh, but only love and honour his memory. Think of this, how rare good kings are, and let us value a good one when he comes. We have had just fifty kings since his time, who have reigned for near a thousand long years, and he the only Great one. Brave and victorious many of them have been, grand and sumptuous, and a hundred times more powerful than he: but who cares for one of them (except Harry the Fifth, and I think Shakspeare made *that* king)—who loves any of them except him—the man who spoiled the cakes in the herdsman's cottage, the man who sang and played in the Danes' camp?

There are none of you so young but know those stories about him. Look, when the people love a man, how grateful they are! For a thousand years these little tales have passed from father to son all through England, and every single man out of millions and millions who has heard them has loved King Alfred in his heart, and blessed him, and was proud that he was an Englishman's king. And then he hears that Alfred fought the Danes, and drove them out of England, and that he was merciful to his enemies, and kept faith at a time when every one else was deceitful and cruel, and that he was the first to make laws, and establish peace and liberty among us.

Who cares for Charles the Second, secured in his oak, more than for any other man at a pinch of danger? Charles might have stayed in his tree for us, or for any good that he did when he came down. But for King Alfred, waiting in his little secret island, until he should be strong enough to have one more battle with his conquerors, or in the camp of the enemy singing his songs to his

harp, who does not feel as for a dear friend or father in danger, and cry hurra! with all his heart, when he wins?

All the little Children. Hurray! Alfred for ever!

Yes, my dears, you love him all, and would all fight for him, I know.

Master Spry. That I would.

I'm sure you would, John, and may you never fight for a worse cause! Ah! it's a fine thing to think of the people loving a man for a thousand years! We shan't come to such another in the course of all these lectures—except mayhap if we get so far, to one George——

Mr. Mortimer (*aloud, and with much confidence*). George the Fourth, you mean, miss, the first gentleman in Europe.

Miss T. (*sternly*). No, sir; I mean GEORGE WASHINGTON,—the *American* Alfred, sir, who gave and took from us many a good beating, and drove the *English*-Danes out of his country.

Mr. Mortimer. Disgusting raddicle!—Delancey, my dear, come with me. Mem!—I shall withdraw my son from your academy.

[*Exeunt* MORTIMER, Senior and Junior.

Miss T. Let them go. As long as honest people agree with me, what care I what great men's flunkeys choose to think? Miss Budge, make out Mr. Mortimer's account. Ladies and Gentlemen, on Wednesday next I hope for the honour of resuming these lectures.

[*Punch*, in concluding this long paper, begs to hint to Mr. Simcoe, whose remuneration will be found at the office, that for the future he may spare his own remarks, philosophical, laudatory, or otherwise, and confine himself simply to the Lectures of Miss Tickletoby.]

LECTURE III

THE SEA-KINGS IN ENGLAND

IN the olden time our glorious country of England, my dears, must have been a pleasant place; for see what numbers of people have taken a fancy to it! First came the Romans, as we have seen, then the Saxons,—and when they were comfortably established here, the Danes, under their Sea-kings, came gallantly over the main, and were not a whit less charmed with the island than the Saxons and Romans had been.

Amongst these distinguished foreigners may be mentioned the Sea-king Swayn, who came to England in the year nine hundred

and something, landing at Margate, with which he was so pleased as to determine to stop there altogether,—being, as he said, so much attached to this country that nothing would induce him to go back to his own. Wasn't it a compliment to us? There is a great deal of this gallantry in the people of the North; and you may have observed, even in our own days, that some of them, 'specially Scotchmen, when once landed here, are mighty unwilling to go home again.

Well, King Swayn's stay became preposterously long: and his people consumed such a power of drink and victuals, that at length our late beloved monarch, King Ethelred the Second, was induced to send to him. A bard of those days has recorded, with considerable minuteness, the particulars of Swayn's arrival; and as his work has not been noticed by Turner, Hallam, Hume, or any other English historian, it may be quoted with advantage here. Snoro the bard (so called from the exciting effect which his poem produced on his audience) thus picturesquely introduces us to the two Kings:—

"ÆTHELRED KONING MURNING POST REDINGE."

B. M. MSS. CLAUD. XXV.—XXVII.

A-reading of the newspaper | in meditation lost,
Sate Æthelred of England | and took his tea and toast;
Sate Æthelred of England | and read the *Morning Post.*

Among the new arrivals | the Journal did contain,
At Margate on the twentieth | his Majesty King Swayn,
Of Denmark with a retinue | of horsemen and of Dane!

Loud laugh'd King Æthelred, | and laid the paper down;
"Margate is a proper place | for a Danish clown."
"Take care," said the Chancellor, | "*he doesn't come to town.*"

"This King Swayn," says Witfrid the fool, | laughing loud and free,
"Sea-king as he is, | a boatswain ought to be."
"It is none of *our seeking,*" | said the Chancellor, says he.

"Let him come," said the King (in his mouth | butter'd toast popping),
"At Wapping or at Redriff | this boatswain will be stopping."
"Take care," says Chancellor Wigfrid, | "he don't give *you* a wapping."

"I'm certain," says wise Wigfrid, | "the Sea-king means us evilly;
Herald, go to Margate | and speak unto him civilly;
And if he's not at Margate, | why then try Ramsgate and Tivoli."

Herald, in obedience | to his master dear,
Goes by steam to Margate, | landing at the Pier;
Says he, "King Swayn of Denmark | I think is lodging here?"

Swayn, the bold Sea-king, | with his captains and skippers,
Walk'd on the sea-beach | looking at the dippers—
Walk'd on the sea-beach | in his yellow slippers.

The ballad, which is important to the archæologian, as showing how many of the usages of the present day prevailed nine hundred years back (thus fondly do Englishmen adhere to their customs!), and which shows that some of the jokes called puns at present currently uttered as novelties were in existence at this early period of time, goes on to describe, with a minuteness that amounts almost to tediousness, the interview between Swayn and the herald; it is angry, for the latter conveys to the Danish monarch the strongest exhortations, on the part of King Ethelred, to quit the kingdom

"Nay, I cannot go," said Swayn, | "for my ships are leaking."
"You shall have a fleet," says the herald, | "if that be what you're seeking."
"Well, I *won't* go, and that's flat," | answered Swayn the Sea-king.

Falling into a fury, Swayn then abuses the King of England in the most contumelious terms; says that he will make his back into a football, and employ his nose for a bell-rope; but finally recollecting himself dismisses the herald with a present of five-eighths of a groat—twopence halfpenny (a handsome largesse, considering the value of money in those days), bidding him at the same time order what he liked to drink at the hotel where he (King Swayn) resided. "Well," says the Chronicler pathetically, "well might he order what he thought proper. *King Swayn of Denmark never paid a copper.*" A frightful picture of the insolence and rapacity of the invader and his crew!

A battle, as is natural, ensues; the invader is victorious—Ethelred flies to France, and the venerable Chancellor Wigfrid is put to the most dreadful tortures, being made by the ferocious despot to undergo the indignities which (as we have seen in the former passage) he had promised to inflict on the royal fugitive, as well as many more. As a specimen of the barbarian's ingenuity, it may be stated that the martyr Wigfrid is made to administer a mockery of justice, seated on a woolsack stuffed with—the mind revolts at the thought—*stuffed with fleas!*

But it is remarkable that the bard Snoro, who so long as Swayn was not victorious over Ethelred is liberal in his abuse of the Dane,

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immediately on Ethelred's defeat changes his note, and praises with all his might the new sovereign. At Swayn's death he is lost in grief—being, however, consoled in the next stanza by the succession of his son Canute to the throne.

Snoro gives particular accounts of Canute's reign and actions—his victories in foreign lands, and the great drawn battle between him and Edmund Ironsides, about whose claims the bard is evidently puzzled to speak; however, on Edmund's death, which took place, singularly and conveniently enough, about a month after Canute and he had made a compromise regarding the crown (the compromise left the kingdom to the *survivor*), Snoro takes up the strain loudly and decidedly in favour of Canute, and hints at the same time his perfect conviction that Ironsides is roasting in a certain place.

And then, after following King Canute through his battles—in one of which the celebrated Godwin (who, I believe, afterwards married Mary Wollstonecraft) showed the valour of Englishmen—after going through a list of murders, treasons, usurpations, which the great monarch committed, the bard comes to that famous passage in his history, which all little boys know; and I have the pleasure to show a copy of an Anglo-Saxon drawing which is to be found in the MS., and which *never* has been seen until the present day.

[This drawing was handed round to the company by Miss Tickletoby, and excited an immense sensation, which having subsided, the lecturer proceeded to read from the same MS., Claud. XXVII., XXVIII., "The Song of King Canute." *]

King Canute was weary-hearted, | he had reigned for years a score;
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, | killing much, and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions | walking by the wild seashore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop | walk'd the King with step sedate;
Chamberlains and grooms came after, | Silver-sticks and Gold-sticks great;
Chaplains, Aides-de-Camp, and Pages, | all the officers of State.

Sliding after like his shadow, | pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted | straight the courtiers dropp'd their jaws;
If to laughter he was minded | out they burst in loud he-haws.

But that day a something vex'd him, | that was clear to old and young;
Thrice his Grace had yawn'd at table | when his favourite gleeman sung—
Once the Queen would have consoled him | and he bid her hold her tongue.

* The poems are translated, word for word, from the Anglo-Saxon, by the accomplished Adolphus Simcoe, Esquire, author of "Perdition," "The Ghoul," editor of the *Lady's Lute*, &c.

"Something ails my royal master," | cried the Keeper of the Seal;
"Sure, my Lord, it is the lampreys | served at dinner, or the veal.
Shall I call your Grace's doctor?" | "Psha! it is not *that* I feel.

"'Tis the *heart* and not the stomach, | fool! that doth my rest impair;
Can a king be great as I am, | prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh! I'm sick, and tired, and weary." | Some one cried, "The King's armchair!"

Then towards the lacqueys turning, | quick my Lord the Keeper nodded;
Straight the King's great chair was brought him | by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sunk into it, | it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," | cried he, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquer'd: | where is glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, | "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? | I am weary now and old;
Those fair sons I have begotten | long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried | underneath the silent mould.

"Oh, remorse! the writhing serpent, | at my bosom tears and bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on | though I put out all the lights,—
Ghosts of ghastly recollections | troop about my bed of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing | red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming, | vainly to their slaughtered sires."—
"Such a tender conscience," cries the | Bishop, "every one admires.

"But for such unpleasant bygones | cease, my gracious Lord, to search;
They're forgotten and forgiven | by our holy mother Church.
Never, never doth she leave her | benefactors in the lurch.

"Look, the land is crown'd with minsters | which your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys fill'd with holy men, where | you and Heaven are daily praised;—
You, my Lord, to think of dying! | on my honour I'm amazed."

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, | "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers | (striving each to squeeze a tear);
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty | and will live this fifty year!"

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop | roar'd (with action made to suit);
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, | thus to speak of King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and | sure his Majesty will do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, | Mahaleel, Methuselah,
Lived nine hundred years apiece; and | is he not as good as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, | "fervently I trust he may."

"*He* to die?" resumed the Bishop; | "he, a mortal like to us?
Death was not for him intended, | though *communis omnibus*.
Keeper, you are irreligious | for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing | ne'er a doctor can compete;
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, | start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up | did his highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish Captain | stop the sun upon the hill,
And the while he slew the foeman | bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute | if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us," | good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried.
"Could I bid the silver moon to | pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, | sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, | Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, | "Land and sea, my Lord, are thine."
Canute look'd toward the ocean: | "Back," he said, "thou foaming brine!

"From the sacred shore I stand on, | I command thee to retreat
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, | to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still, I bid thee, | come not nearer to my feet."

But the angry ocean answered | with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, | falling sounding on the shore,—
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, | back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never | more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship | that which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire | never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone: | Parasites exist alway.

LECTURE IV

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR—HAROLD—WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

KING CANUTE, whose adventures at the watering-place my young friend Mr. Simcoe described last week in such exquisite verse (and I am afraid that the doings at watering-places are not often so moral), died soon after, having repented greatly of his sins. It must have been Gravesend, I think, where the King grew so thoughtful.

[*Here* Miss T. *was rather disappointed that nobody laughed at her pun; the fact is, that* Miss BUDGE, *the usher, had been ordered to do so but, as usual, missed her point.*

Before he died, he made a queer sort of reparation for all the sins, robberies, and murders that he committed—he put his crown on the head of the statue of a saint in Canterbury, and endowed no

end of monasteries. And a great satisfaction it must have been to the relatives of the murdered people, to see the King's crown on the Saint's head; and a great consolation to those who had been robbed, to find the King paid over all their money to the monks.

Some descendants of his succeeded him, about whom there is nothing particular to say, nor about King Edward the Confessor, of the Saxon race, who succeeded to the throne when the Danish family failed, and who was canonised by a Pope two hundred years after his death—his Holiness only knows why.

Spooney, my dears, is a strong term, and one which, by a sensitive female, ought to be employed only occasionally; but SPOONEY, I emphatically repeat [*immense sensation*], is the only word to characterise this last of the regular Saxon kings. He spent his time at church, and let his kingdom go to rack and ruin. He had a pretty wife, whom he never had the spirit to go near; and he died, leaving his kingdom to be taken by any one who could get it.

A strong gallant young fellow, Harold by name, stepped forward, and put the crown on his head, and vowed to wear it like a man. Harold was the son of Earl Godwin that we spoke of in the last lecture, a great resolute fellow, who had been fighting King Edward's enemies while the King was singing psalms and praying the saints to get rid of them, and turned out with a sword in his hand, and a coat of mail on his body, whilst the silly King stayed at home in a hair-shirt, scourging and mortifying his useless old body.

Harold then took the crown (though, to be sure, he had no right to it, for there was a nephew of the late King, who ought to have been first served), but he was not allowed to keep undisturbed possession of it very long, for the fact is, somebody else wanted it.

You all know who this was—no other than William, Duke of Normandy, a great and gallant prince (though I must say his mother was no better than she should be *), who had long had a wish to possess the noble realm of England, as soon as the silly old Confessor was no more. Indeed, when Harold was abroad, William had told him as much, making him swear to help him in the undertaking. Harold swore, as how could he help it? for William told him he would have his head off if he didn't, and then broke his oath on the first opportunity.

Some nine months, then, after Harold had assumed the crown, and just as he had come from killing one of his brothers (they were pretty quarrelsome families, my dears, in those days), who had come to England on a robbing excursion, Harold was informed that

* Miss Tickletoby's rancour against Edward's treatment of his wife, and her sneer at the Conqueror's mother, are characteristic of her amiable sex.

the Duke of Normandy had landed with a numerous army of horse, foot, and marines, and proposed, as usual, to stay.

Down he went as fast as the coach could carry him (for the Kentish railroad was not then open), and found Duke William at Hastings, where both parties prepared for a fight.

You, my darlings, know the upshot of the battle very well; and though I'm a delicate and sensitive female; and though the Battle of Hastings occurred—let me see, take 1066 from 1842—exactly seven hundred and seventy-six years ago; yet I can't help feeling angry to think that those beggarly, murderous Frenchmen should have beaten our honest English as they did. [*Cries of "Never mind, we've given it 'em since."*] Yes, my dears, I like that spirit—we *have* given it 'em since, as the Duke of Wellington at Badajos, and my late lamented br-r-other, Ensign Samuel T-t-tickletoby, at B-b-bunhill Row, can testify. [*The Lecturer's voice was here choked with emotion, owing to the early death of the latter lamented hero.*] But don't let us be too eager for military glory, my friends. Look! we are angry because the French beat us eight hundred years ago! And do you suppose *they* are not angry because we beat *them* some five-and-twenty years back? Alas! and alas! this is always the way with that fighting; you can't satisfy both parties with it, and I do heartily hope that one day there'll be no such thing as a soldier left in all Europe. [*A voice, "And no police neither."*]

Harold being dead, his Majesty King William—of whom, as he now became our legitimate sovereign, it behoves every loyal heart to speak with respect—took possession of England, and, as is natural, gave all the good places at his disposal to his party. He turned out the English noblemen from their castles, and put his Norman soldiers and knights into them. He and his people had it all their own way; and though the English frequently rebelled, yet the King managed to quell all such disturbances, and reigned over us for one-and-twenty years. He was a gallant soldier, truly—stern, wise, and prudent, as far as his own interests were concerned, and looked up to by all other Majesties as an illustrious monarch.

But great as he was in public, he was rather uncomfortable in his family, on account of a set of unruly sons whom he had—for their Royal Highnesses were always quarrelling together. It is related that one day being at tea with her Majesty the Queen, and the young Princes, at one of his castles in Normandy (for he used this country to rob it chiefly, and not to live in it), a quarrel ensued, which was certainly very disgraceful. Fancy, my darlings, three young Princes sitting at tea with their papa and mamma, and being so rude as to begin throwing water at one another! The two

younger, H.R.H. Prince William and H.R.H. Prince Henry, actually flung the slop-basin, or some such thing, into the face of H.R.H. Prince Robert, the King's eldest son.

His Royal Highness was in a furious rage, although his brothers declared that they were only in play; but he swore that they had insulted him; that his papa and mamma favoured them and not him, and drawing his sword, vowed that he would have their lives. His Majesty with some difficulty got the young Princes out of the way, but nothing would appease Robert, who left the castle vowing vengeance. This passionate and self-willed young man was called *Courthose*, which means in French *short inexpressibles*, and he was said to have worn shorts, because his *limbs* were of that kind.

Prince Shorts fled to a castle belonging to the King of France, who was quite jealous of Duke Robert, and was anxious to set his family by the ears; and the young Prince began forthwith robbing his father's dominions, on which that monarch marched with an army to besiege him in his castle.

Here an incident befell, which while it shows that Prince Robert (for all the shortness of his legs) had a kind and brave heart, will at the same time point out to my beloved pupils the dangers—the awful dangers—of disobedience. Prince Robert and his knights sallied out one day against the besiegers, and engaged the horsemen of their party. Seeing a warrior on the other side doing a great deal of execution, Prince Robert galloped at him, sword in hand, and engaged him. Their visors were down, and they banged away at each other, like—like *good-uns*. [*Hear, hear.*]

At last Prince Robert hit the other such a blow that he felled him from his horse, and the big man tumbling off cried "Oh, murder!" or "Oh, I'm done for!" or something of the sort.

Fancy the consternation of Prince Robert when he recognised the voice of his own father! He flung himself off his saddle as quick as his little legs would let him, ran to his father, knelt down before him, besought him to forgive him, and begged him to take his horse and ride home. The King took the horse, but I am sorry to say he only abused his son, and rode home as sulky as possible.

However he came soon to be in a good humour, acknowledged that his son Prince Shortlegs was an honest fellow, and forgave him, and they fought some battles together, not against each other, but riding bravely side by side.

So having prospered in all his undertakings, and being a great Prince and going to wage war against the French King, who had offended him, and whose dominions he vowed to set in a flame, the famous King William of England, having grown very fat in his old age, received a hurt while riding, which made him put a stop to

his projects of massacring the Frenchmen, for he felt that his hour of death was come.

As usual after a life of violence, blood, and rapine, he began to repent on his deathbed; uttered some religious sentences which the chroniclers have recorded, and gave a great quantity of the money which he had robbed from the people to the convents and priests.

The moment the breath was out of the great King's body, all the courtiers ran off to their castles expecting a war. All the abbots went to their abbeys, where they shut themselves up. All the shopkeepers closed their stalls, looking out for riot and plunder, and the King's body being left quite alone, the servants pillaged the house where he lay, leaving the corpse almost naked on the bed. And this was the way they served the greatest man in Christendom!

[*Much sensation, in the midst of which the Lecturer retired.*

LECTURE V

WILLIAM RUFUS

JUST before the breath was out of the Conqueror's body, William Rufus, his second son (who had much longer legs than his honest elder brother Robert) ran over to England, took possession of some castles and his father's money, and, so fortified, had himself proclaimed King of England without any difficulty. Honest Robert remained Duke of Normandy; and as for the third son, Prince Henry, though not so handsomely provided for as his elder brothers, it appears he managed to make both ends meet by robbing on his own account.

William's conduct on getting hold of the crown was so violent, that some of the nobles whom he plundered were struck with remorse at having acknowledged him King instead of honest Courthose, his elder brother. So they set up a sort of rebellion, which Rufus quelled pretty easily, appealing to the people to support him, and promising them all sorts of good treatment in return. The people believed him, fought for him, and when they had done what he wanted, namely, quelled the rebellion, and aided him in seizing hold of several of Robert's Norman castles and towns—would you believe it?—William treated them not one bit better than before. [*Cries of "Shame!"*]

At these exclamations Miss Tickletoby looked round very sternly. Young people, young people (exclaimed she), I'm astonished at you. Don't you know that such cries on your part are

highly improper and seditious? Don't you know that by crying out "Shame!" in that way, you insult not only every monarch, but every ministry that ever existed? Shame, indeed! Shame on *you*, for daring to insult our late excellent Whig Ministry, our present admirable Conservative Cabinet, Sir Robert, Lord John, and all, every minister that ever governed us. They *all* promise to better us, they *all* never do so. Learn respect for your betters, young people, and do not break out into such premature rebellion. [*The children being silent*, Miss T. *put on a less severe countenance and continued*]—

I will tell you a pleasant joke of that wag, his late Majesty King William Rufus. He put the kingdom into a great fury against the Normans, saying, I have no doubt, that they were our natural enemies, and called a huge army together, with which, he said, he would go and annihilate them. The army was obliged to assemble, for by the laws of the country each nobleman, knight, thane, and landholder was bound according to the value of his land to furnish so many soldiers, knowing that the King would come down on their estates else; and so being all come together, and ready to cross the water, the King made them a speech.

"Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow Soldiers (said he); companions of my toil, my feelings, and my fame; the eyes of Europe are upon you. You are about to embark on a most dangerous enterprise; you will have to undergo the horrors of a sea voyage, of which I need not describe to you the discomforts (the army began to look very blue). You will be landed in a hostile country, which has been laid waste by me already in my first invasions, as also by the accursed policy of the despot who governs it. [*Cries of "Down with Robert Shorthose!" "No tyranny!" "No Normans!"*] In this afflicted naked country the greater part of you will inevitably starve; a considerable number will be cut to pieces by the ferocious Norman soldiery; and even if it please Heaven to crown my just cause with success, what will my triumph benefit *you*, my friends? *You* will be none the better for it; but will come back many of you without your arms and legs, and not a penny richer than when you went. [*Immense sensation.*]

"Now, I appeal to you as men, as Englishmen, as fathers of families, will it not be better to make a peaceful and honourable compromise than to enter upon any such campaign? Yes! I knew you would say yes, as becomes men of sense, men of honour—Englishmen, in a word. [*Hear, hear.*] I ask you, then—your sovereign and father asks you—will it not be better to pay me ten shillings apiece all round, and go home to your happy families —to your lovely wives, who will thus run no risk of losing the

partners of their beds—to smiling children, who may still for many, many years have their fathers to bless, maintain, and educate them? Officers, carry the hats round, and take the sense of the army."

Putting his handkerchief to his eyes, the beneficent monarch here sat down: and what was the consequence of his affecting appeal? The hats were sent round—the whole army saw the propriety of subscribing—fifteen thousand pounds were paid down on the spot—a bloody war was avoided—and thus, as the King said, all parties were benefited.

For all this, however, he was not long before he had them out again, and took a great number of his towns and castles from his brother Robert. At last he got possession of his whole dukedom; for at this time all Europe was seized with a strange fit of frenzy and hatred against the Turks; one Peter, a hermit, went abroad preaching hatred against these unbelievers, and the necessity of taking Palestine from them, and murdering every mother's son of them. No less than a million of men set off on this errand. Three hundred thousand of them marched ahead, without food or forethought, expecting that Heaven would provide them with nourishment on their march, and give them the victory over the Saracens. But this pious body was cut to pieces; and as for the doings of the other seven hundred thousand, what heroes commanded them, what dangers they overcame, what enchanters they destroyed, how they took the Holy City, and what came of their conquest—all this may be read in the veracious history of one Tasso, but has nothing to do with the history of William Rufus.

That shrewd monarch would not allow his islanders to meddle with the business; but his brother, honest Robert, quite sick of fighting, drinking, and governing in his own country, longed to go to Palestine, and having no money (as usual), William gave him a sum for which the other handed over his inheritance to him; and so Robert was got rid of, and William became King of England and Duke of Normandy.

But he did not keep his kingdoms long. There is a tract of land called the New Forest, in Hampshire, which has been called so ever since the Conqueror's time. Once it was a thriving district covered with farms and villages and churches, with many people living in it. But conquering King William had a fancy to have a hunting-ground there. Churches and villages he burnt down; orchards and cornfields he laid waste; men, women, and children he drove pitilessly away, and gave up the land to boar and deer. So the people starved and died, and he had his hunting-ground. And such a keen sportsman was he, and so tender and humane towards the dumb animals, that he gave orders, if any man killed

a boar, a deer, or even a hare, he should be killed, or have his eyes put out. Up to a late period, our country enjoyed many of the blessings of that noble code of laws.

His Majesty King William Rufus loved sport as well as his Royal father, and this New Forest above all. There were all sorts of legends concerning it. The people said (but this was, no doubt, from their superstitious hatred of his Majesty's person and race), that, on account of the crimes the Conqueror had committed in the spot, it was destined to be fatal to his family. One of Rufus's brothers, and his nephew, were actually killed while hunting there; and one morning in the year 1100, when his Majesty was going out hunting, a monk came and prophesied death to him, and warned him to stay at home.

But the scent was lying well on the ground; the King ordered the prophet a purse of money, and rode off with his dogs.

He was found dead in the wood, with an arrow in his breast; and nobody knows who shot it: and what's more, my loves, I fear nobody cares. A Frenchman by the name of Tyrrell was supposed to have done the deed; but Tyrrell denied the charge altogether. His Royal Highness Prince Henry was hunting with the King when the accident took place, and as poor Robert Shorthose was away fighting the Turks, Prince Henry slipped into his brother's shoes, and ruled over the land of England.

Talking about shoes, a dreadful religious disturbance occurred in England *à propos de bottes*. It was the fashion to wear these with immense long toes; and the priests, who could pardon all sorts of crimes, wouldn't pardon the long-toed boots. You laugh? It is a fact, upon my word; and what is more, these popes and priests, who could set up kings and pull them down, and send off millions of people to fight in crusades, never were strong enough to overcome the long-toed boots. The FASHION was stronger than the Pope; and long toes continued to flourish in spite of his curses, and never yielded a single inch until—until SQUARE-TOES came in.

LECTURE VI

HENRY I.—MAUDE—STEPHEN—HENRY II.

WE have still a little more to hear of honest Robert Shorthose. With his usual luck, the poor fellow came posting back from Jerusalem, a month after his brother Henry had taken possession of the English crown; and though at first he made a great noise, and got an army together, with which, as he was a

valiant captain, he might have done his brother some hurt, yet the latter purchased him off with some money, of which Shorthose was always in want, and the two came to a compromise, it being agreed that Robert should keep Normandy, and Henry England, and that the survivor should have both.

So Shorthose went home with the money his brother gave him, and lived and made merry as long as it lasted; and the historians say that he was such a spendthrift of a fellow, and kept such a Castle Rackrent of a house, that he was compelled to lie in bed several days for want of a pair of breeches.

[*Much laughter at the imperturbed way in which* Miss Tickletoby *pronounced the fatal word "breeches."*

But Henry, for all the agreement, would not let his brother keep possession of that fine Dukedom of Normandy. He picked continual quarrels with him, and ended by taking possession of the Duchy, and of Shortlegs, in spite of his bravery, whom he shut up in a castle, where he lived for near five-and-twenty years after. His fate inspires one with some regret, for he was a frank open fellow, and had once, in a siege, saved from starvation this very brother who robbed him; but he was a fool, and did not know how to keep what he had, and Henry was wise; so it was better for all parties that poor Shortlegs should go to the wall. Peace be with him! We shall hear no more of him; but it is something in the midst of all these lying, swindling tyrants and knaves, to find a man who, dissolute and brutal as he was, was yet an honest fellow.

King Henry, the first of his name, was, from his scholarship (which, I take it, was no great things; and am sure that many a young lady in this seminary knows more than ever he did), surnamed Beauclerc—a sharp, shifty fellow, steering clear amidst all the glooms and troubles of his times, and somehow always arriving at his end. He was admired by all Europe for his wisdom. He had two fair kingdoms which had once been riotous and disorderly, but which he made quiet and profitable; and that there might be no doubts about the succession to the throne, he caused his son, Prince William, to be crowned co-king with him, and thus put the matter beyond a doubt.

There was, however, one obstacle, and this was the death of Prince William. He was drowned, and his father never smiled after. And after all his fighting and shuffling, and swindling and cleverness and care, he had to die and leave his throne to be fought for between his daughter, and his nephew, one Stephen; of the particulars of whose reign it need only be said, that they fought for the crown, like the Devil and the baker, and sometimes one had

it and sometimes the other. At last Stephen died, and Maude's son, Henry II., came to reign over us in the year 1154.

He was a great prince, wise, brave, and tender-hearted; and he would have done much for his country, too, which was attached to him, if the clergy and the ladies had left him a moment's peace.

For a delicate female—[*a blush covered* Miss T.'s *countenance with roses as she spoke*]—the subject which I am now called upon to treat is—ahem!—somewhat dangerous. The fact is, the King had married in very early life a lady possessing a vast deal of money, but an indifferent reputation, and who, having been wicked when young, became very jealous being old, as I am given to understand is not unfrequently the case with my interesting sex.

Queen Eleanor bore four sons to her husband, who was dotingly fond of them all, and did not, I have reason to suppose, bestow upon them *that correction*—[*a great sensation in the school*]—which is necessary for all young people, to prevent their becoming self-willed and licentious in manhood. Such, I am sorry to say, were all the young Princes. The elder, whom, to prevent mistakes, his father had crowned during his lifetime, no sooner was crowned, than he modestly proposed to his father to give up his kingdom to him, and when he refused, rebelled, and fled to the King of France for protection. All his brothers rebelled, too;—there was no end to the trouble and perplexity which the unhappy King had to suffer.

I have said that the Queen was jealous, and, oh! I am ashamed to confess, when speaking of his late Sacred Majesty, a King of England, that the Queen, in this instance, had good cause. A worthless, wicked, naughty, abandoned, profligate, vile, improper, good-for-nothing creature, whom historians, forsooth, have handed down to us under the name of Fair Rosamund—(Fair Rosamund, indeed! a pretty pass things are come to, when hussies like this are to be bepraised and bepitied!)—I say, a most wicked, horrid, and abandoned person, by name Miss Rosamund Clifford, had weaned the King's affections from his lady, Queen Eleanor.

Suppose she *was* old and contumacious:* do not people marry "for better, for worse"? Suppose she *had* a bad temper, and a worse character, when the King married her Majesty: did not he know what sort of a wife he was taking?—A pretty pass would the world come to, if men were allowed to give up their wives

* We grieve to remark that Miss Tickletoby, with a violence of language that is not uncommon amongst the pure and aged of her sex, loses no opportunity of twitting Queen Eleanor, and abusing Fair Rosamund. Surely that unhappy woman's fate ought to disarm some of the wrath of the virgin Tickletoby.

because they were ill-tempered, or go hankering after other people's ladies because their own were a little plain, or so!

[*Immense applause from the ladies present. And it was here remarked—though we do not believe a word of the story—that* Mrs. Binks *looked particularly hard at* Mr. Binks, *saying,* "B., *do you hear that?*" *and* Binks, *on his part, looked particularly foolish.*

How this intimacy with this disreputable Miss Clifford commenced, or how long it endured, is of little matter to us: but, my friends, it is quite clear to you, that such a connection could not long escape the vigilance of a watchful and affectionate wife. 'Tis true, Henry took this person to Woodstock, where he shut her up in a castle or labyrinth: but he went to see her often—and, I appeal to any lady here, could her husband, could any man, make continual visits to Woodstock, which is five and forty miles from London, without exciting suspicion? [*No, no!*]

"It can't be to buy gloves," thought her injured Majesty, Queen Eleanor, "that he is always travelling to that odious Woodstock:" —and she sent her emissaries out; and what was the consequence? she found it was not glove-making that the King was anxious about—but glove-making *without the g!* She instantly set off to Woodstock as fast as the coach would carry her; she procured admission into the place where this saucy hussy was, and, drawing from her pocket a dagger and a bowl of poison, she bade her to take one or the other. She preferred, it is said the prussic acid, and died, I have no doubt, in extreme agonies, from the effects of the draught. [*Cries of Shame!*"] Shame!—who cries shame? I say, in the name of injured woman, that, considering the rude character of the times, when private revenge was practised commonly, Queen Eleanor served the woman right! ["*Hear, hear!*" *from the ladies;* "*No, No!*" *from the men; immense uproar from the scholars in general.*]

After this, for his whole life long, Henry never had a moment's quiet. He was always fighting one son or other, or all of them together, with the King of France at their back. He was almost always victorious; but he was of a forgiving temper, and the young men began and rebelled as soon as he had set them free. In the midst of one of these attacks by one of the Princes, an attack was made upon the young man of a sort which neither young nor old can parry. He was seized with a fever, and died. He besought his father's forgiveness when dying, but his death does not appear to have altered his brothers' ways, and at last, of a sheer broken heart at their perverseness, it seems that Henry himself died: nor would he forgive his sons their shameful conduct to him.

And whom had he to thank for all this disobedience? Himself and FAIR ROSAMUND. Yes, I repeat it, if he had not been smitten with her, the Queen would not have been jealous; if she had not been jealous, she would not have quarrelled with him; if she had not quarrelled with him, she would not have induced her sons to resist him, and he might have led an easy and comfortable life, and have bettered thus the kingdoms he governed.

Take care, then, my dear young friends, if *you* are called upon to govern kingdoms, or simply, as is more probable, to go into genteel businesses and keep thriving shops, take care never to *offend your wives.* [*Hear, hear.*] Think of poor King Henry, and all the sorrows he brought upon himself;—and in order not to offend your wives, the best thing you can do is to be very gentle to them, and do without exception every single thing they bid you.

At the end of this Lecture, several ladies present came up, and shook Miss Tickletoby by the hand, saying they never heard better doctrine. But the gentlemen, it must be confessed, made very light of the excellent lady's opinions, and one of them said that, after her confession, even if she were young and handsome, nobody would ask *her* to marry.

"Nobody wants you, sir," said Miss Tickletoby; and she was more than usually rigid in her treatment of that gentleman's little boy the next day.

LECTURE VII

RICHARD THE FIRST

The danger of extolling too much the qualities of a warrior—In kings they are more especially to be reprehended—Frightful picture of war—Its consequences to men—To women—Horrible danger that Miss Tickletoby might have undergone—The Crusades—Jealousy of Philip Augustus—Gallantry of Richard—Saladin, his character, and the reverence entertained for him by the British monarch — Ascalon — Jerusalem — Richard's return from Palestine—His captivity—Romantic circumstances attending his ransom—His death—A passing reflection.

THIS is a prince, my dear young creatures, whom I am afraid some of you, Master Spry especially, will be inclined to admire vastly, for he was as quarrelsome and brave a man as ever lived. He was fighting all his life long—fighting his brothers, fighting his father, fighting with anybody who would fight, and, I have no doubt, domineering over anybody who wouldn't. When his

poor old father, wearied out by the quarrels of his sons, the intrigues of the priests, and the ceaseless cares and anxieties of reigning, died in sadness and sorrow, he left Prince Richard, surnamed Lion-Heart, his kingdom, and his curse along with it, he having acted so undutifully towards him, and embittered the last years of his life.

Richard was exceedingly sorry for the pain he had caused his father, and, instead of revenging himself upon his father's Ministers (who had treated him as severely as they could during King Henry's reign, and who now, I dare say, quaked in their shoes lest King Richard should deal hardly by them), he of the lion-heart kept them in their places —and good places, let us be sure, they were; and said that they had done their duty by his father, and would no doubt be as faithful to him. For, truth to say, Richard had a heart which harboured no malice; all he wanted was plenty of fighting, which he conducted in perfect good-humour.

Master Spry. Hurra! that's your sort.

Silence, Master Spry, you silly boy, you. It may be very well for Mr. Cribb, or the Most Noble the Marquis of Wat—ford, to rejoice in punching people's heads and breaking their noses, and to shake hands before and after; but kings have other duties to attend to, as we nowadays know very well. Now suppose you were to break a score of lamps in the street, or to twist off as many knockers, or to knock down and injure a policeman or two, who would be called on, as you have never a sixpence in your pocket, to pay the damage?

Master Spry. Pa 'd pay, of course.

Yes, rather than see you on the treadmill, he would; and so, my dears, it's the case with these great kings—they fight, but we have to pay. The poor subjects suffer: the men, who have no quarrel with any prince in Christendom—as how should they, never having seen one? —must pay taxes in the first place, and then must go and fight, and be shot at and die, leaving us poor women, their wives and daughters, to deplore their loss, and to nurse their wounds when they come home. Some forty years since (when I was young, my loves, and reported to be extremely good-looking), King Bonaparte and the French were on the point of invading this country. Fancy what a situation we should have been in had they come—the horrid monsters! My mind shudders at the very idea even now. Fancy my dear father, the ensign of volunteers, brought home wounded—dying. Fancy a dozen of horrible soldiers billeted in the house. Fancy some tall ferocious French general, with great black whiskers — Bonaparte himself, very likely, or Marshal Ney, at the very least—falling in love with a beauteous young creature, and insisting upon her marrying him! My loves,

I would have flung myself off London Bridge first. [*Immense cheering, part of which, however, seemed to be ironical.*]

Such—such is war! and, for my part, I profess the greatest abhorrence of all such dreadful kinds of glory; and hope for the days when cocked-hats and bayonets will only be kept as curiosities in museums, and scarlet cloth will be kept to make cloaks for old women.

But to return to King Richard—though he professed to be very sorry for his turbulent conduct during his father's reign, his sorrow did not lead him to mend his ways at all; as, alas! is usual with all quarrelsome people. The very first thing he did was to prepare for a great fight; and in order to get money for this, he not only taxed his people very severely, but sold for a trifle the kingdom of Scotland, which his father had won. I don't know what the sum was which might be considered as trifling for the purchase of that country,* and indeed historians differ about it: but I leave you to imagine how hardly he must have been pressed for coin, when he could bring such an article as that to pawn.

What was called the Christian world then was about this time bent upon taking Jerusalem out of the hands of the Turks, who possessed it, and banded together in immense numbers for this purpose. Many of the princes so leagued were as false, wicked, and tyrannous men as ever lived; but Richard Cœur-de-Lion had no artifice at all in his nature, and entered into the undertaking, which he thought a godly one, with all his heart and soul. To batter out Turks' brains with his great axe seemed to him the height of Christianity, and no man certainly performed this questionable duty better than he. He and the King of France were the leaders of the crusade; but the latter, being jealous, or prudent, or disgusted with the enterprise, went speedily back to his kingdom, and left all the glory and all the fighting to King Richard. There never was, they say, such a strong and valiant soldier seen. In battle after battle the Turks gave way before him, and especially at the siege of Ascalon, he and his army slew no less than forty thousand Saracens, and defeated consequently Sultan Saladin, their leader.

In the intervals of fighting it seems that a great number of politenesses passed between these two princes: for when Richard was ill, Saladin sent him a box of pills from his own particular druggist; and as for Richard, it is said at one time that he wanted

* Miss Tickletoby's extreme prejudice against Scotland and the Scotch may be accounted for by the fact, that an opposition academy to hers was kept by Mr. M'Whirter, who, report says, once paid his addresses to Miss T. Having succeeded in drawing off a considerable number of her pupils to his school, Mr. M'W. at once discontinued his suit.

to knight the gallant Saracen, as though for all the world he were an Alderman or a Royal Academician. And though the Lion-hearted King felt it his Christian duty to pursue the Turk, and knock his brains out if he could catch him, yet he would not deny that he was a noble and generous prince, and admired him more than any sovereign in his own camp. Wasn't it magnanimous? Oh, very!

At last, after a great number of victories, Richard came in sight of the City of Jerusalem, which was strongly fortified by the Turkish Sultan; and there the Lion-hearted King had the misfortune to find that there was not a single chance for him ever to win it. His army, by the number of glorious victories, was wasted away greatly. The other kings, dukes, and potentates, his allies, grumbled sadly; and the end was, that he was obliged to march back to the sea again—and you may fancy Sultan Saladin's looks as he went off.

So he quitted the country in disguise, and in disgust too—(as for his army, never mind what became of *that:* if we lose our time pitying the common soldiers, we may cry till we are as old as Methuselah, and not get on)—Richard, I say, quitted the country in disguise and disgust, and, in company with a faithful friend or two, made for home.

But as he was travelling through Austria, he was recognised by some people in that country, and seized upon by the Duke of Austria, who hated him, and clapped him without any ceremony into prison. And, I dare say, while there he heartily regretted that, instead of coming home over land, he hadn't at once taken the steamer to Malta, and so got home that way.

Fancy then, my beloved hearers, this great but unhappy monarch in prison:—

Fancy him, in a prison dress very likely, made to take his turn on the mill with other offenders, and to live on a pint of gruel and a penny loaf a day; he who had been accustomed to the best of victuals, and was, if we may credit the late celebrated Sir Walter Scott, particularly partial to wine! There he was—a king—a great warrior—but lately a leader of hundreds of thousands of men, a captive in an odious penitentiary! Where was his army? again one can't help thinking. Oh, never mind *them:* they were done for long since, and out of their pain. So you see it is King Richard who is the object of compassion, for he *wasn't* killed.

I am led to believe that the prison regimen in Austria was not so severe as it is nowadays with us, when if a prisoner were heard singing, or playing the fiddle, he would be prettily tickled by the gaoler's cane; for it appears that King Richard had the command of a piano, and was in the habit of playing upon the guitar. It is

probable that the Duke of Austria thought there could be no harm in his amusing himself in the lonely place in which, unknown to all the world, King Richard was shut.

As for his subjects, I don't know whether they missed him very much. But I have remarked that we pretty speedily get accustomed to the absence of our kings and royal families; and though, for instance, there is our beloved Duke of Cumberland gone away to be King of Hanover, yet we manage to bear our separation from that august prince with tolerable resignation.

Well, it was lucky for the King that he was allowed his piano; for it chanced that a poor wandering minstrel (or organ-grinder, *we* should call him), who had no doubt been in the habit of playing tunes before the King's palace in Saint James's Street,—for, you know, the new police wasn't yet invented, to drive him off—I say the organ-grinder Blundell happened to be passing by this very castle in Austria where Richard was, and seeing a big house, thought he might as well venture a tune; so he began that sweet one "Cherry ripe, che-erry ripe, ri-ip I cry-y;" and the Austrian soldiers, who were smoking their pipes, and are very fond of music, exclaimed "Potztausend, was ist das für ein herrliches Lied?"

When Richard heard that well-known melody, which in happier days he had so often heard Madame Vestris sing,* he replied at once on the piano with "Home, sweet Home."

"Hullo!" says Blondell, or Blundell, "there must be an Englishman here, and straightway struck up "Rule Britannia"—"When Britain feh-eh-eh-erst at He-evn's command," &c.—to which the King answered by "God save the King."

"Can it be—is it possible?—no—yes—is it really our august monarch?" thought the minstrel—and his fine eyes filled with tears as he ground the sweet air, "Who are you?"

To which the King answered by a fantasia composed of the two tunes "The King, God bless him," and "Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man"—for though his name *wasn't* Gossip, yet you see he had no other way of explaining himself.

Convinced by these melodies, Mr. Blundell replied rapidly by "Charlie is my Darling," "All's Well," "We only part to meet again," and, in short, with every other tune which might, as he thought, console the royal prisoner. Then (only stopping to make a rapid collection at the gate) he posted back to London as fast as his legs would carry him, and told the Parliament there that he had discovered the place where our adored monarch was confined.

Immense collections were instantly made throughout the country

* This settles the great question, mooted every week in the *Sunday Times*, as to the age of that lady.

—some subscribed of their own accord, others were made to subscribe; and the Emperor of Germany, who was made acquainted with the fact, now, though the Duke of Austria had never said a word about it previously, caused the latter prince to give up his prisoner; and I believe his Imperial Majesty took a good part of the ransom to himself.

Thus at last, after years of weary captivity, our gracious King Richard was restored to us. Fancy how glad he must have been to see Hyde Park once more, and how joyful and happy his people were!—I dare say he vowed never to quit Buckingham Palace again, and to remain at home and make his people happy.

But do you suppose men so easily change their natures? Fiddlestick!—in about a month King Richard was fighting in France as hard as ever, and at last was killed before a small castle which he was besieging. He did not pass six months in England in the whole course of his four years' reign: he did more harm to the country than many a worse king could do; and yet he was loved by his people for his gallantry; and somehow, although I know it is wrong, I can't help having a sneaking regard for him, too.

My loves, it is time that you should go to play.

[*Immense enthusiasm, in the midst of which* Miss T. *retires.*

LECTURE VIII

AS it is by no means my wish to say anything disrespectful of any sovereign who ever ascended the British throne, we must, my loves, pass over the reign of his late Majesty King John as briefly as possible; for, between ourselves, a greater rascal never lived. You have many of you read of his infamous conduct to Rowena, Cedric the Saxon, and others, in the history of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe; and I fear there are other facts, though perhaps not on so good authority, which are still more disreputable.

In the plays of the ingenious Shakspeare, some of which I have seen at Covent Garden, his Majesty's nephew, Prince Arthur, is made to climb over a canvas wall of about three feet high, and die lamentably of the fall in a ditch, in which a mattress has been laid; but the truth, I fear, is, that Prince Arthur did not commit suicide voluntary or involuntary, but that his Royal Uncle killed him, for his Royal Highness was the son of his Majesty's elder brother, and, by consequence, our rightful king. Well, well, there are ugly stories about high personages at Court, and you know it makes very little difference to either of the princes, now, which reigned and

which didn't; and I dare say, if the truth were known, King John by this time is heartily sorry for his conduct to his august nephew.

It may be expected that I should speak in this place of a celebrated document signed in this reign, by some called the commencement of our liberties, by others Magna Charta. You may read this very paper or parchment at the British Museum any day you please, and if you find anything in it about our liberties, I am a Dutchman—that is, a Dutchwoman [*hear, hear*]; whereas, as the Register of Saint Bartholomew's, Smithfield, of the year seventeen hundred and —ahem!—as the Register, I say, proves, I am a Briton, and glory in the title.

The Pope of Rome who lived in those days was almost as facetious a person as Pope Gregory, of whom before we have spoken; and what do you think he did? I'm blessed if he did not make a present of the kingdom of England to the King of France! [*immense laughter*] then afterwards he made a present of it to King John very kindly; and the two kings were about, as usual, to fight for it, when the French King's army was in part shipwrecked, and partly beaten; and King John himself was seized with an illness, which put an end to him. And so farewell to him. He rebelled against his father, he conspired against his brother, he murdered his nephew, and he tyrannised over his people. Let us shed a tear for his memory, and pass on to his son, King Henry III., who began to reign in the year 1216, and was King for no less than fifty-six years.

I think the best thing he did during that long period was, to beget his gallant son, who reigned after him, under the title of King Edward the First. The English lords, in King Henry's time, were discontented with his manner of reigning—for he was always in the hands of one favourite or another; and the consequence was, that there were perpetual quarrels between the lords and the prince, who was continually turned out of his kingdom and brought back again, or locked up in prison and let loose again. In the intervals the barons ruled, setting up what is called an *oligarchy:* when Henry governed himself, he was such a soft effeminate creature, that I think they might have called *his* reign a *mollygarchy.*

As not the least applause or laughter followed this pun, Miss T., somewhat disconcerted, said, I see you do not wish to hear anything more regarding Henry III., so, if you please, we will pass on to the history of his son, a wise king, a stern and great warrior. It was he who first gave the Commons of England in Parliament any authority or power to cope with the great barons, who had hitherto carried all before them; which, with the most sincere respect for their lordships, I cannot but think was a change for the better in our glorious Constitution.

He was in the Holy Land when his father's death was announced to him, following the fashion of that day, to fight against the Turks, and murder them for the honour of religion. And here I cannot help pointing out, how necessary it is that men should *never* part from their wives; for the King, by having his with him, escaped a great danger. A man of a certain tribe called the Assassins (who have given their names to murderers ever since) stabbed the King in his tent with a dagger, whereupon the Queen, and honour be to her, supposing that the knife which inflicted the wound might have been poisoned, sucked the wound with her own royal lips, and caused Prince Edward to say, that a good wife was the very best doctor in the world.

This good Queen died abroad, and her husband caused crosses to be erected at the different places where her body rested on its way to its burial, where the people might stop and pray for her soul. I wonder how many people who pass by Charing Cross nowadays ever think of her, or whether the omnibuses stop there in order that the cads and coachmen may tell their beads for good Queen Elinor?

From 1272, when he began to reign, until 1307, when he died, King Edward was engaged in ceaseless wars. Being lord of the largest portion of the island of Great Britain, he had a mind to possess the whole of it; and, in order to do so, had to subdue the Welsh first, and the Scots afterwards. Perhaps some of you have read an ode by Mr. Gray, beginning "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king"? But as not a single person in the company had, Miss T. said, "At any rate, my loves, you have heard, no doubt, of the bards?"

Miss Binge. Papa calls Shakspeare the immoral bard of Heaven. What *is* a bard, ma'am?

Miss T. Why, the bards, as I am led to believe, are Welsh poets, with long beards, who played Welsh airs upon Welsh harps. Some people are very fond of these airs; though, for my part, I confess, after hearing "Poor Mary Ann" played for fourteen consecutive hours by a blind harper at Llangollen, I rather felt as if I should prefer any other tune to that.

Master Spry. Pray, ma'am, hare the Welsh airs hanything like the Welsh rabbits? If so mother can perform 'em very prettily. [*A laugh, which* Miss TICKLETOBY *severely checks, and continues*—]

This country of Wales King Edward determined should be his own, and accordingly made war upon the princes of the Principality, who withstood him in many bloody actions, and at one time were actually puffed up with the idea that one of their

princes should become King of England, on account of an old prophecy of Merlin's—

"*Llwllwyn pdwdlwdl cwmlwm.*"—MERLIN'S PROPHECIES.

'Let Wales attend! the bard prophetic said:
I. V. at Y. shall crown Llewellyn's Z."—SIMCOE.

From which obscure phrase the people, and Llewellyn himself, were led to believe that they would overcome the stern and powerful King of England.

But the prophecy was fulfilled in a singular way. On the two armies meeting together on the river Wye, Llewellyn was slain by an English knight, and his head in derision crowned with ivy. The other Welsh sovereign, Prince David, met with a worse fate than to die in battle: he repeatedly rebelled against King Edward, and was forgiven until the last time, when he was taken in arms, and judged to die as a rebel, so forming the last of his line.

If the King had had trouble with the Welsh, with the Scots he had still more, and was occupied during almost the whole of his reign in settling (after his own fashion, to be sure) that unruly nation.

In one of his invasions of Scotland, he carried off the famous stone on which the Scottish kings used to sit at their coronation—and a very cold seat it must have been for their Majesties, considering their unhappy custom of wearing no small-clothes; which are not the least of the inestimable, I may say inexpressible, benefits the Scots have derived from commerce with this country.

The regular line of the Scotch kings having ended—(never mind in whose person, for, after all, a king without pantaloons is a sorry subject to trouble one's head about)—the regular line being ended, there started up several claimants to the throne; and the lords of the country, in an evil hour, called upon Edward to decide who should succeed. He gave a just award, assigning the crown to one John Baliol; but he caused Baliol to swear fealty to him for his crown, and did not scruple about having him up to London whenever he was minded. It is said that he summoned him to Court six times in one year, when Edinburgh was at least a month's journey from London. So thus the poor fellow must have passed the whole year upon the road, bumping up and down on a rough-trotting horse; and he without what-d'ye-call-'ems, too!—after the fashion of Humphry Clinker.

The consequence may be imagined. Baliol was quite worn out by such perpetual jolting. Flesh and blood couldn't bear twelve of these journeys in a year; and he wrote to King Edward, stating his determination no longer to be saddled with a throne.

Wisely, then, he retired. He took up his residence in Nor-

mandy, where he passed his life quietly in devotion, it is said, and the cultivation of literature. The Master of Baliol College, Oxford, has kindly communicated to me a MS., in the handwriting of the retired prince, accompanied with designs, which, though rude, are interesting to the antiquary. One represents John of Baliol on the North road, which must have been in a sad condition indeed at the close of the thirteenth century.

The motto placed beneath the illumination by the royal bard is a quaint, simple, and pathetic one. He says touchingly—

> "To Scotys withouten brychys rydinge is not swete.
> I mote have kept my crowne, I shold have lost my seate."

He retired, then; but a greater than he arose to battle for the independence of his country.

LECTURE IX

EDWARD I.—THE SCOTS AND THEIR CLAIMS

SCOTCHMEN, my dears, you know are my antipathy, and I had at one time thought, in these lectures, of so demolishing the reputation of William Wallace, that historians would never more have dared to speak about him, and the numbers who hear me, the millions who read me in *Punch*, the countless myriads who in future ages will refer to that work when we, young and old, are no more, would have seen at once that the exploits ascribed to him, were fabulous for the most part, and his character as doubtful as his history.

Some late writers have been very hard upon him. Dr. Lingard, especially, has fallen foul of his claims to be a hero; and another author, Mr. Keightley, has been to the full as severe, quoting sentences from the old chroniclers strongly defamatory of Wallace's character. One of these calls him "quidam latro publicus," a certain common thief; another, writing of his family, says he was "ex infimâ gente procreatus"—sprung from the lowest of the low; but these writers, it must be remembered, were of the English nation and way of thinking. Washington was similarly abused during the American war; and I make no doubt that some of my darlings, who read the English newspapers, have seen exactly the same epithets applied to Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

It is easy to call names in this way, but let us, my beloved young friends, be more charitable; in the case of these Scots especially; for if we take Wallace from them, what hero do we leave to

the poor creatures? Sir Walter Scott has, to be sure, invented a few good Scotchmen in his novels, and perhaps their actions, and those of Wallace, are equally true.

But even supposing that he did come of a low stock—that he was a freebooter once—it is clear that he came to command the Scotch armies, that he was for a short time Regent of the kingdom. So much the more creditable to him then was it that, by his skill and valour, he overcame those brave and disciplined troops that were sent against him, and raised himself to the position he occupied for a while over the heads of a powerful, ignorant, cowardly, sordid, treacherous, selfish nobility, such as that of the Scots was.

Even poor John Baliol made one or two attempts to rescue his crown from the domineering Edward; but these nobles, though they conspired against the English King, were the first to truckle down to him when he came to assert what he called his right; and the proof of their time-serving conduct is, that King Edward forgave every one of them, except Wallace, who was the only man who refused to come to terms with the conqueror.

During the King's absence Wallace had tolerable success; he discomfited the English leaders in many small skirmishes and surprises, and defeated, at Cambuskenneth, a great body of the English troops. He thought, too, to have as easy work with the King himself, when Edward, hearing of his Lieutenant's defeat, came thundering down to avenge him. But the Scot was no match for the stern English warrior. At Falkirk the King gave Wallace's army such a beating as almost annihilated it, and Wallace was obliged to fly to the woods, where he was finally seized by one of his former friends and adherents; and, being sent to London, there died the death of a traitor.

Be warned then, my little dears, when you come to read the History of the Scottish Chiefs, by my dear friend Miss Porter, that William Wallace was by no means the character which that charming historian has depicted, going into battle, as it were, with a tear in his eye, a cambric handkerchief in his hand, and a flounce to his petticoat; nor was he the heroic creature of Tytler and Scott; nor, most probably, the ruffian that Doctor Lingard would have him to be.

He appears, it is true, to have been as violent and ferocious a soldier as ever lived; in his inroads into England murdering and ravaging without pity. But such was the custom of his time; and such being the custom, as we excuse Wallace for murdering the English, we must excuse Edward for hanging Wallace when he caught him. Hanging and murdering, look you, were quite common in those days; nay, they were thought to be just and laudable, and I make no doubt that people at that period who objected to such murders

at all were accused of "sickly sentimentality," just as they are now, who presume to be hurt when the law orders a fellow-creature to be killed before the Old Bailey. Well, at any rate, allow us to be thankful that we do not live in those days, when each of us would have had a thousand more chances of being hanged than now. There is no sickly sentimentality about such a preference as *that*.

Let us allow, then, the claims of Wallace to be a hero and patriot. Another hero arose in Scotland after Wallace's discomfiture, who was more lucky than he; but stern King Edward of the Longshanks was dead when Bruce's triumphs were secured; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon, was making believe to reign.

This Bruce had been for a long time shilly-shallying as to the side he should take; whether he should join his countrymen over whom he might possibly become king; or whether he should remain faithful to King Edward, and not risk his estates or his neck. The latter counsel for some time prevailed; for amongst other causes he had to take sides against his country, a chief one was, hatred of the Baliols. When John of Baliol died, his son being then a prisoner in London, a nephew of John Baliol, called Comyn of Badenoch, became the head man in Scotland. He had always been found gallantly in arms against King Edward, doing his duty as a soldier in Falkirk fight, and in many other actions, with better or similar fortune—not sneaking in the English camp as Bruce was.

The King, however, who had pardoned the young man many times, at last got wind of some new conspiracies in which he was engaged, and vowed, it was said, to make away with him. Bruce got warning in time, made for Scotland, called a meeting with the Regent, Comyn of Badenoch, who granted the interview, and hereupon Bruce murdered Comyn in God's church, and at once proclaimed himself King of Scotland. The Scotch historians have tried to apologise as usual for this foul and dastardly assassination, saying that it was done in a heat—unpremeditated, and so forth. Nonsense, my loves; Robert Bruce had been shuffling and intriguing all his life. He murdered the man who stood between him and the crown—and he took it, and if you read Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles," you will see what a hero he has made of him. O these Scotchmen! these Scotchmen! how they *do* stand by one another!

Old Edward came tearing down to the Borders on the news, vowing he would kill and eat Robert Bruce; but it was not so ordained; the old King was carried off by a much more powerful enemy than any barelegged Scot; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon (who reigned 1307–1327) had not the energy of his father; and though he made several attempts to punish the Scots, was usually left in the lurch by his nobility, and on one occasion, at Bannockburn,

cruelly beaten by them. They have made a pretty pother about that battle, I warrant you, those Scots; and you may hear tailors from Glasgow or Paisley still crow and talk big about it. Give the fellows their battle, my dears; we can afford it. [*Great sensation.*] As for the murderer, Robert Bruce, he was, it must be confessed, a wary and gallant captain—wise in good fortune, resolute in bad, and he robbed the English counties to the satisfaction of his subjects. It is almost a pity to think he deserved to be hanged.

During the dissensions in England, Robert Bruce, having pretty well secured Scotland, took a fancy to Ireland, too,—invaded the country himself, came rather suddenly back again, and sent his brother Edward, who even had the impudence to be crowned King of Ireland: but the English forces coming up with him, took his crown from him with his head in it—and so ended the reigns of the Bruces in Ireland.

As for Edward of Carnarvon, little good can be said of him or his times. An extravagant idle king, insolent favourites (though Gaveston, it must be confessed, was a gallant and dashing fellow), bullying greedy barons, jealous that any one should have power but themselves, and, above all (alas! that I should have to say it), an infamous disreputable wretch of a French wife, fill the whole pages of this wretched King's reign with their quarrels, their vices, and their murders. In the midst of their quarrels, they allowed the country to be bullied by the French, and even the Scots; the people were racked and torn by taxes and tyranny; the King was finally deposed, and murdered by the intrigues of his wicked vixen of a wife, who did not, however, enjoy her ill-gotten honours long as Regent of the kingdom. Edward the Third came to the throne, and of him we will speak in the next Lecture.

In the year 1356, the Black Prince, who had commenced his career ten years earlier as a gallant young soldier at Crécy, had an opportunity of achieving for himself a triumph to the full as great as that former famous one. Robbing and murdering for ten years, as he had been, he had become naturally a skilful captain; and now in 1356, say the historians, having left his chief city of Bordeaux with 12,000 men, crossing the Garonne, overrunning Querci, the Limousin, Auvergne, and Berri, slaughtering the peasantry, destroying the corn, wine, and provisions, and burning the farmhouses, villages, and towns, he was surprised near Poictiers, in the province of Poitou, by a large army, led by King John of France. The French army was very large—that of the Black Prince very small. "Heaven help us!" said his Royal Highness; "it only remains for us to fight bravely."

He was, however so doubtful as to the result of the action,

that he sent rather modest proposals to the French King, offering to give up his plunder and prisoners, and to promise not to serve against France for seven years, if the French would but let him off this time. King John, however, replied, that he must have the Black Prince and a hundred of his chief knights as prisoners, before he would listen to any terms of accommodation, which idea his Royal Highness "indignantly rejected."

He beat the King of France, whose goods he was carrying off; he killed the friends who came to help the King, he drove the King's servants away; he took King John to England, and would not let him return to France again until he had paid an enormous sum for his ransom. And this was the man who called upon Heaven to defend the right! Ah, my dears, there is not a crowned ruffian in Europe who has not uttered the same cry these thousand years past, attesting Heaven in behalf of his unjust quarrel, and murdering and robbing with the most sacred of all names in his mouth.

Perhaps the most annoying part of the whole imprisonment to poor King John must have been the abominable politeness and humility of his captor. Taken prisoner, and his grand army routed by a handful of starving brigands, the King was marched to supper in the conqueror's tent, the Prince complimenting him by saying that his victory was all chance, that the King ought to have won it (and so he ought, and no mistake), and that his Majesty was the "garland of chivalry." Nor would he sit down in his Majesty's presence—not he—he said he was the subject and only fit to wait upon the King (to wait upon him and rob him); so he fetched the dishes, drew the corks, and performed all the duties of his Majesty's Yellowplush.

His conduct in carrying his prisoner to London was of the same sort. He had a triumphal entry: the King being placed on a great horse, the Prince meekly riding a pony beside him, and all the people, of course, shouting "Long live the Prince!" What humility! cry the historians; what noble conduct! No, no, my loves, I say it was *sham humility*, the very worst sort of pride: if he wanted to spare his prisoner's feelings, why didn't the Prince call a hackney-coach?

In the year 1376, twenty years after his victory of Poictiers, the gallant Black Prince (who in France and Spain, at the head of his famous free companies, had fought many a hard fight since then) died, leaving an only son behind him. Old King Edward, who had been battling and fighting as much as his son, now in his old age had grown dotingly fond of a wicked hussy, Alice Pierce by name, that had been maid-of-honour to the good Queen Philippa. The King gave to this good-for-nothing creature all the Queen's jewels, she had the giving away of all the places about the Court,

and behaved in such a way that the Parliament was obliged to stop her extravagance.

A year after his son, the famous old warrior, King Edward the Third, felt that death was coming upon him; and called his beloved Alice Pierce to come and console him ere he died. She, seeing death on his face, took the expiring monarch's hand in hers, and pulled his ring off his finger. The servants pillaged the wardrobes and the hangings of the bed, and dying Edward, the terror of Frenchmen, lay unheeded upon his bed, until a priest came by chance into the room, and knelt down by the King's side, and said a prayer with him for the safety of his soul, at the end whereof the priest alone had the power of saying "Amen."

Here Miss Tickletoby paused with a very solemn voice, and the little children retired quite wistfully and silently, and were all particularly good in school the next day.

LECTURE X

EDWARD III

THE reign of the third Edward has always been considered a glorious period of our annals—the fact is, he beat the French soundly, and it is always a comfort to read of those absurd vapouring vainglorious Frenchmen obtaining a beating—and he has had for an historian of his battles one John Froissart, a very bad clergyman, as I make no doubt, but a writer so exceedingly lively and pleasant, that the scenes of the war are made to pass before the reader as if he saw them. No—not as if he saw them in reality, by the way, but as if he beheld them well acted in a theatre, the principal characters represented by Mr. Charles Kean and other splendid stars of the stage.

So there is nothing but fighting in the works of the Reverend John Froissart—nothing but fighting and killing: yet all passes with such brilliancy, splendour, and good humour, that you can't fancy for the world that anybody is hurt; and though the warriors of whom he speaks are sometimes wounded, it really seems as if they liked it. It is—"Fair sir, shall we for the honour of our ladies, or the love of the blessed Virgin of Heaven, cut each other's heads off?" "I am unworthy to have the honour of running through the body such a flower of chivalry as you," replies the other; and herewith smiling sweetly on each other, gaudy with

plumes, and gold, and blazing coats of armour, bestriding prancing war-horses covered also with gay housings and bright steel, at it the two gentlemen go, with lances in rest, shouting their war-cries gaily. "A Manny! a Manny! our Lady for Alençon!" says one or the other. "For the love of the saints parry me that cut, sir," says Sir Walter Manny, delivering it gracefully with his heavy battle-sword. "Par la Sambleu, beau sire, voilà un beau coup d'espée," says the constable to the other politely, who has just split his nose in two, or carried off his left whisker and cheek:—and the common people go to work just as genteelly;—whizz! how the bowstrings thrum, as the English archers, crying "Saint George for England!" send their arrows forth!

Montjoie Saint Denis!—how the French men-at-arms come thundering over the cornfields, their lances and corslets shining in the sun!—As for me, my dears, when I read the story I fancy myself, for a moment or two, Jane of Montfort, dressed in armour, and holding up my son in my arms, calling upon my faithful nobles of Bretagne to defend me and him.

[*Here* Miss Tickletoby, *seizing playfully hold of* Master Timson, *lifted him gaily in one of her arms, and stood for a moment in an heroic attitude; but the children, never having before heard of Jane of Montfort or her history, were quite frightened, and fancied their venerable instructress mad—while* Master Timson, *who believed he had been elevated for the purpose of being flogged, set up a roar which caused the worthy lady to put him quickly down again.*

But to speak of King Edward III. The first act of his reign may be said to have been the seizing of one Mortimer, the Queen's lover, whom he caused to be hanged, and of her Majesty, whom he placed in a castle, where she lived for the last seven-and-twenty years of her life, with a handsome allowance made to her by her son.

The chief of his time hereafter was filled up with wars—those wars which are so pleasant to read of in Froissart, before mentioned, but which I need not tell any little child here who ever by chance has had a black eye or a whipping, are by no means pleasant in reality. When we read that the King's son, the Black Prince, burned down no less than five hundred towns and villages, in the South of France, laying the country waste round about them, and driving the population Heaven knows where, you may fancy what the character of these wars must have been, and that if they were good fun to the knights and soldiers, they were by no means so pleasant to the people.

By such exploits, however, the reign of Edward is to be noted.

Robert Bruce being dead, and his son a child, Edward fell on the Scots, slaughtered forty thousand of them at Halidon Hill, and aided the younger Baliol, who in return promised the submission of himself and kingdom to England, to take a temporary possession of the throne. The Scotch, however, soon rose against Baliol; and Edward Bruce got back his crown—such as it was.

Then our Lord Sir Edward took a fancy to France, and, upon a most preposterous claim advanced by him, assumed the French arms, called himself King of that country, and prepared to take possession of the same. The first thing he did, to this end, was to obtain a glorious victory over the French navy, taking no less than two hundred and forty of their ships, and killing I don't know how many thousands of their men.

I don't know if the French wore "wooden shoes" in those days, but the English hated them for that or some other equally good cause; and the Parliaments for ever granted the King money to carry on the war in assertion of his just rights. Just rights, forsooth!—a private man putting forward such claims to another's purse, and claiming his just rights with a pistol at your head, would be hanged for his pains. Bishops and priests said prayers for King Edward, and judges and lawyers wrote long lying documents in support of his cause.

In spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which his subjects gave him, and the hundreds of thousands of men he brought into the field against the King of France, Edward for some time made very little way, and did not overcome the French King's armies—for the very good reason, that the latter would never meet him. And it is a singular thing, that when the two armies *did* meet, and the English obtained those two victories about which we have been bragging for near five hundred years, we did not fight until we were forced, and because we could not help it. Burning, robbing, ravaging, Edward's troops had arrived at the gates of Paris, not with the hope of conquering the country, but of plundering it simply; and were making the best of their way home again from the pursuit of an immense French army which was pressing them very hard, when Edward, finding he could not escape without a fight, took a desperate stand and the best ground he could find on the famous hill of Cressy.

Here, sheltered amidst the vines, the English archers and chivalry took their posts; and the blundering French, as absurdly vain and supercilious in those days as they are at this moment, thinking to make easy work of *ces coquins d'Anglais*, charged the hill and the vineyards—not the English, who were behind them, and whose arrows slaughtered them without pity.

When the huge mass of the French army was thrown into disorder by these arrows, the English riders issued out and plunged among them, murdering at their ease ; and the result was a glorious triumph to the British arms. King Edward's son, a lad of fourteen, distinguished himself in the fight, holding his ground bravely against the only respectable attack which the French seem to have made in the course of the day. And ever since that day, the Princes of Wales, as you know, have had for a crest that of an old King of Bohemia (the blind old fool !), who could not see the English, but bade his squires lead him towards them, so that he might exchange a few *coups de lance* with them. So the squires laced their bridles into his, made their attack, and were run through the body in a minute ; and SERVE 'EM RIGHT, say I.

Whilst Edward was fighting this battle, those marauding Scotchmen, under David Bruce their new king (as great a robber, my dears, as his father), thought they might take advantage of the unprotected state of the kingdom, and came across the Border in great force, to plunder as usual. But I am happy to state that her Majesty, Queen Philippa, heading a small English army caught them at a place called Nevil's Cross, and utterly defeated the thievish rogues, killing vast numbers of them. She was as kind-hearted, too, as she was brave. For at the siege of Calais, after Edward had reduced the town, he swore, in his rage at the resistance of the garrison, that he would hang six of the principal inhabitants. These unhappy six came before him "in their shirts, with halters round their necks," the old chroniclers say.

The Queen interceded for their lives ; the monarch granted her prayer, and her Majesty gave the poor burghers what must have been very acceptable to them after six months' starvation, a comfortable meal of victuals.

"I hope they went home first TO DRESS FOR DINNER," here remarked an intelligent pupil.

"Of course they must have done so, my dear," answered Miss Tickletoby ; "but, for my part, I believe that the whole scene must have been arranged previously between the King and Queen ; indeed, neither of them could help laughing at the ridiculous figure the burgesses cut."

The company separated in immense good-humour, saying that the Lecturer had, on this occasion, mingled amusement with much stern instruction.

PAPERS

BY THE

FAT CONTRIBUTOR

PAPERS

BY

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR

WANDERINGS OF OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR

I

[The fattest of our contributors left London very suddenly last week, without giving the least idea of his movements until we received the following communication. We don't know whether he is going to travel, nor do we pledge ourselves in the least to publish another line of the Fat Contributor's correspondence. As far as his tour goes at present, it certainly is, if not novel, at least treated in a novel manner; for the reader will remark that there is not a word about the places visited by our friend, while there is a prodigious deal of information regarding himself. Interesting as our Fat Contributor is, yet it *may* chance that we shall hear enough about him ere many more letters are received from him.—EDITOR.]

THERE were eleven more dinners hustling one another in my invitation-book. "If you eat two more, you are in for an apoplexy," said Glauber, my medical man. But Miss Twaddlings is to be at the Macwhirters' on Thursday, I expostulated, "and you know what money she has." "She'll be a widow before she's married," says Glauber, "if you don't mind.—Away with you!—Take three grains of blue pill every night, and my draught in the morning—if you don't, I won't answer for the consequences.—You look as white as a sheet—as puffy as a bolster—this season you've grown so inordinately gross and fa——"

It's a word I can't bear applied to myself. I wrote letters round to decline my dinners; and agreed to go——

But whither? Why not to Brighton? I went a few days before the blow-up.* I was out for four hours in a fly on that day. I saw

* On July 23, 1844, a good deal of excitement was caused by the trial at Brighton of Captain Warner's invention for destroying ships at sea.

Lord Brougham in a white hat and telescope—I saw the sea lighted up with countless smiles—I saw the chain-pier, and the multitudes swarming on it—I saw the bucks smoking cigars on the terrace of the Albion.

I could not smoke—I was with three ladies in the fly—they were all fat, and, oh! how hot! The sun beat down upon us ruthlessly. Captain Warner *wouldn't* come. We drove and put back the dinner. Then Miss Bogle said she would like to drive to the Library for the last volume of Grant's "Visit to Paris."

While we were at Folthorpe's, their messenger came running in—he had been out but one minute that day; he had seen it. We had been out four hours; it was all over! All that we could see when we got back was the sea, and a mast sticking up in it.

That was what I had come to Brighton for—to eat prawns for breakfast—to pay five shillings for a warm bath—and not to see the explosion!

I set off for London the next day. One of my dinners was coming off that day—I had resigned it. There would very likely be turtle; and I wasn't there! Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. "I will go to Dover to-morrow," I said, "and take the first packet that goes—that goes anywhere."

I *am* at Dover. This is written from the Ship Hotel: let me recollect the adventures of the day.

The Dover trains go from two places at once: but my belief is, the cabmen try and perplex you. If it is the turn of the Bricklayers' Arms train, they persuade you to London Bridge; if of the London Bridge, they inveigle you to the Bricklayers' Arms—through that abominable suburb stretching away from Waterloo Bridge, and into the Greater London, which seems as it were run to seed.

I passed a theatre—these creatures have a theatre it appears—it is called (to judge from a painted placard) the Victoria. It is a brick building, large, and with the windows cracked and stuffed with coats.

At the Bricklayers' Arms, which we reached at length after paying several base turnpikes, and struggling through a noisy, dirty, bustling, dismal city of small houses and queer shops and gin-palaces—the policeman comes grinning up to the cab, and says, "No train from here, sir—next train from London Bridge—hoften these mistakes. Cab drove away only just this minute. You'll be in time if you go."

The cabman gallops off, with a grin. The brute! he knew it well enough. He went for an extra fare.

As I do not wish to have a *coup-de-soleil;* or to be blinded with dust; or to have my nerves shattered by the infernal screaming of the engine as we rush howling through the tunnels: as I wish to sit as soft as I can in this life, and find a board by no means so elastic as a cushion, I take the first-class, of course.—I should

prefer having some of the third-class people for company, though—I find them generally less vulgar than their betters.

I selected, as may be imagined, an empty carriage: in which I lived pretty comfortably until we got to Reigate, where two persons with free tickets—engineers and Scotchmen—got into the carriage.

Of course one insisted upon sitting down in the very seat opposite me. There were four seats, but he must take that, on purpose to mingle his legs with mine, and make me uncomfortable. I removed to the next seat—the middle one. This was what the wretch wanted. He plumped into my place. He had the two places by the window—the two best in the coach—he leered over my shoulder at his comrade a great, coarse, hideous Scotch smile.

I hate engineers, I hate Scotchmen, I hate brutes with free tickets, who take the places of gentlemen who pay.

On alighting at Dover, and remembering the extravagance of former charges at the "Ship," under another proprietor (pray heavens the morrow's little bill may be a mild one!), I thought of going elsewhere. Touters were about seizing upon the passengers and recommending their hotels—"NOW, GENTS, THE 'GUN,'" roared one monster. I turned sickening away from him. "Take me to the 'Ship,'" I faintly gasped.

On proposing dinner, the waiter says with an air as if he was inventing something extremely clever, "Whiting, sir? Nice fried sole?"

Mon Dieu! what have I done to be pursued in this way by whiting and fried sole? Is there nothing else in the world? Ain't I sick of fried sole and whiting—whiting and fried sole? Having eaten them for long years and years until my soul is weary of them. "You great ass," I felt inclined to exclaim, "I can get whiting and sole in London, give me something new!" . . . .

Ah for that something new! I have seen the dry toast come up for my breakfast so many many times—the same old tough stiff leathery tasteless choky dry toast, that I can bear it no longer. The other morning (I had been rather feverish all night) it came up and I declare I burst into tears.

"Why do you haunt me," I said, "you *demd* old toast? What have I done that there is no other companion for me but you? I hate and spurn you—and yet up you come. Day by day, heartless brute, I leave you in the rack, and yet it's not you that suffer torture:" and I made a passionate speech to that toast full of eloquence, and howled and flung the plateful at the door—just as Mary came in.

She is the maid. She could not understand my feelings. *She* is contented with toast for breakfast, with bread, I believe, poor wretch! So are cows contented with grass. Horses with corn. The fine spirit pants for novelty—and mine is sick of old toast.

"Gents" are spoken of familiarly even at this hotel. During dinner a messenger comes to ask if a young "gent" was dining in the coffee-room?

"No," says the waiter.

"How is that," thinks I, "am I not a young gent myself?" He continues, "There's two holdish ladies and a *very* young gent in No. 24; *but there's only a* MIDDLE-HAGED *gent in the coffee-room.*"

Has it come to this, then? Thirty something last birthday, and to be called a middle-aged gent? Away! Away! I can bear this ribaldry no more. Perhaps the sea may console me.

And how? it's only a dim straight line of horizon, with no gaiety or variety in it. A few wretched little vessels are twiddling up and down. A steam-tug or two—yachts more or less—the town is hideous, except for a neat row of houses or two—the cliffs only respectable. The castle looks tolerable. But who, I should like to know, would be such a fool as to climb up to it? Hark! There is a band playing—it is a long mile on, and yet I go to listen to it.

It is a band of wind-instruments, of course, a military band, and the wretches listening in their stupid good-humour are giving the players—*beer*. I knew what would happen immediately upon the beer (I'm forbidden it myself). They played so infernally out of tune that they blasted me off the ground—away from the Dover bucks, and the poor girls in their cheap finery, and the grinning yokels, and the maniacs riding velocipedes.

This is what I saw most worthy of remark all day. This person was standing on the beach, and her garments flapped round about her in the breeze. She stood and looked and looked until somebody came—to her call apparently. Somebody, a male of her species, dressed in corduroys and a frock. Then they paired off quite happy.

That thing had a lover!

Good-night, I can say no more. A monster has just told me that a vessel starts at seven for Ostend: I will take it. I would take one for Jericho if it started at six.

II

THE SEA

I HAD one comfort in quitting Dover. It was to see Towzer, my tailor, of Saint James's Street, lounging about the pier in a marine jacket, with a tuft to his chin.

His face, when he saw me in the boat, was one of the most intense agony. I owe Towzer £203.

"Good-bye, Towzer," I said. "I shall be back in four years." And I laughed a demoniac yell of scorn, and tumbled clattering down the brass stairs of the cabin.

An Israelite had already taken the best place, and was preparing to be unwell. I have observed that the "Mosaic Arabs," as Coningsby calls them, are always particularly amenable to maritime discomfiture. The Jew's internal commotions were frightful during the passage.

Two Oxford youths, one of whom had been growing a moustache since the commencement of the vacation, began to smoke cigars, and assume particularly piratical airs.

I took the picture of one of them an hour afterwards—stretched lifeless on the deck, in the agonies of sea-sickness.

I will not print that likeness. It is too excellent. If his mamma saw it, she would catch her death of fright, and order her darling Tommy home. I will rather publish the one on the following page.

That man is studying Levizac's grammar. He is a Scotchman. He has not the least sense of modesty. As he gets up phrases out of that stale old grammar of 1803 (bought cheap on a stall in Glasgow), the wretch looks up, and utters the sentences he has just acquired—serves them up hot in his hideous jargon. "Parly voo Fransis," says he, or "Pranny garde de mong tait." He thinks he has quite the accent. He never doubts but that he is in a situation to cope with the natives. And *au fait*, he speaks French as well as many Belgians or Germans in those lands whither he is wandering.

Poor Caledonian youth! I have been cramming him with the most dreadful lies all the way. I should have utterly bewildered him, and made him mad with lies, but for this circumstance:—

In the middle of a very big one, which (administered by me)

was slipping down his throat as glibly as an oyster, there came up from the cabin a young woman, not very pretty, but kind-looking, and she laid her hand upon the shoulder of that Levizac-reading Scotchman, and smiled, and he said with an air of immense superiority—

"*Wall*, Eliza, are ye batter noo?"

It was his wife! She loved him. She was partial to that snob. She did not mind the strings of his shirt collar sticking out behind his back.

Gentle Eliza! a man whom you love and whose exposed follies would give you pain, shall never be made the butt of the Fat Contributor.

It will hardly be credited—but, upon my honour, there are four people on deck learning French dialogues as hard as they can. There is the Oxford man who is not sick. A young lady who is to be the spokeswoman of her party of nine. A very pompous man, who swore last night in my hearing that he was a capital hand at French, and the Caledonian student before mentioned.

What a wise race! They learn French phrases to speak to German waiters, who understand English perfectly.

The couriers and gentlemen's servants are much the most *distingué*-looking people in the ship. Lord Muffington was on board, and of course I got into conversation with his Lordship—a noble-looking person. But just when I thought he might be on the point of asking me to Muffington Castle, he got up suddenly, and said, "Yes, my Lord," to a fellow I never should have suspected of a coronet. Yet he was the noble Earl, and my friend was but his flunkey.

Such is life! and so may its most astute observers be sometimes deceived.

OSTEND: *August* 6.

While the couriers, commissioners, footmen, gentlemen, ladies'-maids, Scotchman with the shirt-collar, the resuscitated Oxford youth, the family of nine, and the whole ship's passengers are struggling, puffing, stamping, squeezing, bawling, cursing, tumbling over their boxes and one another's shins, losing their keys, screaming to the commissioners, having their treasures unfolded, their wonder-

ful packed boxes unpacked so that it is impossible ever to squeeze the articles back into their receptacles again; while there is such a scene of Babel clatter and confusion around me, ah! let me thank Heaven that I have but a carpet-bag!

Any man going abroad who purchases this number of *Punch* a day previous to his departure, will bless me for ever. Only take a carpet-bag! You can have everything there taste or luxury demands; six shirts, a fresh suit of clothes, as many razors as would shave the beards of a regiment of Turks, and what more does a traveller require? Buy nothing! Get a reading of Murray's Guide-book from your neighbour, and be independent and happy.

My acquaintance, the Hon. James Jillyflower, was in the boat with fifteen trunks as I am a sinner. He was induced to take packages for his friends. This is the beauty of baggage—if you have a bag, you can refuse. On this score I refused twenty-four numbers of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a teapot, and a ham, which he accepted.

Lady Scramjaw—the packet was opened before my eyes by the custom-house officers at Ostend—gave Jillyflower a parcel of law papers to carry to Italy—"only deeds, upon her honour"—and deeds they were, but with six pair of gloves inside. All his fifteen trunks were opened in consequence of that six pair of gloves. He is made miserable for those gloves. But what cares Lady Scramjaw? Let all travellers beware, then, and again and again bless me for the hint.

I have no passport. They have arrested me.

I am about to be conducted to the police. I may be put into a dungeon like O'Connell. Tyrants! lead on!

. . . . . .

I was not led to prison, as might have been expected. I was only conducted to a corner of the room, where was an official with large mustachios and a conical cap. Eyeing me with lowering brows, the following dialogue took place between me and this myrmidon of tyrants:—

Man in the Cap. Monsieur, votre passeport.

Fat Contributor. Monsieur, je n'en ai pas.

Man in the Cap. Alors, Monsieur, vous pourrez passer à votre hôtel.

Fat Contributor. Bonjour, Monsieur (*ici le Gros Rédacteur tire un profond coup de chapeau*).

Man in the Cap. Monsieur, je vous salue.

We separated. I want to know how long Britons are to be subjected to such grinding oppression?

We went then to our hotel—the Hotel des Bains. We were so foolish as to order champagne for dinner. It is the worst champagne I ever drank in my life: worse than champagne at Vauxhall—worse than used to be supplied by a wine-merchant at the University—worse even than the Bordeaux provided in the Hotel des Bains. Good heavens! is it for this I am come abroad?

Is it for this? To drink bad wine—to eat fried soles as tough as my shoe—to have my nerves agitated about a passport—and, by way of a second course, to be served with flabby raw mutton-chops? Away! I can get these in Chancery Lane. Is there not such a place as Greenwich in the world; and am I come two hundred miles for such an iniquitous dinner as this?

I thought of going back again. Why did I come away? If there had been a gig at the door that instant to carry me to my native country, I would have jumped in. But there is no hope. Look out of the window, miserable man, and see you are a stranger in a foreign land. There is an alehouse opposite, with "HIER VERKOOPT MAN TRANKEN" over the porch. A woman is standing before me—a woman in wooden shoes. She has a Belgic child at her neck, another at her side in little wooden shoekins.

To them approaches their father—a mariner—he kisses his wife, he kisses his children, and what does he do next? Why, he wipes the nose of the eldest child, and then the fond father wipes the nose of the youngest child. You see his attitude—his portrait. You cannot see his child's face because 'tis hidden in the folds of the paternal handkerchief.

Fancy its expression of gratitude, ye kind souls who read this. I am a fat man, but somehow that touch of nature pleased me. It went to the heart through the nose. Ah! happy children, *sua si bona nôrint;* if they did but know their luck! They have a kind father to tend them now, and defend their delicate faces from the storms of life. I am alone in the world—sad and lonely. I have nobody to blow *my* nose. There are others yet more wretched, who must steal the handkerchief with which they perform the operation.

I could bear that feeling of loneliness no longer. Away! let us hasten to the dyke to enjoy the pleasures of the place. All Ostend is there, sitting before the Restaurant, and sipping ices as the sun descends into the western wave.

Look at his round disc as it sinks into the blushing waters!—look, too, at that fat woman bathing—as round as the sun. She wears a brown dressing-gown—two bathers give her each a hand—she advances backwards towards the coming wave, and as it reaches her—plop! she sits down in it.

She emerges, puffing, wheezing, and shaking herself. She

retires, creeping up the steps of the bathing machine. She is succeeded by other stout nymphs, disporting in the waves. For hours and hours the Ostenders look on at this enchanting sight.

The Ostend oyster is famous in Paris, and the joy of the gormandiser. Our good-natured neighbours would not enjoy them, perhaps, did they know of what country these oysters are natives.

At Ostend they are called *English oysters*. Yes; they are born upon the shores of Albion. They are brought to Belgium

young, and educated there. Poor molluscous exiles! they never see their country again.

We rose at four, to be ready for the train. A ruffianly Boots (by what base name they denominate the wretch in this country I know not) was pacing the corridors at half-past two.

Why the deuce *will* we get up so confoundedly early on a journey? Why do we persist in making ourselves miserable —

depriving our souls of sleep, scuffling through our blessed meals, that we may be early on the road? Is not the sight of a good comfortable breakfast more lovely than any landscape in any country? And what turn in the prospect is so charming as the turn in a clean snug bed, and another snooze of half-an-hour?

This alone is worth a guinea of any man's money. If you are going to travel, never lose your natural rest for *anything*. The prospect that you want to see will be there next day. You can't see an object fairly unless you have had your natural sleep. A woman in curl-papers, a man unshorn, are not fit to examine a landscape. An empty stomach makes blank eyes. If you would enjoy exterior objects well, dear friend, let your inner man be comfortable.

Above all, young traveller, take my advice, and never, *never*, be such a fool as to go up a mountain, a tower, or a steeple. I have tried it. Men still ascend eminences to this day, and, descending, say they have been delighted. But it is a lie. They have been miserable the whole day. Keep you down: and have breakfast while the asinine hunters after the picturesque go braying up the hill.

It is a broiling day. Some arduous fellow-countrymen, now that we have arrived, think of mounting the tower of

Antwerp.

Let you and me rather remain in the cool Cathedral, and look at the pictures there, painted by the gentleman whom Lady Londonderry calls Reuben.

We examined these works of art at our leisure. We thought to ourselves what a privilege it is to be allowed to look at the works of Reuben (or any other painter) after the nobility have gazed on them! "What did the Noble Marquis think about Reuben?" we mentally inquired—it would be a comfort to know his opinion: and that of the respected aristocracy in general.

So thought some people at the *table-d'hôte*, near whom we have been sitting. Poor innocents! How little they knew that the fat gentleman opposite was the contributor of—ha! ha!

My mind fills with a savage exultation every now and then, as, hearing a piece of folly, I say inwardly—"Ha, my fine fellow! you are down." The poor wretch goes pottering on with his dinner: he little knows he will be in *Punch* that day fortnight.

There is something fierce, mighty, savage, inquisitorial, demoniac, in the possession of that power! But we wield the dreadful weapon

justly. It would be death in the hands of the inexperienced to hold the thunderbolts of *Punch*.

There they sit, poor simple lambs! all browsing away at their victuals; frisking in their innocent silly way—making puns, some of them—quite unconscious of their fate.

One man quoted a joke from *Punch*. It was one of my own. Poor wretch! And to think that you, too, must submit to the knife!

Come, gentle victim! Let me plunge it into you.

But my paper is out. I will reserve the slaughter for the next letter.

III

[The relations, friends, and creditors of the singular and erratic being who, under the title of the Fat Contributor (he is, by the way, the thinnest mortal that ever was seen), wrote some letters in August last in this periodical, have been alarmed by the sudden cessation of his correspondence; and the public, as we have reason to know from the innumerable letters we have received, has participated in this anxiety.

Yesterday, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Tagus*, we received a packet of letters in the strange handwriting of our eccentric friend; they are without date, as might be expected from the author's usual irregularity, but the first three letters appear to have been written at sea, between Southampton and Gibraltar, the last from the latter-named place. The letters contain some novel descriptions of the countries which our friend visited, some neat and apposite moral sentiments, and some animated descriptions of maritime life; we therefore hasten to lay them before the public.

He requests us to pay his laundress in Lincoln's Inn "a small forgotten account." As we have not the honour of that lady's acquaintance, and as no doubt she reads this Miscellany (in company with every lady of the land), we beg her to apply at our office, where her claim, upon authentication, shall be settled.—EDITOR.]

HAVING been at Brussels for three whole ays (during which time, I calculate, I ate no less than fifty-four dishes at that admirable *table-d'hôte* at the Hôtel de Suède), time began to hang heavily upon me. Although I am fat, I am one of the most active men in the universe—in fact, I roll like a ball—and possess a love of locomotion which would do credit to the leanest of travellers, George Borrow, Captain Clapperton, or Mungo Park. I therefore pursued a rapid course to Paris, and thence to Havre.

As Havre is the dullest place on earth, I quitted it the next day by the *Ariadne* steamer—the weather was balm, real balm. A myriad of twinkling stars glittered down on the deck which bore

the Fat Contributor to his native shores—the crescent moon shone in a sky of the most elegant azure, and myriads of dimples decked the smiling countenance of the peaceful main. I was so excited I would not turn into bed, but paced the quarter-deck all night, singing my favourite sea songs—all the pieces out of all the operas which I had ever heard, and many more tunes which I invented on the spot, but have forgotten long since.

I never passed a more delicious night. I lay down happily to rest, folded in my cloak—the eternal stars above me, and beneath me a horsehair mattress, which the steward brought from below. When I rose like a giant refreshed at morn, Wight was passed; the two churches of Southampton lay on my right hand; we were close to the pier.

"What is yonder steamer?" I asked of the steward, pointing to a handsome, slim, black craft that lay in the harbour—a flag of blue, red, white, and yellow on one mast; a blue-peter (signal of departure) at another.

"That," said the steward, "is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship *Lady Mary Wood*. She leaves port to-day for Gibraltar, touching on her way at Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz."

I quitted the *Ariadne*—Jason did the same in Lemprière's Dictionary, and she consoled herself with drinking, it is said—I quitted the ship, and went to the inn, with the most tremendous thoughts heaving, panting, boiling, in my bosom!

"Lisbon!" I said, as I cut into a cold round of beef for breakfast (if I have been in foreign parts for a week, I always take cold beef and ale for breakfast), "Lisbon!" I exclaimed, "the *fleuve du Tage!* the orange groves of Cintra! the vast towers of Mafra, Belem, the Gallegos, and the Palace of Necessidades! Can I see all these in a week? Have I courage enough to go and see them?" I took another cut at the beef.

"What!" continued I (my mouth full of muffin), "is it possible that I, sitting here as I am, may without the least trouble, and at a trifling expense, transport myself to Cadiz, skimming over the dark blue sea to the land of the Sombrero and the Seguidilla—of the Puchera, the Muchacha, and the Abanico? If I employ my time well, I may see a bull-fight, an *auto-da-fé*, or at least a revolution. I may look at the dark eyes of the Andalusian maid flashing under the dark meshes of her veil; and listen to Almaviva's guitar as it tinkles beneath the balcony of Rosina!"—"What time does the *Mary Wood* go, waiter?" I cried.

The slave replied she went at half-past three.

"And does she make Gibraltar?" I continued. "Say, John,

will she land me at Gibel el Altar? opposite the coasts of Afric, whence whilom swarmed the galleys of the Moor, and landed on the European shores the dusky squadrons of the Moslemah? Do you mean to say, Thomas, that if I took my passage in yon boat, a few days would transport me to the scene renowned in British story—the fortress seized by Rooke, and guarded by Eliott? Shall I be able to see the smoking ruins of Tangiers, which the savage bully of Gaul burned down in braggadocio pride?"

"Would you like anything for dinner before you go?" William here rather sulkily interrupted me; "I can't be a-listening to you all day—there's the bell of 24 ringing like mad."

My repast was by this time concluded—the last slice of boiled beef made up my mind completely. I went forth to the busy town—I sought a ready-made linen warehouse—and in the twinkling of an eye I purchased all that was necessary for a two months' voyage.

From that moment I let my mustachios grow. At a quarter-past three, a mariner of a stout but weather-beaten appearance, with a quantity of new carpet-bags and portmanteaus, containing twenty-four new shirts (six terrifically striped), two dozen ditto stockings—in brief, everything necessary for travel—tripped lightly up the ladder of the *Lady Mary Wood.*

I made a bow as I have seen T. P. Cooke do it on the stage. "Avast there, my hearty," I said; "can you tell me which is the skipper of this here craft, and can a seaman get a stowage in her?"

"I am the captain," said the gentleman, rather surprised.

"Tip us your daddle then, my old sea-dog, and give us change for this here Henry Hase."

'Twas a bank-note for £100, and the number was 33769.

IV

THE SHIP AT SEA—DOLORES!

THE first thing that a narrow-minded individual does on shipboard is to make his own berth comfortable at the expense of his neighbours. The next is to criticise the passengers round about him.

Do you remark, when Britons meet, with what a scowl they salute each other, as much as to say, "Bless your eyes, what the angel do you do here?" *Young* travellers, that is to say, adopt this fascinating mode of introduction. I am old in voyaging—I go up with a bland smile to one and every passenger. I originate some clever observation about the fineness of the weather; if there

are ladies, I manage to make some side appeal to *them*, which is sure of a tender appreciation: above all, if there are old ladies, fat ladies, very dropsical, very sea-sick, or ugly ladies, I pay them some delicate attention—I go up and insinuate a pillow under their poor feet. In the intervals of sickness I whisper, "A leetle hot sherry and water?" All these little kindnesses act upon their delicate hearts, and I know that they say to themselves, "How exceedingly polite and well bred that stout young man is!"

"It's a pity he's so fat," says one.

"Yes, but then he's so active," ejaculates another.

And thus, my dear and ingenious youth who read this, and whom I recommend to lay to heart every single word of it—I am adored by all my fellow-passengers. When they go ashore they feel a pang at parting with their amiable companion. I am only surprised that I have not been voted several pieces of plate upon these occasions—perhaps, dear youth, if you follow my example, you may be more lucky.

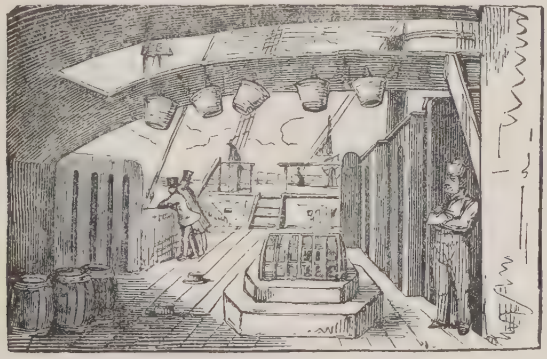
Acting upon this benevolent plan, I shall not begin satirically to describe the social passengers that tread with me the deck of the *Lady Mary Wood*. I shall not, like that haughty and supercilious wretch with the yellow whiskers, yonder, cut short the gentle efforts at good-fellowship which human beings around me may make—or grumble at the dinner, or the head-wind, or the narrowness of the berths, or the jarring of the engines—but shall make light of all these—nay, by ingenuity, turn them to a facetious and moral purpose. Here, for instance, is a picture of the ship, taken under circumstances of great difficulty—over the engine-room—the funnel snorting, the ship's sides throbbing, as if in a fit of ague.

There! I flatter myself that is a masterpiece of perspective. If the Royal Academy would exhibit, or Mr. Moon would publish, a large five-guinea plate of the "main-deck of a steamer," how the public would admire and purchase! With a little imagination, you may fancy yourself on shipboard. Before you is the iron grating, up to which you see peeping every minute the pumping head of the engine; on the right is the galley, where the cook prepares the victuals that we eat or not, as weather permits, near which stands a living likeness of Mr. Jones, the third engineer; to the left, and running along the side of the paddle-boxes, are all sorts of mysterious little houses painted green, from which mates, mops, cabin-boys, black engineers, and oily cook's-assistants emerge; above is the deck between the two paddle-boxes, on which the captain walks in his white trousers and telescope (you may catch a glimpse of the former), and from which in bad weather he, speaking-trumpet in

hand, rides the whirlwind and directs the storm. Those are the buckets in case of fire; see how they are dancing about! because they have nothing else to do—I trust they will always remain idle. A ship on fire is a conveyance by which I have no mind to travel.

Farther away, by the quarter-deck ladder, you see accurate portraits of Messrs. MacWhirter and MacMurdo, of Oporto and Saint Mary's, wine-merchants; and far far away, on the quarter-deck, close by the dark helmsman, with the binnacle shining before his steadfast eyes, and the English flag streaming behind him—(it is a confounded head-wind)—you see—O my wildly beating, my too susceptible heart—you see—DOLORES!

I write her name with a sort of despair. I think it is four hours ago since I wrote that word on the paper. They were at



dinner, but (for a particular reason) I cared not to eat, and sat at my desk apart. The dinner went away, either down the throats of the eager passengers, or to the black caboose whence it came—dessert passed—the sun set—tea came—the moon rose—she is now high in heaven, and the steward is laying the supper things, and all this while I have been thinking of DOLORES, DOLORES, DOLORES!

She is a little far off in the picture; but by the aid of a microscope, my dear sir, you may see every lineament of her delicious countenance—every fold of the drapery which adorns her fair form, and falls down to the loveliest foot in the world! Did you ever see anything like that ankle?—those thin open-worked stockings make my heart thump in an indescribable rapture. I would drink her health out of that shoe; but I swear it would not hold more than a liqueur-glass of wine. Before she left us—ah me! that I

should have to write the words *left us*—I tried to make her likeness; but the abominable brute of a steam-engine shook so, that—would you believe it?—I could make nothing of the loveliest face in the world!

I look even at that with a melancholy pleasure. It is not very like her, certainly; but it was drawn from her—it is not the rose, but it has been near it. Her complexion is a sort of gold colour—her eyes of a melting, deep, unfathomably deep brown—and as for her hair, the varnish of my best boots for evening parties is nothing compared to it for blackness and polish.

She used to sit on the quarter-deck of sunny afternoons, and smoke paper cigars—oh if you could have seen how sweetly she smiled and how prettily she puffed out the smoke! I have got a bit of one of them which has been at her sweet lips. I shall get a gold box to keep it in some day when I am in cash. There she sat smoking, and the young rogues of the ship used to come crowding round her. MacWhirter was sorry she didn't stop at Oporto, MacMurdo was glad because she was going to Cadiz—I warrant he was—my heart was burst asunder with a twang and a snap, and she carried away half of it in the Malta boat, which bore her away from me for ever.

Dolores was not like your common mincing English girls—she had always a repartee and a joke upon her red lips which made every one around her laugh—some of these jokes I would repeat were it not a breach of confidence, and had they not been uttered in the Spanish language, of which I don't understand a word. So I used to sit quite silent and look at her full in the face for hours and hours, and offer her my homage that way.

You should have seen how Dolores ate too! Our table was served four times a day—at breakfast, with such delicacies as beef-steaks, bubble-and-squeak, fried ham and eggs, hashed goose, &c., twice laid—of all which trifles little Dolores would have her share; the same at dinner when she was well; and when beneath the influence of angry Neptune the poor soul was stretched in the berth of sickness, the stewards would nevertheless bear away plates upon plates of victuals to the dear suffering girl; and it would be "Irish stew for a lady, if you please, sir;"—"Rabbit and onions for the ladies' cabin;" "Duck, if you please, and plenty of stuffing, for the Spanish lady." And such is our blind partiality when the heart is concerned, that I admired that conduct in my Dolores which I should have detested in other people. For instance, if I had seen Miss Jones or Miss Smith making peculiar play with her knife, or pulling out a toothpick after dinner, what would have been my feelings!

But I only saw perfection in Dolores.

V

FROM MY LOG-BOOK AT SEA

WE are at sea—yonder is Finisterre.

The only tempest I have to describe during the voyage is that raging in my own stormy interior. It is most provokingly uncomfortably fine weather. As we pass Ushant there is not a cloud on the sky, there scarcely seems a ripple on the water —and yet—oh yet! it is not a calm *within*. Passion and seasickness are raging there tumultuously.

Why is it I cannot eat my victuals? Why is it that when Steward brought to my couch a plateful of Sea-Pie (I called wildly for it, having read of the dish in maritime novels), why is it that the onions of which that delectable condiment seems to be mainly composed caused a convulsive shudder to pass from my nose through my whole agonised frame, obliging me to sink back gasping in the crib, and to forego all food for many many hours?

I think it must be my love for Dolores that causes this desperate disinclination for food, and yet I have been in love many times before, and I don't recollect ever having lost my desire for my regular four meals a day. I believe I must be very far gone this time.

I ask Frank, the steward, how is the Señora? She suffers, the dear dear Soul! She is in the ladies' cabin—she has just had a plate of roast-pork carried in to her.

She always chooses the dishes with onions—she comes from the sunny South, where both onions and garlic are plentifully used—and yet somehow, in the depression of my spirits—I wish, I wish she hadn't a partiality for that particular vegetable.

It is the next day. I have lost almost all count of time; and only know how to trace it faintly, by remembering the champagne days—Thursday and Sunday.

I am abominably hungry. And yet when I tried at breakfast! —O horror!—I was obliged to plunge back to the little cabin again, and have not been heard of since. Since then I have been lying on my back, sadly munching biscuit and looking at the glimmer of the sun through the deadlight overhead.

I was on the sofa, enjoying (if a wretch so miserable can be said to enjoy anything) the fresh sea-breeze which came through the open port-hole, and played upon my dewy brow. But a confounded great

wave came flouncing in at the orifice, blinded me, wet me through, wet all my linen in the carpet-bag, rusted all my razors, made water-buckets of my boots, and played the deuce with a tin of sweet biscuits which have formed my only solace.

Ha! ha! What do I want with boots and razors? I could not put on a boot now if you were to give me a thousand guineas. I could not shave if my life depended on it. I think I could cut my head off—but the razors are rusty and would not cut clean. O Dolores, Dolores!

The hunger grows worse and worse. It seems to me an age since butcher's meat passed these lips; and, to add to my misery, I can hear every word the callous wretches are saying in the cabin; the clatter of the plates, the popping of the soda-water corks—or, can it be champagne day, and I a miserable groveller on my mattress? The following is the conversation:—

Captain. Mr. Jones, may I have the honour of a glass of wine? Frank, some champagne to Mr. Jones.

Colonel Condy (of the Spanish service). That's a mighty delicate ham, Mr Carver; may I thrubble ye for another slice?

Mr. MacMurdo (of Saint Mary's, sherry-merchant). Where does the Proveedor get this sherry? If he would send to my cellars in Saint Mary's, I would put him in a couple of butts of wine that shouldn't cost him half the money he pays for this.

Mr. MacWhirter (of Oporto). The sherry's good enough for sherry, which is never worth the drinking; but the port is abominable. Why doesn't he come to our house for it?

Captain. There is nothing like leather, gentlemen. — More champagne, Frank. Mr. Bung, try the macaroni. Mr. Perkins, this plum-pudding is capital.

Steward. Some pudding for Mrs. Bigbody in the cabin, and another slice of duck for the Señora.

And so goes on the horrid talk. They are eating—*she* is eating; they laugh, they jest. Mr. Smith jocularly inquires, "How is the fat gentleman that was so gay on board the first day?" Meaning *me*, of course; and I am lying supine in my berth, without even strength enough to pull the rascal's nose. I detest Smith.

Friday.—Vigo; its bay; beauty of its environs.—Nelson.

Things look more briskly; the swell has gone down. We are upon deck again. We have breakfasted. We have made up for the time lost in abstinence during the two former days. Dolores is on deck; and when the spring sun is out, where should the butterfly be but on the wing? Dolores is the sun, I am the remainder of the simile.

It is astonishing how a few hours' calm can make one forget the long hours of weary bad weather. I can't fancy I have been ill at all, but for those melancholy observations scrawled feebly down in pencil in my journal yesterday. I am in clean shining white ducks, my blue shirt-collars falling elegantly over a yellow bandanna. My mustachios have come on wonderfully; they are a little red or so. But the Spanish, they say, like fair faces. I would do anything for Dolores but smoke with her; *that* I confess I dare not attempt.

It appears it was THE BAY OF BISCAY that made me so ill. We were in Vigo yesterday (a plague take it! I have missed what is said to be one of the most beautiful bays in the world); but I was ill, and getting a little sleep; and when it is known as a fact that a Nelson was always ill on first going to sea, need a Fat Contributor be ashamed of a manly and natural weakness?

Saturday.—Description of Oporto.

We were off the bar at an exceedingly early hour—so early, that although a gun fired and waked me out of a sound sleep, I did not rise to examine the town.

It is three miles inland, and therefore cannot be seen. It is famous for the generous wine which bears the name of port, and is drunk by some after dinner; by other, and I think wiser, persons simply after cheese.

As about ten times as much of this liquor is drunk in England as is made in Portugal, it is needless to institute any statistical inquiries into the growth and consumption of the wine.

Oporto was besieged by Don Miguel, the rightful king, who, although he had Marshal Bourmont and justice on his side, was defeated by Don Pedro and British Valour. Thus may our arms ever triumph! These are the only facts I was enabled to gather regarding Oporto.

New Passengers.—On coming on deck, I was made aware that we had touched land by the presence on the boat of at least a hundred passengers, who had not before appeared among us. They had come from Vigo, and it appears were no more disposed to rouse at the morning gun than I was; for they lay asleep on the fore-deck for the most part, in various attitudes.

They were Gallegos going to Lisbon for service; and I wished that a better hand than mine—viz., one of those immortal pencils which decorate the columns of our dear *Punch*—had been there to take cognisance of these strange children of the South—in their scarfs and their tufted hats, with their brown faces shining as they lay under the sun.

Nor were these the only new passengers; with them came on board a half-dozen of Hungarian cloth-sellers, of one of whom here

is the accurate portrait as he lay upon two barrels, and slept the sleep of innocence *sub Jove*.

But see the same individual—ah, how changed! He is suffering from the pangs of sea-sickness, and I have no doubt yearning for

fatherland, or land of some sort. But I am interrupted. Hark! 'tis the bell for lunch!

[Though our fat friend's log has been in the present instance a little tedious, the observant reader may nevertheless draw from it a complete and agreeable notion of the rise, progress, and conclusion of the malady of sea-sickness. He is exhausted; he is melancholy; he is desperate; he rejects his victuals; he grows hungry, but dares not eat; he mends; his spirits rise; all his faculties are restored to him, and he eats with redoubled vigour. This fine diagnosis of the maritime complaint, we pronounce from experience may be perfectly relied upon.—EDITOR.]

PUNCH IN THE EAST

FROM OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR

On board the P. & O. Company's ship
"Burrumpooter," off Alexandria.

FAT CONTRIBUTOR, indeed! I lay down my pen, and smile in bitter scorn as I write the sarcastic title—I remember it was that which I assumed when my peregrinations began.—It is now an absurd misnomer.

I forget whence I wrote to you last. We were but three weeks from England, I think—off Cadiz, or Malta, perhaps—I was full of my recollections of Dolores—full in other ways, too. I have travelled in the East since then. I have seen the gardens of Bujukdere and the kiosks of the Seraglio: I have seen the sun sinking behind Morea's hills, and rising over the red waves of the Nile. I have travelled like Benjamin Disraeli, Ulysses, Monckton Milnes, and the eminent sages of all times. I am not the fat being I was (and proudly styled myself) when I left my dear dear Pall Mall. You recollect my Nugee dress-coat, with the brass buttons and canary silk lining, that the author of the "Spirit of the Age" used to envy? I never confessed it—but I was in agonies when I wore that coat. I was girthed in (inwardly) so tight, that I thought every day after the third *entrée* apoplexy would ensue—and had my name and address written most legibly in the breast-flap, so that I might be carried home in case I was found speechless in the street on my return from dinner. A smiling face often hides an aching heart; I promise you mine did in that coat, and not my heart only, but other regions. There is a skeleton in every house—and mine—no—I wasn't exactly a skeleton in that garment, but suffered secret torments in it, to which, as I take it, those of the Inquisition were trifles.

I put it on t'other day to dine with Bucksheesh Pasha at Grand Cairo—I could have buttoned the breast over to the two buttons behind. My dear Sir—I looked like a perfect Guy. I am wasted away—a fading flower—I don't weigh above sixteen and a half now. Eastern travel has done it—and all my fat friends may read this

and consider it. It is something at least to know. Byron (one of *us*) took vinegar and starved himself to get down the disagreeable plenitude. Vinegar?—nonsense—try Eastern travel. I am bound to say, however, that it don't answer in all cases. Waddilove, for instance, with whom I have been making the journey, has bulged out in the sun like a pumpkin, and at dinner you see his coat and waistcoat buttons spirt violently off his garments—no longer able to bear the confinement there. One of them hit Colonel Sourcillon plump on the nose, on which the Frenchman—— But to return to my own case. A man always speaks most naturally and truly of that which occurs to himself.

I attribute the diminution in my size not to my want of appetite, which has been uniformly good. Pale ale is to be found universally throughout Turkey, Syria, Greece, and Egypt, and after a couple of foaming bottles of Bass, a man could eat a crocodile (we had some at Bucksheesh Pasha's fattened in the tanks of his country villa of El Muddee, on the Nile, but tough—very fishy and tough)—the appetite, I say, I have found to be generally good in these regions—and attribute the corporeal diminution solely TO WANT OF SLEEP.

I give you my word of honour as a gentleman, *that for seven weeks I have never slept a single wink.* It is my belief that nobody does in the East. You get to do without it perfectly. It may be said of these countries, they are so hospitable, you are never alone. You have always friends to come and pass the night with you, and keep you alive with their cheerful innocent gambols. At Constantinople, at Athens, Malta, Cairo, Gibraltar, it is all the same. Your watchful friends persist in paying you attention. The frisky and agile flea—the slow but steady-purposed bug—the fairy mosquito with his mellow-sounding horn—rush to welcome the stranger to their shores—and never leave him during his stay. At first, and before you are used to the manners of the country, the attention is rather annoying.

Man is a creature of habit. I did not at first like giving up my sleep. I had been used to it in England. I occasionally repined as my friends persisted in calling my attention to them, grew sulky and peevish, wished myself in bed in London—nay, in the worst bed in the most frequented, old, mouldy, musty, wooden-galleried coach inn in Aldgate or Holborn. I recollect a night at the "Bull," in poor dear old Mrs. Nelson's time—well, well, it is nothing to the East. What a country would this be for Tiffin, and what a noble field for his labours!

Though I am used to it now, I can't say but it is probable that when I get back to England I shall return to my old habits.

Here, on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's magnificent steam-ship *Burrumpooter* I thought of trying whether I could sleep any more. I had got the sweetest little cabin in the world; the berths rather small and tight for a man of still considerable proportions—but everything as neat, sweet, fresh, and elegant as the most fastidious amateur of the night-cap might desire. I hugged the idea of having the little palace all to myself. I placed a neat white nightgown and my favourite pink silk cap on the top berth ready. The sea was as clear as glass—the breeze came cool and refreshing through the port-hole—the towers of Alexandria faded away as our ship sailed westward. My Egyptian friends were left behind. It would soon be sunset. I longed for that calm hour, and meanwhile went to enjoy myself at dinner with a hundred and forty passengers from Suez, who laughed and joked, drank champagne and the exhilarating Hodgson, and brought the latest news from Dumdum or Futtyghur.

I happened to sit next at table to the French gentleman before mentioned, Colonel Sourcillon, in the service of the Rajah of Lahore, returning to Europe on leave of absence. The Colonel is six feet high—with a grim and yellow physiognomy, with a red ribbon at his button-hole of course, and large black mustachios curling up to his eyes—to one eye that is—the other was put out in mortal combat, which has likewise left a furious purple gash down one cheek, a respectable but terrible sight.

"Vous regardez ma cicatrice," said the Colonel, perceiving that I eyed him with interest. "Je l'ai reçue en Espagne, Monsieur, à la bataille de Vittoria, que nous avons gagnée sur vous. J'ai tué de ma main le grrredin Feldmaréchal Anglais qui m'a donné cette noble blessure. Elle n'est pas la seule, Monsieur. Je possède encore soixante-quatorze cicatrices sur le corps. Mais j'ai fait sonner partout le grrrand nom de Frrance. Vous êtes militaire, Monsieur? Non?—Passez-moi le poivre rouge, s'il vous plaît."

The Colonel emptied the cayenne-pepper cruet over his fish, and directed his conversation entirely to me. He told me that ours was a perfidious nation, that he esteemed some individuals, but detested the country, which he hoped to see *écrrrasé un jour*. He said I spoke French with remarkable purity; that on board all our steamers there was an infamous conspiracy to insult every person bearing the name of Frenchman; that he would call out the Captain directly they came ashore; that he could not even get a cabin—had I one? On my affirmative reply, he said I was a person of such amiable manners, and so unlike my countrymen, that he would share my cabin with me—and instantly shouted to the steward to put his trunks into number 202.

What could I do? When I went on deck to smoke a cigar, the Colonel retired, pretending a *petite santé*, suffering a horrible *mal de mer*, and dreadful shooting pains in thirty-seven of his wounds. What, I say, could I do? I had not the cabin to myself. He had a right to sleep there—at any rate, I had the best berth, and if he did not snore, my rest would not be disturbed.

But ah! my dear friends—when I thought I would go down and sleep—the first sleep after seven weeks—fancy what I saw—he was asleep in my berth.

His sword, gun, and pistol-cases blocked up the other sleeping-place; his bags, trunks, pipes, cloaks, and portmanteaus, every corner of the little room.

"QUI VA LÀ?" roared the monster, with a terrific oath, as I entered the cabin. "Ah! c'est vous, Monsieur: pourquoi diable faites-vous tant de bruit? J'ai une petite santé; laissez-moi dormir en paix."

I went upon deck. I shan't sleep till I get back to England again. I paid my passage all the way home; but I stopped, and am in quarantine at Malta. I couldn't make the voyage with that Frenchman. I have no money; send me some, and relieve the miseries of him who was once THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER II

ON THE PROSPECTS OF PUNCH IN THE EAST

To the Editor of Punch (confidential).

MY DEAR SIR,—in my last letter (which was intended for the public eye), I was too much affected by the recollection of what I may be permitted to call the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," to allow me for the moment to commit to paper that useful information, in the imparting of which your Journal—*our* Journal—the world's Journal—yields to none, and which the British public will naturally expect from all who contribute to your columns. I address myself therefore privately to you, so that you may deal with the facts I may communicate as you shall think best for the general welfare.

What I wish to point out especially to your notice is, the astonishing progress of *Punch* in the East. Moving according to your orders in strict incognito, it has been a source of wonder and delight to me to hear how often the name of the noble Miscellany was in the

mouths of British men. At Gibraltar its jokes passed among the midshipmen, merchants, Jews, &c., assembled at the hotel table (and quite unconscious how sweetly their words sounded on the ear of a silent guest at the board) as current, ay, much more current, than the coin of the realm. At Malta, the first greeting between Captain Tagus and some other Captain in anchor-buttons, who came to hail him when we entered harbour, related to *Punch*. "What's the news?" exclaimed the other Captain. "Here's *Punch*," was the immediate reply of Tagus, handing it out — and the other Captain's face was suffused with instant smiles as his enraptured eye glanced over some of the beauteous designs of Leech. At Athens, Mr. Smith, second cousin of the respected vice-consul, who came to our inn, said to me mysteriously, "I'm told we've got PUNCH on board." I took him aside, and pointed him out (in confidence) Mr. Waddilove, the stupidest man of all our party, as the author in question.

Somewhat to my annoyance (for I was compelled to maintain my privacy), Mr. W. was asked to a splendid dinner in consequence —a dinner which ought by rights to have fallen to my share. It was a consolation to me, however, to think, as I ate my solitary repast at one of the dearest and worst inns I ever entered, that though *I* might be overlooked, *Punch* was respected in the land of Socrates and Pericles.

At the Piræus we took on board four young gentlemen from Oxford, who had been visiting the scenes consecrated to them by the delightful associations of the Little Go; and as they paced the deck and looked at the lambent stars that twinkled on the bay once thronged with the galleys of Themistocles—what, Sir, do you think was the song they chanted in chorus? Was it a lay of burning Sappho? Was it a thrilling ode of Alcæus? No; it was—

> "Had I an ass averse to speed,
> Deem ye I'd strike him? no, indeed," &c.

which you had immortalised, I recollect, in your sixth volume. (Donkeys, it must be premised, are most numerous and flourishing in Attica, commonly bestridden by the modern Greeks, and no doubt extensively popular among the ancients—unless human nature has very much changed since their time.) Thus we find that *Punch* is respected at Oxford as well as in Athens, and I trust at Cambridge likewise.

As we sailed through the blue Bosphorus at midnight, the Health of *Punch* was enthusiastically drunk in the delicious beverage which shares his respectable name; and the ghosts of Hero and Leander must have been startled at hearing songs

appropriate to the toast, and very different from those with which I have no doubt they amused each other in times so affectingly described in Lemprière's delightful Dictionary. I did not see the Golden Horn at Constantinople, nor hear it blown, probably on account of the fog; but this I can declare, that *Punch* was on the table at Misseri's Hotel, Pera, the spirited proprietor of which little knew that one of its humblest contributors ate his pilaff. Pilaff, by the way, is very good; kabobs are also excellent; my friend Mehemet Effendi, who keeps the kabob shop, close by the Rope-bazaar in Constantinople, sells as good as any in town. At the Armenian shops, too, you get a sort of raisin wine at two piastres a bottle, over which a man can spend an agreeable half-hour. I did not hear what the Sultan Abdul Medjid thinks of *Punch*, but of wine he is said to be uncommonly fond.

At Alexandria there lay the picture of the dear and venerable old face, on the table of the British hotel; and the 140 passengers from Burrumtollah, Chowringhee, &c. (now on their way to England per *Burrumpooter*) rushed upon it—it was the July number, with my paper, which you may remember made such a sensation—even more eagerly than on pale ale. I made cautious inquiries amongst them (never breaking the incognito) regarding the influence of *Punch* in our vast Indian territories. They say that from Cape Comorin to the Sutlej, and from the Sutlej to the borders of Thibet, nothing is talked of but *Punch*. Dost Mahommed never misses a single number; and the Tharawaddie knows the figure of Lord Brougham and his Scotch trousers as well as that of his favourite vizier. *Punch*, my informant states, has rendered his Lordship so popular throughout our Eastern possessions, that were he to be sent out to India as Governor, the whole army and people would shout with joyful recognition. I throw out this for the consideration of Government at home.

I asked Bucksheesh Pasha (with whom I had the honour of dining at Cairo) what his august Master thought of *Punch*. AND AT THE PYRAMIDS—but of these in another letter. You have here enough to show you how kingly the diadem, boundless the sway, of *Punch* is in the East. By it we are enabled to counterbalance the influence of the French in Egypt; by it we are enabled to spread civilisation over the vast Indian Continent, to soothe the irritated feelings of the Sikhs, and keep the Burmese in good-humour. By means of *Punch*, it has been our privilege to expose the designs of Russia more effectually than Urquhart ever did, and to this Sir Stratford Canning can testify. A proud and noble post is that which you, sir, hold over the Intellect of the World; a tremendous power you exercise! May you ever wield it wisely and

gently as now! "Subjectis parcere, superbos debellare," be your motto! I forget whether I mentioned in my last that I was without funds in quarantine at Fort Manuel, Malta, and shall anxiously expect the favour of a communication from you—*poste restante*—at that town.—With assurances of the highest consideration, believe me to be, sir, your most faithful servant and correspondent, THE F— CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S.—We touched at Smyrna, where I purchased a *real Smyrna sponge*, which trifle I hope your lady will accept for her toilette; some *real Turkey rhubarb* for your dear children; and a friend going to Syria has promised to procure for me *some real Jerusalem artichokes*, which I hope to see flourishing in your garden at ——.

[This letter was addressed "strictly private and confidential" to us; but at a moment when all men's minds are turned towards the East, and every information regarding "the cradle of civilisation" is anxiously looked for, we have deemed it our duty to submit our Correspondent's letter to *the public*. The news which it contains is so important and startling—our Correspondent's views of Eastern affairs so novel and remarkable—that they *must* make an impression in Europe. We beg the *Observer*, the *Times*, &c., to have the goodness to acknowledge their authority, if they avail themselves of our facts. And for *us*, it cannot but be a matter of pride and gratification to think—on the testimony of a Correspondent who has never deceived us yet—that our efforts for the good of mankind are appreciated by such vast and various portions of the human race, and that our sphere of usefulness is so prodigiously on the increase. Were it not that dinner has been announced (and consequently is getting cold), we would add more. For the present, let us content ourselves by stating that the intelligence conveyed to us is most welcome as it is most surprising, the occasion of heartfelt joy, and we hope of deep future meditation.—EDITOR.]

CHAPTER III

ATHENS

THERE are some beautiful windmills near Athens, not, I believe, depicted by any other artist, and which I dare say some people will admire because they are Athenian windmills. The world is made so.

I was not a brilliant boy at school—the only prize I ever remember to have got was in a kind of lottery in which I was obliged to subscribe with seventeen other competitors—and of which the prize was a flogging. That I won. But I don't think

I carried off any other. Possibly from laziness, or if you please from incapacity, but I certainly was rather inclined to be of the side of the dunces—Sir Walter Scott, it will be recollected, was of the same species. Many young plants sprouted up round about both of us, I dare say, with astonishing rapidity—but they have gone to seed ere this, or were never worth the cultivation. Great genius is of slower growth.

I always had my doubts about the classics. When I saw a brute of a schoolmaster, whose mind was as cross-grained as any ploughboy's in Christendom; whose manners were those of the most insufferable of Heaven's creatures, the English snob trying to turn gentleman; whose lips, when they were not mouthing Greek or grammar, were yelling out the most brutal abuse of poor little cowering gentlemen standing before him: when I saw this kind of man (and the instructors of our youth are selected very frequently indeed out of this favoured class) and heard him roar out praises of, and pump himself up into enthusiasm for, certain Greek poetry,—I say I had my doubts about the genuineness of the article. A man may well thump you or call you names because you won't learn—but I never could take to the proffered delicacy; the fingers that offered it were so dirty. Fancy the brutality of a man who began a Greek grammar with "τύπτω, I thrash"! We were all made to begin it in that way.

When, then, I came to Athens, and saw that it was a humbug, I hailed the fact with a sort of gloomy joy. I stood in the Royal Square and cursed the country which has made thousands of little boys miserable. They have blue stripes on the new Greek flag; I thought bitterly of my own. I wished that my schoolmaster had been in the place, that we might have fought there for the right; and that I might have immolated him as a sacrifice to the manes of little boys flogged into premature Hades, or pining away and sickening under the destiny of that infernal Greek grammar. I have often thought that those little cherubs who are carved on tombstones and are represented as possessing a head and wings only, are designed to console little children—usher- and beadle-belaboured—and say "there is no flogging where we are." From their conformation, it is impossible. Woe to the man who has harshly treated one of them!

Of the ancient buildings in this beggarly town it is not my business to speak. Between ourselves it must be acknowledged that there was some merit in the Heathens who constructed them. But of the Temple of Jupiter, of which some columns still remain, I declare with confidence that not one of them is taller than our own glorious Monument on Fish Street Hill, which I heartily wish

to see again, whereas upon the columns of Jupiter I never more desire to set eyes. On the Acropolis and its temples and towers I shall also touch briefly. The frieze of the Parthenon is well known in England, the famous *chevaux de frieze* being carried off by Lord Elgin, and now in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The Erechtheum is another building, which I suppose has taken its name from the genteel club in London at a corner of Saint James's Square. It is likewise called the Temple of Minerva Polias—a capital name for a club in London certainly; fancy gentlemen writing on their cards "Mr. Jones, Temple-of-Minerva-Polias Club."—Our country is surely the most classical of islands.

As for the architecture of that temple, if it be not entirely stolen from Saint Pancras Church, New Road, or *vice versâ*, I am a Dutchman. "The Tower of the Winds" may be seen any day at Edinburgh—and the Lantern of Demosthenes is at this very minute perched on the top of the church in Regent Street, within a hundred yards of the lantern of Mr. Drummond. Only in London you have them all in much better preservation—the noses of the New Road Caryatides are not broken as those of their sisters here. The Temple of the Scotch Winds I am pleased to say I have never seen, but I have no doubt it is worthy of the Modern Athens—and as for the Choragic temple of Lysicrates, erroneously called Demosthenes's Lantern—from Waterloo Place you can see it well: whereas here it is a ruin in the midst of a huddle of dirty huts, whence you try in vain to get a good view of it.

When I say of the Temple of Theseus (quoting Murray's Guide-book) that "it is a peripteral hexastyle with a pronaos, a posticum, and two columns between the antæ," the commonest capacity may perfectly imagine the place. Fancy it upon an irregular ground of copper-coloured herbage, with black goats feeding on it, and the sound of perpetual donkeys braying round about. Fancy to the south-east the purple rocks and towers of the Acropolis meeting the eye—to the south-east the hilly islands and the blue Ægean. Fancy the cobalt sky above, and the temple itself (built of Pentelic marble) of the exact colour and mouldiness of a ripe Stilton cheese, and you have the view before you as well as if you had been there.

The Royal Palace is built in the style of High-Dutch-Greek, and resembles Newgate whitewashed and standing on a sort of mangy desert.

The King's German Guards (Σπιτζβουβοι) have left him perforce; he is now attended by petticoated Albanians, and I saw one of the palace sentries, as the sun was shining on his sentry-box, wisely couched *behind* it.

The Chambers were about to sit when we arrived. The

Deputies were thronging to the capital. One of them had come as a third-class passenger of an English steamer, took a first-class place, and threatened to blow out the brains of the steward, who remonstrated with him on the irregularity. It is quite needless to say that he kept his place—and as the honourable deputy could not read, of course he could not be expected to understand the regulations imposed by the avaricious proprietors of the boat in question. Happy is the country to have such makers of laws, and to enjoy the liberty consequent upon the representative system!

Besides Otho's palace in the great square, there is another house and an hotel: a fountain is going to be erected, and roads even are to be made. At present the King drives up and down over the mangy plain before mentioned, and the grand officers of state go up to the palace on donkeys.

As for the Hotel Royal—the Folkestone Hotel might take a lesson from it—they charge five shillings sterling (the coin of the country is the gamma, lambda, and delta, which I never could calculate) for a bed in a double-bedded room; and our poor young friend Scratchley, with whom I was travelling, was compelled to leave his and sit for safety on a chair, on a table in the middle of the room.

As for me—but I will not relate my own paltry sufferings. The post goes out in half-an-hour, and I had thought ere its departure to have described to you Constantinople and my interview with the Sultan there—his splendid offers—the Princess Badroulbadour, the order of the Nisham, the Pashalic with three tails—and my firm but indignant rejection. I had thought to describe Cairo—interview with Mehemet Ali—proposals of that Prince—splendid feast at the house of my dear friend Bucksheesh Pasha, dancing-girls and magicians after dinner, and their extraordinary disclosures! But I should fill volumes at this rate; and I can't, like Mr. James, write a volume between breakfast and luncheon.

I have only time rapidly to jot down my GREAT ADVENTURE AT THE PYRAMIDS—and *Punch's* enthronisation there.

CHAPTER IV

PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS

THE 19th day of October 1844 (the seventh day of the month Hudjmudj, and the 1229th year of the Mohammedan Hejira, corresponding with the 16,769th anniversary of the 48th incarnation of Veeshnoo), is a day that ought hereafter to be considered eternally famous in the climes of the East and West. I

forget what was the day of General Bonaparte's battle of the Pyramids; I think it was in the month Quintidi of the year Nivóse of the French Republic, and he told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them from the summit of those buildings a statement which I very much doubt. But I say the 19TH DAY OF OCTOBER 1844, is the most important era in the modern world's history. It unites the modern with the ancient civilisation; it couples the brethren of Watt and Cobden with the dusky family of Pharaoh and Sesostris; it fuses Herodotus with Thomas Babington Macaulay; it intertwines the piston of the blond Anglo-Saxon steam-engine with the needle of the Abyssinian Cleopatra; it weds the tunnel of the subaqueous Brunel with the mystic edifice of Cheops. Strange play of wayward fancy! Ascending the Pyramid, I could not but think of Waterloo Bridge in my dear native London —a building as vast and as magnificent, as beautiful, as useless, and as lonely. Forty centuries have not as yet passed over the latter structure 'tis true; scarcely an equal number of hackney-coaches have crossed it. But I doubt whether the individuals who contributed to raise it are likely to receive a better dividend for their capital than the swarthy shareholders in the Pyramid speculation, whose dust has long since been trampled over by countless generations of their sons.

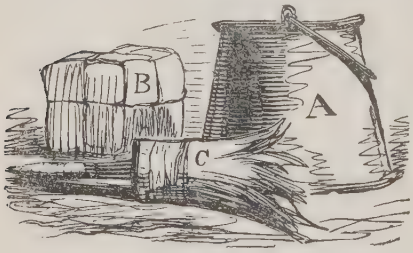
If I use in the above sentence the longest words I can find, it is because the occasion is great and demands the finest phrases the dictionary can supply; it is because I have not read Tom Macaulay in vain; it is because I wish to show I am a dab in history, as the above dates will testify; it is because I have seen the Reverend Mr. Milman preach in a black gown at Saint Margaret's, whereas at the Coronation he wore a gold cope. The 19th of October was *Punch's Coronation;* I officiated at the august ceremony. To be brief—as illiterate readers may not understand a syllable of the above piece of ornamental eloquence—ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER 1844, I PASTED THE GREAT PLACARD OF PUNCH ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish, I have not lived in vain.

If the forty centuries *are* on the summit of the Pyramids, as Bonaparte remarks, all I can say is, *I* did not see them. But *Punch* has really been there; this I swear. One placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic?). One I placed under a great stone on the summit; one I waved in air, as my Arabs raised a mighty cheer round the peaceful victorious banner; and I flung it towards the sky, which the Pyramid almost touches, and left it

to its fate, to mount into the azure vault and take its place among the constellations; to light on the eternal Desert, and mingle with its golden sands; or to flutter and drop into the purple waters of the neighbouring Nile, to swell its fructifying inundations, and mingle with the rich vivifying influence which shoots into the tall palm-trees on its banks, and generates the waving corn.

I wonder were there any signs or omens in London when that event occurred? Did an earthquake take place? Did Stocks or the Barometer preternaturally rise or fall? It matters little. Let it suffice that the thing has been done, and forms an event in History by the side of those other facts to which these prodigious monuments bear testimony. Now to narrate briefly the circumstances of the day.

On Thursday, October 17, I caused my dragoman to purchase in the Frank Bazaar at Grand Cairo the following articles, which will be placed in the Museum on my return:—



A is a tin pot holding about a pint, and to contain B, a packet of flour (which of course is not visible, as it is tied up in brown paper), and C, a pigskin brush of the sort commonly used in Europe—the whole costing about five piastres, or one shilling sterling. They were all the implements needful for this tremendous undertaking.

Horses of the Mosaic Arab breed—I mean those animals called Jerusalem ponies by some in England, by others denominated donkeys—are the common means of transport employed by the subjects of Mehemet Ali. My excellent friend Bucksheesh Pasha would have mounted me either on his favourite horse, or his best dromedary. But I declined those proffers—if I fall, I like better to fall from a short distance than a high one.—I have tried tumbling in both ways, and recommend the former as by far the pleasantest and safest. I chose the Mosaic Arab then—one for the dragoman, one for the requisites of refreshment, and two for myself—not that I proposed to ride two at once, but a person of a certain dimension had best have a couple of animals in case of accident.

I left Cairo on the afternoon of October 18, never hinting to a single person the mighty purpose of my journey. The waters were out, and we had to cross them thrice—twice in track-boats,

once on the shoulders of abominable Arabs, who take a pleasure in slipping and in making believe to plunge you in the stream. When in the midst of it, the brutes stop and demand money of you—you are alarmed, the savages may drop you if you do not give—you promise that you will do so. The half-naked ruffians who conduct you up the Pyramid, when they have got you panting to the most steep, dangerous, and lonely stone, make the same demand, pointing downwards while they beg, as if they would fling you in that direction on refusal. As soon as you have breath, you promise more money—it is the best way—you are a fool if you give it when you come down.

The journey I find briefly set down in my pocket-book as thus:—Cairo Gardens—Mosquitoes—Women dressed in blue—Children dressed in nothing—Old Cairo—Nile, dirty water, ferry-boat — Town — Palm-trees, ferry-boat, canal, palm-trees, town — Rice fields—Maize fields—Fellows on dromedaries—Donkey down —Over his head—Pick up pieces—More palm-trees—More rice-fields—Water-courses—Howling Arabs—Donkey tumbles down again—Inundations—Herons or cranes—Broken bridges—Sands—Pyramids. If a man cannot make a landscape out of *that* he has no imagination. Let him paint the skies very blue—the sands very yellow—the plains very flat and green—the dromedaries and palm-trees very tall—the women very brown, some with veils, some with nose-rings, some tattooed, and none with stays—and the picture is complete. You may shut your eyes and fancy yourself there. It is the pleasantest way, *entre nous*.

CHAPTER V

PUNCH AT THE PYRAMIDS (*concluded*)

IT is all very well to talk of sleeping in the tombs: *that* question has been settled in a former paper, where I have stated my belief that people do not sleep at all in Egypt. I thought to have had some tremendous visions under the shadow of those enormous Pyramids reposing under the stars. Pharaoh or Cleopatra, I thought, might appear to me in a dream. But how could they, as I didn't go to sleep? I hoped for high thoughts, and secret communings with the Spirit of Poesy—I hoped to have let off a sonnet at least, as gentlemen do on visiting the spot—but how could I hunt for rhymes, being occupied all night in hunting for something else? If this remonstrance will deter a

single person from going to the Pyramids, my purpose is fully answered.

But *my* case was different. I had a duty to perform—I had to introduce PUNCH to Cheops—I had vowed to leave his card at the gates of History—I had a mission, in a word. I roused at sunrise the snoring dragoman from his lair. I summoned the four Arabs who had engaged to assist me in the ascent, and in the undertaking. We lighted a fire of camels' dung at the north-east corner of the Pyramid, just as the god of day rose over Cairo. The embers began to glow,—water was put into the tin pot before mentioned,—the pot was put on the fire—'twas a glorious—a thrilling moment!

At 46 minutes past 6 A.M. (by one of Dollond's chronometers) *the water began to boil.*

At 47 minutes the flour was put gradually into the water—it was stirred with the butt-end of the brush brought for the purpose, and Schmaklek Beg, an Arab, peeping over the pot too curiously, I poked the brush into his mouth at 11 minutes before 7 A.M.

At 7, THE PASTE WAS MADE—doubting whether it was thick enough, Schmaklek tried it with his finger. It was pronounced to be satisfactory.

At 11 minutes past 7, I turned round in a majestic attitude to the four Arabs, and said, "Let us mount." I suggest this scene, this moment, this attitude, to the Committee of the Fine Arts as a proper subject for the Houses of Parliament—PUNCH pointing to the Pyramids, and introducing civilisation to Egypt—I merely throw it out as a suggestion. What a grand thing the Messieurs Foggo would make of it!

Having given the signal—the Sheikh of the Arabs seized my right arm, and his brother the left. Two volunteer Arabs pushed me (quite unnecessarily) behind. The other two preceded—one with a water-bottle for refreshment; the other with the posters—the pot—the paint-brush and the paste. Away we went—away!

I was blown at the third step. They are exceedingly lofty; about five feet high each, I should think—but the ardent spirit will break his heart to win the goal—besides, I could not go back if I would. The two Arabs dragged me forward by the arms—the volunteers pushed me up from behind. It was in vain I remonstrated with the latter, kicking violently as occasion offered—they still went on pushing. We arrived at the first landing-place.

I drew out the poster—how it fluttered in the breeze!—With a trembling hand I popped the brush into the paste-pot, and smeared the back of the placard; then I pasted up the standard of our glorious leader—at 19 minutes past 7, by the clock of the great

minaret at Cairo, which was clearly visible through my refracting telescope. My heart throbbed when the deed was done. My eyes filled with tears—I am not at liberty to state here all the emotions of triumph and joy which rose in my bosom—so exquisitely overpowering were they. There was PUNCH—familiar old PUNCH—his back to the desert, his beaming face turned towards the Nile.

"Bless him!" I exclaimed, embracing him; and almost choking, gave the signal to the Arabs to move on.

These savage creatures are only too ready to obey an order of this nature. They spin a man along, be his size ever so considerable. They rattled up to the second landing so swiftly that I thought I should be broken-winded for ever. But they gave us little time to halt. Yallah! Again we mount!—'tis the last and most arduous ascent—the limbs quiver, the pulses beat, the eyes shoot out of the head, the brain reels, the knees tremble and totter, and you are on the summit! I don't know how many hundred thousand feet it is above the level of the sea, but I wonder after that tremendous exercise that I am not a roarer to my dying hour.

When consciousness and lungs regained their play, another copy of the placard was placed under a stone—a third was launched into air in the manner before described, and we gave three immense cheers for PUNCH, which astonished the undiscovered mummies that lie darkling in tomb-chambers, and must have disturbed the broken-nosed old Sphinx who has been couched for thousands of years in the desert hard by. This done, we made our descent from the Pyramid.

And if, my dear sir, you ask me whether it is worth a man's while to mount up those enormous stones, I will say, in confidence, that thousands of people went to see the Bottle Conjurer, and that we hear of gentlemen becoming Freemasons every day.

BRIGHTON

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER

AS there are some consumptive travellers, who, by dodging about to Italy, to Malta, to Madeira, manage to cheat the winter, and for whose lungs a perpetual warmth is necessary; so there are people to whom, in like manner, London is a necessity of existence, and who follow it all the year round.

Such individuals, when London goes out of town, follow it to Brighton, which is, at this season, London *plus* prawns for breakfast and the sea air. Blessings on the sea air, which gives you an appetite to eat them!

You may get a decent bedroom and sitting-room here for a guinea a day. Our friends the Botibols have three rooms, and a bedstead disguised like a chest of drawers in the drawing-room, for which they pay something less than a hundred pounds a month. I could not understand last night why the old gentleman, who usually goes to bed early, kept yawning and fidgeting in the drawing-room after tea; until, with some hesitation, he made the confession that the apartment in question was his bedroom, and revealed the mystery of the artful chest of drawers. Botibol's house in Bedford Square is as spacious as an Italian palace; the second-floor front, in which the worthy man sleeps, would accommodate a regiment; and here they squeeze him into a *chiffonnière!* How Mrs. B. and the four delightful girls can be stowed away in the back room, I tremble to think: what bachelor has a right to ask? But the air of the sea makes up for the closeness of the lodgings. I have just seen them on the Cliff—mother and daughters were all blooming like crimson double dahlias!

You meet everybody on that Cliff. For a small charge you may hire a fly with a postillion, in a pink striped chintz jacket—which may have been the cover of an arm-chair once—and straight whity-brown hair, and little wash-leather inexpressibles, — the cheapest little caricature of a post-boy eyes have ever lighted on.

I seldom used to select his carriage, for the horse and vehicle looked feeble, and unequal to bearing a person of weight; but last

Sunday I saw an Israelitish family of distinction ensconced in the poor little carriage—the ladies with the most flaming polkas, and flounces all the way up; the gent in velvet waistcoat, with pins in his breast big enough once to have surmounted the door of his native pawnbroker's shop, and a complement of hook-nosed children, magnificent in attire. Their number and magnificence did not break the carriage down; the little postillion bumped up and down as usual, as the old horse went his usual pace. How they spread out, and basked, and shone, and were happy in the sun there—those honest people!

The Mosaic Arabs abound here; and they rejoice and are idle with a grave and solemn pleasure, as becomes their Eastern origin.

If you don't mind the expense, hire a ground-floor window on the Cliff, and examine the stream of human nature which passes by. That stream is a league in length; it pours from Brunswick Terrace to Kemp Town, and then tumbles back again; and so rolls, and as it rolls perpetually, keeps rolling on from three o'clock till dinner-time.

Ha! what a crowd of well-known London faces you behold here—only the sallow countenances look pink now, and devoid of care.

I have seen this very day, at least—

Forty-nine Railroad Directors, who would have been at Baden-Baden but for the lines in progress; and who, though breathing the fresh air, are within an hour and a half of the City.

Thirteen barristers, of more or less repute, including the Solicitor-General himself, whose open and jovial countenance beamed with benevolence upon the cheerful scene.

A Hebrew dentist driving a curricle.

At least twelve well-known actors or actresses. It went to my heart to see the most fashionable of them driving about in a little four-wheeled pony-chaise, the like of which might be hired for five shillings.

Then you have tight-laced dragoons, trotting up and down with solemn, handsome, stupid faces, and huge yellow mustachios. Myriads of flys, laden with happy cockneys; pathetic invalid-chairs trail along, looking too much like coffins already, in which poor people are brought out to catch a glimpse of the sun. Grand equipages are scarce; I saw Lady Wilhelmina Wiggins's lovely nose and auburn ringlets peeping out of a cab, hired at half-a-crown an hour, between her Ladyship and her sister, the Princess Oysterowski.

. . . . . .

The old gentleman who began to take lessons when we were here three years ago, at the Tepid Swimming Bath with the conical top, I am given to understand is still there, and may be seen in the water from nine till five,

A BRIGHTON NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER

I HAVE always had a taste for the second-rate in life. Second-rate poetry, for instance, is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy than your great thundering first-rate epic poems. Your Miltons and Dantes are magnificent—but a bore: whereas an ode of Horace, or a song of Tommy Moore, is always fresh, sparkling, and welcome. Second-rate claret, again, is notoriously better than first-rate wine: you get the former genuine, whereas the latter is a loaded and artificial composition that cloys the palate and bothers the reason.

Second-rate beauty in women is likewise, I maintain, more agreeable than first-rate charms. Your first-rate Beauty is grand, severe, awful—a faultless frigid angel of five feet nine—superb to behold at church, or in the park, or at a Drawing-room—but ah! how inferior to a sweet little second-rate creature, with smiling eyes, and a little second-rate *nez retroussé*, with which you fall in love in a minute.

Second-rate novels I also assert to be superior to the best works of fiction. They give you no trouble to read, excite no painful emotions—you go through them with a gentle, languid, agreeable interest. Mr. James's romances are perfect in this way. The *ne plus ultra* of indolence may be enjoyed during their perusal.

For the same reason I like second-rate theatrical entertainments—a good little company in a provincial town, acting good old stupid stock comedies and farces; where nobody comes to the theatre, and you may lie at ease in the pit, and get a sort of intimacy with each actor and actress, and know every bar of the music that the three or four fiddlers of the little orchestra play throughout the season.

The Brighton Theatre would be admirable but for one thing—Mr. Hooper, the manager, will persist in having Stars down from London—blazing Macreadys, resplendent Miss Cushmans, fiery Wallacks, and the like. On these occasions it is very possible that the house may be filled and the manager's purpose answered; but where does all your comfort go then? You can't loll over four

benches in the pit—you are squeezed and hustled in an inconvenient crowd there—you are fatigued by the perpetual struggles of the apple-and-ginger-beer boy, who *will* pass down your row—and for what do you undergo this labour? To see Hamlet and Lady Macbeth, forsooth! as if everybody had not seen them a thousand times. No, on such star nights "The Commissioner" prefers a walk on the Cliff to the charms of the Brighton Theatre. I can have first-rate tragedy in London: in the country give me good old country fare—the good old comedies and farces—the dear good old melodramas.

We had one the other day in perfection. We were, I think, about four of us in the pit; the ginger-beer boy might wander about quite at his ease. There was a respectable family in a private box, and some pleasant fellows in the gallery; and we saw, with leisure and delectation, that famous old melodrama, "The Warlock of the Glen."

In a pasteboard cottage, on the banks of the Atlantic Ocean, there lived once a fisherman, who had a little canvas boat, in which it is a wonder he was never swamped, for the boat was not above three feet long; and I was astonished at his dwelling in the cottage, too; for though a two-storied one, it was not above five feet high; and I am sure the fisherman was six feet without his shoes.

As he was standing at the door of his cot, looking at some young persons of the neighbourhood who were dancing a reel, a scream was heard, as issuing from the neighbouring forest, and a lady with dishevelled hair, and a beautiful infant in her hand, rushed in. What meant that scream? We were longing to know, but the gallery insisted on the reel over again, and the poor injured lady had to wait until the dance was done before she could explain her unfortunate case

It was briefly this: she was no other than Adela, Countess of Glencairn; the boy in her hand was Glencairn's only child: three years since her gallant husband had fallen in fight, or, worse still, by the hand of the assassin.

He had left a brother, Clanronald. What was the conduct of that surviving relative? Was it fraternal towards the widowed Adela? Was it avuncular to the orphan boy? Ah, no! For three years he had locked her up in his castle, under pretence that she was mad, pursuing her all the while with his odious addresses. But she loathed his suit; and refusing to become Mrs. (or Lady) Clanronald, took this opportunity to escape and fling herself on the protection of the loyal vassals of her lord.

She had hardly told her pathetic tale when voices were heard without. Cries of "Follow, follow!" resounded through the wild-

wood; the gentlemen and ladies engaged in the reel fled, and the Countess and her child, stepping into the skiff, disappeared down a slope, to the rage and disappointment of Clanronald, who now arrived—a savage-looking nobleman, indeed! and followed by two ruffians of most ferocious aspect, and having in their girdles a pair of those little notched dumpy swords, with round iron hilts to guard the knuckles, by which I knew that a combat would probably take place ere long. And the result proved that I was right.

Flying along the wild margent of the sea, in the next act, the poor Adela was pursued by Clanronald; but though she jumped into the waves to avoid him, the unhappy lady was rescued from the briny element, and carried back to her prison; Clanronald swearing a dreadful oath that she should marry him that very day.

He meanwhile gave orders to his two ruffians, Murdoch and Hamish, to pursue the little boy into the wood, and there—there *murder* him.

But there is always a power in melodramas that watches over innocence; and these two wretched ones were protected by THE WARLOCK OF THE GLEN.

All through their misfortunes, this mysterious being watched them with a tender interest. When the two ruffians were about to murder the child, he and the fisherman rescued him—their battle-swords (after a brief combat of four) sank powerless before his wizard staff, and they fled in terror.

Haste we to the Castle of Glencairn. What ceremony is about to take place? What has assembled those two noblemen, and those three ladies in calico trains? A marriage! But what a union! The Lady Adela is dragged to the chapel door by the truculent Clanronald. "Lady," he says, "you are mine. Resistance is unavailing. Submit with good grace. Henceforth, what power on earth can separate you from me?"

"MINE CAN," cries the Warlock of the Glen, rushing in. "Tyrant and assassin of thy brother! know that Glencairn—Glencairn, thy brother and lord, whom thy bravos were commissioned to slay—know that, for three years, a solemn vow (sworn to the villain that spared his life, and expired yesterday) bound him never to reveal his existence—know that he is near at hand; and repent, while yet there is time."

The Lady Adela's emotion may be guessed when she heard this news; but Clanronald received it with contemptuous scepticism. "And where *is* this dead man come alive?" laughed he.

"HE IS HERE," shouted the Warlock of the Glen; and to fling away his staff—to dash off his sham beard and black gown—to appear in a red dress, with tights and yellow boots, as became

Glencairn's Earl—was the work of a moment. The Countess recognised him with a scream of joy. Clanronald retired led off by two soldiers; and the joy of the Earl and Countess was completed by the arrival of their only son (a clever little girl of the Hebrew persuasion) in the arms of the fisherman.

The curtain fell on this happy scene. The fiddlers had ere this disappeared. The ginger-beer boy went home to a virtuous family that was probably looking out for him. The respectable family in the boxes went off in a fly. The little audience spread abroad, and were lost in the labyrinths of the city. The lamps of the Theatre Royal were extinguished: and all—all was still.

MEDITATIONS OVER BRIGHTON

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER

(*From the Devil's Dyke.*)

WHEN the exultant and long-eared animal described in the fable revelled madly in the frog-pond, dashing about his tail and hoof among the unfortunate inhabitants of that piece of water, it is stated that the frogs remonstrated, exclaiming, "Why, O donkey, do you come kicking about in our habitation? It may be good fun to you to lash out, and plunge, and kick in this absurd manner, but it is death to us:" on which the good-natured quadruped agreed to discontinue his gambols; and left the frogs to bury their dead and rest henceforth undisturbed in their pool.

The inhabitants of Brighton are the frogs—and I dare say they will agree as to the applicability of the rest of the simile. It might be good fun to *me* to "mark their manners, and their ways survey"; but could it be altogether agreeable to them? I am sorry to confess it has not proved so, having received at least three hundred letters of pathetic remonstrance, furious complaint, angry swagger, and threatening omens, entreating me to leave the Brightonians alone. The lodging-house keepers are up in arms Mrs. Screw says *she* never let her lodgings at a guinea a day, and invites me to occupy her drawing and bedroom for five guineas a week. Mr. Squeezer swears that a guinea a day is an atrocious calumny: he would turn his wife, his children, and his bedridden mother-in-law out of doors if he could get such a sum for the rooms they occupy—(but this, I suspect, is a pretext of Squeezer's to get rid of his mother-in-law, in which project I wish him luck). Mrs. Slop hopes she may never again cut a slice out of a lodger's joint (the cannibal!) if she won't be ready at the most crowdidest of seasons to let her first-floor for six pounds; and, finally, Mr. Skiver writes:—"Sir,—Your ill-advised publication has passed like a whirlwind over the lodging-houses of Brighton. You have rendered our families desolate, and prematurely closed our season. As you

have destroyed the lodging-houses, couldn't you, now, walk into the boarding-houses, and say a kind word to ruin the hotels?"

And is it so? Is the power of the Commissioner's eye so fatal that it withers the object on which it falls? Is the condition of his life so dreadful that he destroys all whom he comes near? Have I made a post-boy wretched—five thousand lodging-house keepers furious—twenty thousand Jews unhappy? If so, and I really possess a power so terrible, I had best come out in the tragic line.

I went, pursuant to orders, to the Swiss Cottage, at Shoreham, where the first object that struck my eye was the scene below, in the green lake there, which I am credibly informed is made of pea-soup: two honest girls were rowing about their friend on this enchanting water. There was a cloudless sky overhead—rich treats were advertised for the six frequenters of the gardens; a variety of entertainments was announced in the Hall of Amusement—Mr. and Mrs. Aminadab (here, too, the Hebrews have penetrated) were advertised as about to sing some of their most favourite comic songs and——

But *no*, I will not describe the place. Why should my fatal glance bring a curse upon it? The pea-soup lake would dry up—leaving its bed a vacant tureen—the leaves would drop from the scorched trees—the pretty flowers would wither and fade—the rockets would not rise at night, nor the rebel wheels go round—the money-taker at the door would grow mouldy and die in his moss-grown and deserted cell—Aminadab would lose his engagement. Why should these things be, and this ruin occur? James! pack the portmanteau and tell the landlord to bring the bill; order horses immediately—this day I will quit Brighton.

Other appalling facts have come to notice; all showing more or less the excitement created by my publication.

The officers of the 150th Hussars, accused of looking handsome, solemn, and stupid, have had a meeting in the messroom, where the two final epithets have been rescinded in a string of resolutions.

But it is the poor yellow-breeched postillion who has most suffered. When the picture of him came out, crowds flocked to see him. He was mobbed all the way down the Cliff; wherever he drove his little phaeton, people laughed, and pointed with the finger, and said, "That is he." The poor child was thus made the subject of public laughter by my interference—and what has been the consequence? In order to disguise him as much as possible, *his master has bought him a hat.*

The children of Israel are in a fury too. They do not like to ride in flys, since my masterly representation of them a fortnight since. They are giving up their houses daily. You read in the Brighton papers, among the departures, "—— Nebuzaradan, Esquire, and family for London;" or "Solomon Ramothgilead, Esquire, has quitted his mansion in Marine Crescent; circumstances having induced him to shorten his stay among us;" and so on. The people emigrate by hundreds; they can't bear to be made the object of remark in the public walks and drives—and they are flying from a city of which they might have made a new Jerusalem.

BRIGHTON IN 1847

BY THE F. C.

CHAPTER I

HAVE the kindness, my dear Pugsby, to despatch me a line when they have done painting the smoking-room at the Megatherium, that I may come back to town. After suffering as we have all the year, not so much from the bad ventilation of the room, as from the suffocating dulness of Wheezer, Snoozer, and Whiffler, who frequent it, I had hoped for quiet by the sea-shore here, and that our three abominable acquaintances had quitted England.

I had scarcely been ten minutes in the place, my ever-dear Pugsby, when I met old Snoozer walking with young De Bosky, of the Tatters-and-Starvation Club, on the opposite side of our square, and ogling the girls on the Cliff, the old wretch, as if he had not a wife and half-a-dozen daughters of his own in Pocklington Square. He hooked on to my arm as if he had been the Old Man of the Sea, and I found myself introduced to young De Bosky, a man whom I have carefully avoided as an odious and disreputable tiger, the tuft on whose chin has been always particularly disagreeable to me, and who is besides a Captain, or Commodore, or some such thing, in the Bundelcund Cavalry. The clink and glitter of his spurs is perfectly abominable: he is screwed so tight in his waistband that I wish it could render him speechless (for when he *does* speak he is so stupid that he sends you to sleep while actually walking with him); and as for his chest, which he bulges out against the shoulders of all the passers-by, I am sure that he carries a part of his wardrobe in it, and that he is wadded with stockings and linen as if he were a walking carpet-bag.

This fellow saluted two-thirds of the carriages which passed with a knowing nod, and a military swagger so arrogant, that I feel continually the greatest desire to throttle him.

Well, sir, before we had got from the Tepid Swimming Bath to Mutton's the pastrycook's whom should we meet but Wheezer, to be sure. Wheezer driving up and down the Cliff at half-a-crown an

hour, with his hideous family, Mrs. Wheezer, the Miss Wheezers in fur tippets and drawn bonnets with spring-flowers in them, a huddle and squeeze of little Wheezers sprawling and struggling on the back seat of the carriage, and that horrible boy whom Wheezer brings to the Club sometimes, actually seated on the box of the fly, and ready to drive, if the coachman should be intoxicated or inclined to relinquish his duty.

Wheezer sprang out of the vehicle with a cordiality that made me shudder. "Hollo, my boy!" said he, seizing my trembling hand. "What! *you* here? Hang me if the whole Club isn't here. I'm at 56 Horse Marine Parade. Where are you lodging? We're out for a holiday, and will make a jolly time of it."

The benighted, the conceited old wretch! He would not let go my hand until I told him where I resided—at Mrs. Muggeridge's in Black Lion Street, where I have a tolerable view of the sea, if I risk the loss of my equilibrium and the breakage of my back, by stretching three-quarters of my body out of my drawing-room window.

As he stopped to speak to me, his carriage of course stopped likewise, forcing all the vehicles in front and behind him to halt or to precipitate themselves over the railings on to the shingles and the sea. The cabs, the flys, the shandrydans, the sedan-chairs with the poor old invalids inside; the old maids', the dowagers' chariots, out of which you see countenances scarcely less deathlike; the stupendous cabs, out of which the whiskered heroes of the gallant Onety-oneth look down on us people on foot; the hacks mounted by young ladies from the equestrian schools, by whose sides the riding-masters canter confidentially—everybody stopped. There was a perfect strangury in the street; and I should have liked not only to throttle De Bosky, but to massacre Wheezer, too.

The wretched though unconscious being insisted on nailing me for dinner before he would leave me; and I heard him say (that is, by the expression of his countenance, and the glances which his wife and children cast at me, I *knew* he said), "That is the young and dashing Folkstone Canterbury, the celebrated contributor to *Punch*."

The crowd, sir, on the Cliff was perfectly frightful. It is my belief nobody goes abroad any more. Everybody is at Brighton. I met three hundred at least of our acquaintances in the course of a quarter of an hour, and before we could reach Brunswick Square I met dandies, City men, Members of Parliament. I met my tailor walking with his wife, with a geranium blooming in his wretched button-hole, as if money wasn't tight in the City, and everybody had paid him everything everybody owed him. I turned and sickened at the sight of that man. "Snoozer," said I, "I will go on the Pier."

I went, and to find what?—Whiffler, by all that is unmerciful! —Whiffler, whom we see every day, in the same chair, at the Megatherium. Whiffler, whom not to see is to make all the good fellows at the Club happy. I have seen him every day, and many times a day since. At the moment of our first rencontre I was so *saisi*, so utterly overcome by rage and despair, that I would have flung myself into the azure waves sparkling calmly around me, but for the chains of the Pier.

I did not take that aqueous suicidal plunge—I resolved to live, and why, my dear Pugsby? Who do you think approached us? Were you not at one of his parties last season? I have polked in his saloons. I have nestled under the mahogany of his dining-room, at least one hundred and twenty thousand times. It was Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, with Mrs. G. on his arm, and—oh, heavens!—Florence and Violet Goldmore, with pink parasols, walking behind their parents.

"What! *you* here!" said the good and hospitable man, holding out his hand, and giving a slap on the boards (or deck, I may say) with his bamboo; "hang it, every one's here. Come and dine at seven. Brunswick Square."

I looked in Violet's eyes. Florence is rather an old bird, and wears spectacles, so that looking in *her* eyes is out of the question. I looked in Violet's eyes, and said I'd come with the greatest pleasure.

"As for you, De Bosky"—(I forget whether I mentioned that the whiskered Bundelcund buck had come with me on to the Pier, whither Snoozer would not follow us, declining to pay the twopence) —"as for *you*, De Bosky, you may come, or not, as you like."

"Won't I?" said he, grinning, with a dandified Bundelcund nod, and wagging his odious head.

I could have wrenched it off and flung it in the ocean. But I restrained my propensity, and we agreed that, for the sake of economy, we would go to Mr. Goldmore's in the same fly.

CHAPTER II

THE very first spoonful of the clear soup at the Director's told me that my excellent friend Paradol (the *chef* who came to Mr. Goldmore, Portland Place, when Guttlebury House was shut up by the lamented levanting of the noble Earl) was established among the furnaces below. A clear brown soup,—none of your filthy, spiced, English hell-broths, but light, brisk, and delicate,—

always sets me off for the evening: it invigorates and enlivens me, my dear Pugsby: I give you my honour it does—and when I am in a *good* humour, I am, I flatter myself—what shall I say?—well, *not disagreeable.*

On this day, sir, I was delightful. Although that booby De Bosky conducted Miss Violet Goldmore downstairs, yet the wretch, absorbed in his victuals, and naturally of an unutterable dulness, did not make a single remark during dinner, whereas I literally blazed with wit. Sir, I even made one of the footmen laugh—a perilous joke for the poor fellow, who, I dare say, will be turned off in consequence. I talked sentiment to Florence (women in spectacles are almost always sentimental); cookery to Sir Harcourt Gulph, who particularly asked my address, and I have no doubt intends to invite me to his dinners in town; military affairs with Major Bangles of the Onety-oneth Hussars, who was with the regiment at Aliwal and Ferozeshah, and drives about a prodigious cab at Brighton, with a captured Sikh behind, disguised as a tiger; to Mrs. Goldmore I abused Lady Toddle-Rowdy's new carriages and absurd appearance (she is seventy-four if she is a day, and she wears a white muslin frock and frilled trousers, with a wig curling down her old back, and I do believe puts on a pinafore, and has a little knife and fork and silver mug at home, so girlish is she): I say, in a word—and I believe without fear of contradiction—that I delighted everybody.

"Delightful man!" said Mrs. Bangles to my excellent friend Mrs. Goldmore.

"Extraordinary creature! so odd, isn't he?" replied that admirable woman.

"What a flow of spirits he has!" cried the charming Violet.

"And yet sorrows repose under that smiling mask, and those outbreaks of laughter perhaps conceal the groans of smouldering passion and the shrieks of withering despair," sighed Florence. "It is always so: the wretched *seem* to be most joyous. If I didn't think that man miserable, I couldn't be happy," she added, and lapsed into silence. Little Mrs. Diggs told me every word of the conversation, when I came up, the first of the gentlemen, to tea.

"Clever fellow that," said (as I am given to understand) Sir Harcourt Gulph. "I liked that notion of his about *croquignoles à la pouffarde:* I will speak to Moufflon to try it."

"I really shall mention in the Bank parlour to-morrow," the Director remarked, "what he said about the present crisis, and his project for a cast-iron currency: that man is by no means the trifler he pretends to be."

"Where did he serve?" asked Bangles. "If he can manœuvre an army as well as he talks about it, demmy, he ought to be Commander-in-Chief. Did you hear, Captain De Bosky, what he said about pontooning the échelons, and operating with our reserve upon the right bank of the river at Ferozeshah? Gad, sir, if that manœuvre had been performed, not a man of the Sikh army would have escaped:" in which case of course Major Bangles would have lost the black tiger behind his cab; but De Bosky did not make this remark. The great stupid hulking wretch remarked nothing; he gorged himself with meat and wine, and when quite replete with claret, strutted up to the drawing-room, to show his chest and his white waistcoat there.

I was pouring into Violet's ear (to the discomfiture of Florence, who was knocking about the tea-things madly) some of those delightful nothings with which a well-bred man in society entertains a female. I spoke to her about the last balls in London—about Fanny Finch's elopement with Tom Parrot, who had nothing but his place in the Foreign Office—about the people who were at Brighton—about Mr. Midge's delightful sermon at church last Sunday—about the last fashions, and the next—*que sais-je?*—when that brute De Bosky swaggered up.

"Ah, hum, haw," said he, "were you out *raiding* to-day, Miss Goldmaw?"

Determined to crush this odious and impertinent blunderer, who has no more wit than the horses he bestrides, I resolved to meet him on his own ground, and to beat him even on the subject of horses.

I am sorry to say, my dear Pugsby, I did not confine myself strictly to truth; but I described how I had passed three months in the Desert with an Arab tribe; how I had a mare, during that period, descended from Boorawk, the mare of the Prophet, which I afterwards sold for fifty thousand piastres to Mahomet Ali; and how, being at Trebizond, smoking with the sanguinary Pasha of that place, I had bitted, saddled, and broke to carry a lady, a grey Turkoman horse of his which had killed fourteen of his grooms, and bit off the nose of his Kislar Aga.

"Do join us in our ride to-morrow," cried Violet; "the Downs are delightful."

"Fairest lady, to hear is to obey," answered I, with a triumphant glance at De Bosky. I had done *his* business, at any rate.

Well, sir, I came at two o'clock, mounted on one of Jiggot's hacks—an animal that I know, and that goes as easy as a sedan-chair—and found the party assembling before the Director's house,

in Brunswick Square. There was young Goldmore—the lovely Violet, in a habit that showed her form to admiration, and a perfectly ravishing Spanish tuft in her riding-hat, with a little gold whip and a little pair of gauntlets—*à croquer*, in a word. Major Bangles and lady were also of the party: in fact, we were "a gallant company of cavaliers," as James says in his novels; and with my heels well down, and one of my elbows stuck out, I looked, sir, like the Marquis of Anglesea. I had the honour of holding Violet's little foot in my hand, as she jumped into her saddle. She sprang into it like a fairy.

Last of all, the stupid De Bosky came up. He came up moaning and groaning. "I have had a kick in the back from a horse in the livery-stables," says he; "I can't hold this horse—will you ride him, Canterbury?" His horse was a black, wicked-looking beast as ever I saw, with bloodshot eyes and a demoniacal expression.

What could I do, after the stories about Boorawk and the Pasha of Trebizond? Sir, I was obliged to get off my sedan-chair, and mount the Captain's Purgatory, as I call him—a disgusting brute, and worthy of his master.

Well, sir, off we set,—Purgatory jumping from this side of the road to t'other, shying at Miss Pogson, who passed in her carriage (as well he might at so hideous a phenomenon)—plunging at an apple-woman and stall—going so wild at a baker's cart that I thought he would have jumped into the hall-door where the man was delivering a pie for dinner—and flinging his head backwards, so as to endanger my own nose every moment. It was all I could do to keep him in. I tugged at both bridles till I tore his jaws into a fury, I suppose.

Just as we were passing under the viaduct, whirr came the streaming train with a bang, and a shriek, and a whizz. The brute would hold in no longer: he ran away with me.

I stuck my feet tight down in the stirrups, and thought of my mother with inexpressible agony. I clutched hold of all the reins and a great deal of the mane of the brute. I saw trees, milestones, houses, villages, pass away from me—away, away, away—away by the cornfields—away by the wolds—away by the eternal hills—away by the woods and precipices—the woods, the rocks, the villages flashed by me. Oh, Pugsby! how I longed for the Megatherium during that ride!

It lasted, as it seemed to me, about nine hours, during which I went over, as I should think, about five hundred and forty miles of ground. I didn't come off—my hat did, a new Lincoln and Bennett, but I didn't—and at length the infuriate brute paused in his mad career,

with an instinctive respect for the law, at a turnpike gate. I little knew the blessing of a turnpike until then.

In a minute Bangles came up, bursting with laughter. "You can't manage that horse, I think," said the Major, with his infernal good-nature. "Shall I ride him? Mine is a quiet beast."

I was off Purgatory's back in a minute, and as I mounted on Bangles's hackney, felt as if I was getting into bed, so easy, so soft, so downy he seemed to me.

He said, though I never can believe it, that we had only come about a mile and a half; and at this moment the two ladies and De Bosky rode up.

"Is that the way you broke the Pasha of Trebizond's horse?" Violet said. I gave a laugh; but it was one of despair. I should have liked to plunge a dagger in De Bosky's side.

I shall come to town directly, I think. This Brighton is a miserable Cockney place.

MISCELLANEOUS

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH"

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO "PUNCH"

MR. SPEC'S REMONSTRANCE

From the Door-Steps.

SIR,—Until my Cartoons are exhibited, I am in an exceedingly uncomfortable state. I shall then have about fourteen hundred pounds (the amount of the seven first prizes), and but a poor reward for the pains and care which I have bestowed on my pieces.

Meanwhile how am I to exist?—how, I say, is an historical painter to live? I despise humour and buffoonery, as unworthy the aim of a great artist. But I am hungry, Sir,—HUNGRY! Since Thursday, the 13th instant, butcher's meat has not passed these lips, and then 'twas but the flap of a shoulder of mutton, which I ate cold—cold, and without pickles,—*icy* cold, for 'twas grudged by the niggard boor at whose table I condescended to sit down.

That man was my own cousin—Samuel Spec, the eminent publisher of Ivy Lane; and by him and by all the world I have been treated with unheard-of contumely. List but to a single instance of his ingratitude!

I need not ask if you know my work, "Illustrations of Aldgate Pump." All the world knows it. It is published in elephant folio, price seventy guineas, by Samuel Spec before mentioned; and many thousands of copies were subscribed for by the British and Foreign nobility.

Nobility!—why do I say Nobility?—KINGS, Sir, have set their august signatures to the subscription-list. Bavaria's Sovereign has placed it in the Pinakothek. The Grecian Otho (though I am bound to say he did not pay up) has hung it in the Parthenon—in the *Parthenon!* It may be seen on the walls of the Vatican, in the worthy company of Buonarotti and Urbino, and figures in

the gilded saloons of the Tuileries, the delight of Delaroche and Delacroix.

From all these Potentates, save the last, little has been received in return for their presentation-copies but unsubstantial praise. It is true the King of Bavaria wrote a sonnet in acknowledgment of the "Illustrations"; but I do not understand German, sir, and am given to understand by those who do, that the composition is but a poor one. His Holiness the Pope gave his blessing, and admitted the publisher to the honour of kissing his great toe. But I had rather have a beefsteak to my lips any day of the week; and "Fine words," as the poet says, "butter no parsnips." Parsnips!—I have not even parsnips to butter.

His Majesty Louis-Philippe, however, formed a noble exception to this rule of kingly indifference. Lord Cowley, our Ambassador, presented my cousin Spec to him with a copy of my work. The Royal Frenchman received Samuel Spec with open arms in the midst of his Court, and next day, through our Ambassador, offered the author of the "Illustrations" the choice of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour or a snuff-box set with diamonds. I need not say the latter was preferred.

Nor did the monarch's gracious bounty end here. Going to his writing-table, he handed over to the *aide-de-camp* who was to take the snuff-box, a purely artistic memento of his royal good-will. "Go, Count," said he, "to Mr. Spec, in my name, offer him the snuff-box—'tis of trifling value; and at the same time beg him to accept, as a testimony of the respect of *one artist for another*, my own identical piece of INDIA-RUBBER."

When Sam came back, I hastened to his house in Ivy Lane. I found him, sir, as I have said—I found him eating cold mutton; and so I requested him (for my necessities were pressing) to hand me over the diamond box, and returning to my humble home greedily opened the packet he had given me.

Sir, he kept the box and *gave me the India-rubber!* 'Tis no falsehood—I have left it at your office, where all the world may see it. I have left it at your office, and with it this letter. I hear the sound of revelry from within—the clink of wine-cups, the merry song and chorus. I am waiting outside, and a guinea would be the saving of me.

What shall I do? My genius is tragic-classic-historic—little suited to the pages of what I must call a frivolous and ridiculous publication; but my proud spirit must bend. Did not the MAJESTY OF FRANCE give lessons on Richmond Hill?

Heaven bless you! Send me out something, and succour the unhappy

ALONZO SPEC,

HISTORICAL PAINTER.

SINGULAR LETTER FROM THE REGENT OF SPAIN

WE have received, by our usual express, the following indignant protest, signed by his Highness the Regent of Spain.

His Highness's Bando refers to the following paragraph, which appears in the *Times* of December 7th :—

"The Agents of the Tract Societies have lately had recourse to a new method of introducing their tracts into Cadiz. The tracts were put into glass bottles, *securely corked;* and, taking advantage of the tide flowing into the harbour, they were committed to the waves, on whose surface they floated towards the town, where the inhabitants eagerly took them up on their arriving on the shore. The bottles were then uncorked, and the tracts they contain are *supposed to have been* read with much interest."

BANDO, BY THE REGENT OF SPAIN.

The undersigned Regent of Spain, Duke of Victory, and of the Regent's Park, presents his compliments to your Excellency, and requests your excellent attention to the above extraordinary paragraph.

Though an exile from Spain, the undersigned still feels an interest in everything Spanish, and asks *Punch*, Lord Aberdeen, and the British nation, whether friends and allies are to be insulted by such cruel stratagems? If the arts of the Jesuit have justly subjected him to the mistrust and abhorrence of Europe, ought not the manœuvres of the Dissenting-Tract Smuggler (*Tractistero dissentero contrabandistero*) to be likewise held up to public odium?

Let *Punch*, let Lord Aberdeen, let Great Britain at large, put itself in the position of the poor mariner of Cadiz, and then answer. Tired with the day's labour, thirsty as the seaman naturally is, he lies perchance, and watches at eve the tide of ocean swelling into the bay. What does he see cresting the wave that rolls towards him? A bottle. Regardless of the wet, he rushes eagerly towards the advancing flask. "Sherry, perhaps," is his first thought (for 'tis the wine of his country). "Rum, I hope," he adds, while, with beating heart and wringing pantaloons, he puts his bottle-screw into the cork. But, ah! Englishmen! fancy his agonising

feelings on withdrawing from the flask a Spanish translation of "The Cowboy of Kennington Common," or "The Little Blind Dustman of Pentonville."

Moral and excellent those works may be, but not at *such* a moment. No. His Highness the Duke of Victory protests, in the face of Europe, against this audacious violation of the right of nations. He declares himself dissentient from the Dissenters; he holds up these black-bottle Tractarians to the costumely of insulted mankind.

And against the employment of bottles in this unnatural fashion he enters a solemn and hearty protest; lest British captains might be induced to presume still farther; lest, having tampered with the bottle department, they might take similar liberties with the wood, and send off missionaries in casks (securely bunged) for the same destination.

The hand of the faithful General Nogueras has executed the designs which accompany this bando, so as to render its contents more intelligible to the British public; and, in conclusion, his Highness the Regent presents to your Excellency (and the Lady Judy) the assurances of his most distinguished consideration. May you both live nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

(Signed) Baldomero Espartero.

Regent's Park: *December 7th.*

THE GEORGES

As the statues of these beloved Monarchs are to be put up in the Parliament palace, we have been favoured by a young lady (connected with the Court) with copies of the inscriptions which are to be engraven under the images of those Stars of Brunswick.

George the First—Star of Brunswick.

He preferred Hanover to England,
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife.
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a Minister:
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

George II.

In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife and I hated my son:

My spending was small and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch:

At Dettingen fight I was known not to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French:

I neither had morals, nor manners, nor wit;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.

Here set up my statue, and make it complete—
With Pitt on his knees at my dirty old feet.

George III.

Give me a Royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuousest King the realm e'er knew.

I, through a decent reputable life,
Was constant to plain food and a plain wife.

Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part;
But yet I think I had an English heart.

When all the Kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon;

Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for Old England and Old George;

I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.

Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the King in Europe like to me?

Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued Kings and Emperors.

But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that Kings found refuge at my knee?

I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though Napoleon bow'd.

The rescued Kings came kiss my garments' hem:
The rescued Kings I never heeded them.

My guns roar'd triumph, but I never heard:
All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.

What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power—
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower?

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.
He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.
He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham;
And for these Qualities and Proofs of Genius,
An admiring Aristocracy
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the King whose Statue is here,
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.

TITMARSH v. *TAIT*

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are acknowledged to be the censor of the age, and the father and the protector of the press; in which character allow one of your warmest admirers to appeal to you for redress and protection. One of those good-natured friends, of whom every literary man can boast, has been criticising a late work of mine in *Tait's Magazine*. What his opinion may be is neither here nor there. Every man has a right to his own: and whether the critic complains of want of purpose, or says (with great acuteness and ingenuity) that the book might have been much better, is not at all to the point. Against criticism

of this nature no writer can cavil. It is cheerfully accepted by your subscriber.

But there is a passage in the *Tait* criticism which, although it may be actuated by the profoundest benevolence, a gentleman may be pardoned for protesting against politely. It is as follows :—

"In the circumstance of a steamer being launched on a first voyage to Margate, or were it but to Greenwich, there is always an invited party, a band of music, a couple of *Times* and *Chronicle* reporters, also champagne and bottled porter, with cakes and jellies for the ladies. *Even* on the Frith of Forth, or Clyde" [this "even" is very *naïf* and fine], "or the rivers Severn or Shannon, the same auspicious event is celebrated by the presence of a piper or blind fiddler, carried cost free, and permitted, on coming home, to send round his hat. On something like the same principle, the Peninsular and Oriental Company were so fortunate as to crimp Mr. Titmarsh. . . . We hope they have voted him a yachting service of plate, of at least five hundred ounces."

This latter suggestion I complain of, as being *too* friendly. Why should the critic insist on a collection? Who asked the gentleman for plack or bawbee? However, this again is a private matter.

It is that comparison of the blind fiddler who "*sends round his hat*," that ought to be devoted to the indignation of the press of these kingdoms. Your constant reader has never played on the English—or on the Scotch fiddle.

He leaves the sending round of hats to professors of the Caledonian Cremona. He was not "crimped" by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, nor called upon to fiddle for their amusement, nor rewarded with silver spoons by that excellent Company. A gentleman who takes a vacant seat in a friend's carriage is not supposed to receive a degrading obligation, or called upon to pay for his ride by extra joking, facetiousness, &c. ; nor surely is the person who so gives you the use of his carriage required to present you also with a guinea, or to pay your tavern-bill. The critic, in fact, has shown uncommon keenness in observing the manners of his national violinists ; but must know more of them than of the customs of English gentlemen.

If the critic himself is a man of letters, and fiddles professionally, why should he abuse his Stradivarius? If he is some disguised nobleman of lofty birth, superb breeding, and vast wealth, who only fiddles for pleasure, he should spare those gentlefolks in whose company he condescends to perform. But I don't believe he's a noble amateur ;—I think he must be a professional man of

letters. It is only literary men, nowadays, who commit this suicidal sort of impertinence ; who sneak through the world ashamed of their calling, and show their independence by befouling the trade by which they live.

That you will rebuke, amend, or (if need be) utterly smash all such, is, my dear Mr. PUNCH, the humble prayer of your constant reader and fellow-labourer, MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

BLUE POSTS: *March* 10, 1846.

ROYAL ACADEMY

NEWMAN STREET: *Tuesday.*

DEAR PUNCH,—Me and another chap who was at the Academy yesterday, agreed that there was *nothink in the whole Exhibition* that was worthy of the least notice—as our pictures wasn't admitted.

So we followed about some of the gents, and thought we'd

exhibit the Exhibitors; among whom we remarked as follows. We remarked Mr. Sneaker, R.A., particularly kind to Mr. Smith, a prize-holder of the Art-Union. *N.B.*—Sneaker always puts on a white Choaker on Opening Day ; and has his boots *French pollisht.*

Presently we examined Mr. Hokey, a-watching the effect of his

picture upon a party who *looks* like a prize-holder of the Art-Union. Remark the agitation in Hokey's eye, and the tremulous nervousness

of his highlows. The old gent looks like a flat; but not such a flat as to buy Hokey's picture at no price. Oh no!

Our eyes then turned upon that *seedy gent*, Orlando Figgs, who

drew in our Academy for ten years. Fancy Figgs's delight at finding his picture on the line! Shall I tell you how it got there? *His aunt washes for an Academician.*

The next chap we came to was Sebastian Winkles, whose

profound disgust at finding his portrait on the floor you may

imadgin. I don't think that queer fellow Peombo Rodgers

was much happier; for his picture was hung on the ceiling.

But the most *riled* of all was Hannibal Fitch, who found his

picture wasn't received at all.—Show 'em all up, dear Mr. PUNCH, and oblige your constant reader, MODEST MERIT.

PROFESSOR BYLES'S OPINION OF THE WESTMINSTER HALL EXHIBITION

SIR,—My three pictures, from "Gil Blas," from the "Vicar of Wakefield," and from English History (King John signing that palladium of our liberties, Magna Charta), not having been sent to Westminster, in consequence of the dastardly refusal of Bladders, my colour merchant, to supply me with more paint—I have lost £1500 as a painter, but gained a right to speak as a *critic* of the Exhibition. A more indifferent collection of works it has seldom been my lot to see.

I do not quarrel much with the decision of the Committee: indifferent judges called upon to decide as to the merits of indifferent pictures, they have performed their office fairly. I congratulate the three prize-holders on their *success*. I congratulate them that three pictures, *which shall be nameless*, were kept, by *conspiracy*, from the Exhibition,

Mr. Pickersgill is marked first; and I have nothing to say,—his picture is very respectable, very nicely painted, and so forth. It represents the burial of King Harold—there are monks, men-at-arms, a livid body, a lady kissing it, and that sort of thing. Nothing can be more obvious; nor is the picture without merit. And I congratulate the public that King Harold *is buried at last;* and hope that British artists will leave off *finding his body any more*, which they have been doing, in every Exhibition, for these fifty years.

By the way, as the Saxon king is here represented in the blue stage of decomposition, I think Mr. P. might as well step up to my studio, and look at a certain Icenian chief in my great piece of "Boadicea," who is tattooed all over an elegant light blue, and won't lose by comparison with the "Norman Victim."

Mr. Watts, too, appears to have a hankering for the Anglo-Saxons. I must say I was very much surprised to find that one figure was supposed to represent King Alfred standing on a plank, and inciting his subjects to go to sea and meet the Danes, whose fleet you will perceive in the distant ocean—or *ultra marine*, as I call it. This is another of your five-hundred-pounders; and I must say that this King of the Angles has had a narrow escape that the "Queen of the Iceni" was not present.

They talk about air in pictures; there is, I must say, more *wind* in this than in any work of art I ever beheld. It is blowing everywhere and from every quarter. It is blowing the sail one way, the Royal petticoat another, the cloak another, and it is almost blowing the Royal hair off his Majesty's head. No wonder the poor English wanted a deal of encouraging before they could be brought to face such a tempest as that.

By the way, there is an anecdote which I met with in a scarce work regarding this monarch, and which might afford an advantageous theme for a painter's skill. It is this:—Flying from his enemies, those very Danes, the King sought refuge in the house of a neatherd, whose wife set the Royal fugitive a-toasting muffins. But, being occupied with his *misfortunes*, he permitted the *muffins* to burn; whereupon, it is said, his hostess actually boxed the Royal ears. I have commenced a picture on this subject, and beg artists to *leave it to the discoverer*. The reader may fancy the muffins boldly grouped and in flames, the *incensed harridan*, the rude hut,—and the disguised monarch. With these materials I hope to effect a great, lofty, national, and original work, when my "Boadicea" is off the easel.

With respect to the third prize—a "Battle of Meeanee"—in this extraordinary piece they are stabbing, kicking, cutting, slashing,

and poking each other about all over the picture. A horrid sight! I like to see the British lion mild and good-humoured, as Signor Gambardella has depicted him (my initial is copied from that artist); not fierce, as Mr. Armitage has shown him.

How, I ask, is any delicate female to look without a shudder upon such a piece? A large British soldier, with a horrid bayonet poking into a howling Scindian. Is the monster putting the horrid weapon into the poor benighted heathen's chest, or is the ruffian pulling the weapon out, or wriggling it round and round to hurt his victim so much the more? Horrid, horrid! "*He's giving him his gruel,*" I heard some fiend remark, little knowing by whom he stood. To give £500 for a work so immoral, and so odious a picture, is encouraging murder, and the worst of murders—that of a black man. If the Government grants premiums for massacre, of course I can have no objection; but if Mr. Armitage will walk to my studio, and look at my "Battle of Bosworth Field," he will see how the subject *may* be treated, *without* hurting the feelings, *with* a combination of the beautiful and the ideal—not like Mr. Cooper's "Waterloo," where the French cuirassiers are riding about, run through the body, or with their heads cut off, and smiling as if they liked it; but with the severe *moral grandeur* that befits the "Historic Muse."

So much for the three first prizes. I congratulate the winners of the secondary prizes (and very secondary their talents are indeed), that some of my smaller pictures were not sent in, owing to my mind being absorbed with greater efforts. What does Mr. Cope mean by his picture of "Prince Henry trying his Father's Crown"? The subject is mine, discovered by me in my studies in recondite works; and any man who borrows it is therefore guilty of a plagiarism. "Bertrand de Gourdon pardoned by Richard," is a work of some merit—but why kings, Mr. Cross? Why kings, Messieurs artists? Have men no hearts save under the purple? Does sorrow only sit upon thrones? For instance, we have Queen Emma walking over hot ploughshares in her night-clothes—her pocket-handkerchief round her eyes. Have no other women burnt their limbs or their fingers with shares? My aunt, Mrs. Growley, I know did two years ago. But she was a mere English lady; it is only kings and queens that our courtiers of painters *condescend to feel for*.

Their slavishness is quite sickening. There is the "Birth of the first Prince of Wales" (my subject, again); there is the "White Ship going down with King Henry's son aboard;" there is "King Henry being informed of the death of his Son by a little Boy;" "King Charles (that odious profligate) up in the Oak" (again my subject). Somebody will be painting "Queen Boadicea" next, and saying I did not invent *that*.

Then there are Allegories.—Oh! allegories, of course! Every painter must do his "Genius of Britannia," forsooth, after mine; and subjects in all costumes, from the Ancient Britons in trews (whom Mr. Moore has represented as talking to Sir Robert Peel's friend, and the founder of the Trent Valley Railroad, Mr. Julius Agricola) down to the Duke of Marlborough in jack-boots, and his present Grace in those of his own invention. So there are some pictures in which, I regret to say, there is very little costume indeed.

There are "Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise," with the birds of Paradise flying out too. There are "Peace, Commerce, and Agriculture," none of them with any clothes to their backs. There is "Shakspeare being educated by Water Nymphs" (which I never knew kept a school), with a Dolphin coming up to give him a lesson —out of the "Delphin Classics," I suppose. Did the painter ever see my sketch of "Shakspeare"? Is the gentleman who has stripped "Commerce" and "Agriculture" of their gowns aware that I have treated a similar allegory in, I flatter myself, a different style? I invite them all to my studio to see: North Paradise Row, Upper Anna Maria Street, Somers Town East. And wishing, Mr. Punch, that you would exchange your ribaldry for the seriousness befitting men of honesty,—I remain your obedient Servant,

Growley Byles.

"PUNCH" AND THE INFLUENZA

AT the beginning of the week, when the influenza panic seemed at the highest—when the Prime Minister and his household —when the public offices and all the chiefs and subordinates —when the public schools and all the masters and little boys— when the very doctors and apothecaries of the town were themselves in bed—it was not a little gratifying to Mr. Punch to find that his contributors, though sick, were at their duty: and though prostrate, were prostrate still round their post. At the first moment when Mr. Punch himself could stir after his own attack, he rushed to the couches of his young men; and he found them in the following positions and circumstances of life. First—

That favourite writer, and amusing man, Mr. J–nes (author of some of the most popular pages in this or any other miscellany), was prostrate on his bed. Tortured by pain, and worn down by water-gruel, covered over by his pea-jacket, his dressing-gown, his best and inferior clothes, and all the blankets with which his

lodging-house supplies him, with six phials of medicine and an ink-bottle by his side, J–nes was still at work, on the bed of sickness—still making jokes under calamity. The three most admirable articles in the present number are written, let it suffice to say, by J–nes.

J–nes's manuscript secured, it became Mr. PUNCH's duty to hurry to Sm–th for his designs. Sm–th, too, was at his duty. Though Mrs. Sm–th, the artist's wife, told Mr. PUNCH that her husband's death was certain, if he should be called upon to exert himself at such a moment, Mr. PUNCH, regardless of the fond wife's fears, rushed into the young artist's bed-chamber. And what did he see there?

Sm–th at work, drawing the very cleverest caricature which his admirable pencil had as yet produced; drawing cheerfully, though torn by cough, sore throat, headache, and pains in the limbs, and though the printer's boy (who never leaves him) was asleep by the bedside in a chair.

Taking out a bank-note of immense value, Mr. PUNCH laid it down on Mr. Sm–th's pillow, and pushed on to another of his esteemed correspondents—the celebrated Br–wn, in a word—who was found in a warm bath, composing those fine sentiments which the reader will recognise in his noble and heart-stirring articles of this week, and as resigned and hearty as if he had been Seneca.

He was very ill, and seemingly on the point of dissolution; but his gaiety never deserted him.

"You see I am trying to get the steam up still!" he exclaimed, with a sickly smile, and a look of resignation so touching, that Mr. PUNCH, unable to bear the sight, had only leisure to lay an order for a very large amount of £ s. d. upon the good-natured martyr's clothes-horse, and to quit the room.

The last of his Contributors whom Mr. PUNCH visited on that day was the Fat One. "Nothing will ever ail *him*," Mr. P. mentally remarked. "He has (according to his own showing) had the Yellow Fever in Jamaica and New Orleans; the Plague twice, and in the most propitious spots for that disease; the Jungle Fever, the Pontine Ague, &c. &c.; every disease, in fact, in every quarter of this miserable globe. A little Influenza won't make any difference to such a tough old traveller as that; and we shall find him more jocose and brilliant than ever."

Mr. PUNCH called at the F. C.'s chambers in Jermyn Street, and saw, what?

An immense huddle of cloaks and blankets piled over an immovable mass. All Mr. P. could see of the contributor was a part of his red Turkish cap (or tarboosh) peeping from under the

coverlids. A wheezy groan was the tarboosh's reply to Mr. PUNCH's interrogatories.

"Come, F. C., my boy," said Mr. P. encouragingly, "everybody else is doing his duty. You must be up and stirring. We want your notes upon Archdeacon Laffan, this week; and your Latin version of Mr. Chisholm Anstey's speech."

There was no reply, and Mr. PUNCH reiterated his remark.

"Archdeacl Alstey—ald PULCH—ald everyol bay go to blazes," moaned out the man under the counterpanes, and would say no more. He was the only man who failed PUNCH in the sad days of the Influenza.

THE PERSECUTION OF BRITISH FOOTMEN

BY MR. JEAMES

I

LIVIN remoke from the whirld: hockupied with the umble dooties of my perfeshun, which moacely consists of droring hale & beer for the gence who freguent my otel, polititicle efairs hinterest but suldum, and I confess that when Loy Philip habdigaded (the other day, as I read in my noble & favorite *Dispatch* newspaper, where Publicoaler is the boy for me), I cared no mor than I did when the chap hover the way went hoff without paying his rent. No maw does my little Mary Hann. I prommis you she has enough to do in minding the bar and the babbies, to eed the conwulsions of hempires or the hagonies of prostrick kings.

I ham what one of those littery chaps who uses our back parlor calls a *pokercuranty* on plitticle subjix. I don't permit 'em to whex, worrit, or distubb me. My objick is to leaf a good beer bisnis to little Jeames, to sckewer somethink comftable for my two gals, Mary Hann and Hangelina (wherehof the latter, who has jest my blew his and yaller air, is a perfick little Sherrybing to behold), and in case Grimb Dcth, which may appen to the best on us, shoud come & scru me down, to leaf beHind a somethink for the best wife any gentleman hever ad—tied down of coarse if hever she should marry agin.

I shoodnt have wrote at all, then, at this present juncter, but for sugmstances which affect a noble and galliant body of menn, of which I once was a hornmint; I mean of the noble purfesshn of Henglish footmen & livry suvvants, which has been crooly pussi-

cuted by the firoashus Paris mob. I love my hold companions in harms, and none is more welcome, when they ave money, than they at the "Wheel of Fortune Otel." I have a clubb of twenty for gentlemen outalivery, which has a *riunion* in my front parlor; and Mr. Buck, my lord Dukes hown man, is to stand Godfather to the next little Plush as ever was.

I call the atenshn of Europ, in the most solomon and unpressive manner, to the hinjaries infligted upon my brutherin. Many of them have been obleeged to boalt without receiving their wagis; many of them is egsiles on our shaws: an infewriate Parishn mob has tawn off their shoaldernots, laft at their wenerable liveries and buttons, as they laff at heverythink sacred; and I look upon those pore men as nayther mor nor less than marters, and pitty and admire em with hallmy art.

I hoffer to those sacrid rephuGs (to such in coarse as can pay their shott) an esylum under the awspitible roof of Jeames Plush of the "Wheel of Fortune." Some has already come here; two of em occupize our front garrits; in the back Hattix there is room for 6 mor. Come, brave and dontless Hemmigrants! Come childring of Kilammaty for eight-and-six a week; an old member of the Cor hoffers you bed and bord!

The narratif of the ixcapes and dangers which they have gon through, has kep me and Mrs. P. hup in the bar to many a midnike our, a listening to them stories. My pore wife cries her hi's out at their nerations.

One of our borders, and a near relatif, by the Grandmother's side, of my wife's famly (though I despise buth, and don't bragg like some foax of my ginteal kinexions) is a man wenerated in the whole profeshn, and lookt up as one of the fust Vips in Europe. In this country (and from his likeness when in his Vig to our rewered prelicks of the bentch of bishops), he was called Cantyberry —his reel name being Thomas. You never sor a finer sight than Cantyberry on a levy day, a seated on his goold-fringed Ammercloth; a nozegy in his busm; his little crisp vig curling quite noble over his jolly red phase: his At laced hallover like a Hadmiral; the white ribbings in his ands, the pransing bay osses befor him; and behind, his state carridge; with Marquiz and Marchyness of Jonquil inside, and the galliant footmen in yalla livery clinging on at the back! "Hooray!" the boys used to cry hout, only to see Cantyberry arrive. Every person of the extableshment called him "Sir," his Master & Missis inklewdid. He never went into the stayble, ixep to smoke a segar; and when the state-carridge was hordered (me and the Jonquils live close together, the W of F being sitiwated in a ginteal Court leading hout of the street), he sat in

my front parlor, in full phig, reading the newspaper like a Lord, until such time as his body-suvn't called him, and said Lord and Lady Jonquil was ready to sit behind him. Then he went. Not a minnit sooner: not a minnit latter; and being elped hup to the box by 3 men, he took the ribbings, and drove his employers, to the ressadencies of the nobillaty, or the pallis of the Sovring.

Times is now, R how much changed with Cantyberry! Last yer, being bribed by Sir Thomas and Lady Kicklebury, but chiefly, I fear, because this old gent, being intimat with Butlers, had equired a tayste for Bergamy, and Clarick, and other French winds, he quitted Lord and Lady Jonquil's box for that of the Kicklebury famly, residing Rue Rivuly, at Parris. He was rispected there—that Cantyberry is wherehever he goes; the King, the Hex-Kings coachmen, were mear moughs compared to him; and when he eard the Kings osses were sold the other day at 50 frongs apease, he says they was deer at the money.

Well, on the 24th of Febbywerrry, being so ableegin as to drive Sir T. and Lady Kicklebury to dinner with the Markee d'Epinard, in the Fobug Sang Jermang, Cantyberry, who had been sittn all day reading *Gallynanny*, and playing at cribbidge at a *Marshong de Vang*, and kawnsquinly was quite hignorant of the ewents in progrice, found hisself all of a sudding serowndid by a set of rewd fellers with pikes and guns, hollerun and bellerin "Veevly liberty," "*Amore* Lewy-Philip," &c.—"Git out of the way there," says Cantyberry, from his box, a vipping his osses.

The puple, as the French people call theirselves, came round the carridge, rawring out, "Ah Bah l'Aristograt!"

Lady Kicklebury looked hout. Her Par was in the Cheese Mongering (olesale) way: and she never was called an aristograt afor. "Your mistaken, my good people," says she; "Je swee Onglase. Wee, boco, Lady Kicklebury, je vay diner avec Munseer d'Eppynar;" and so she went a jabbring on; but I'm blest if the Puple would let her pass that way. They said there was a barrygade in the street, and turning round the Eds of Cantyberry's osses, told him to drive down the next street. He didn't understand, but was reddy to drop hoff his perch at the Hindignaty hoffered the British Vip.

Now they had scarce drove down the next street at a tarin gallop (for when aggrywated, Cantyberry drives like madd, to be sure), when lowinbyold, they come on some more puple, more pikes, more guns, the pavement hup, and a Buss spilt on the ground, so that it was impawsable to pass.

"Git out of the carridge," rors the puple, and a feller in a cock at (of the Pollypicnic School, Cantyberry says, though what that is

he doant No), comes up to the door, while hothers old the osses, and says, "Miladi, il faut des cendres;" which means, you must git out.

"Mway ne vu pas, Moi Lady Kicklebury," cries out my Lady, waggling her phethers and diminds, and screamin like a Macaw.

"Il le fo pourtong," says the Pollypienic scholard: very polite, though he was ready to bust with laffin hisself. "We must make a barrygade of the carridge. The cavilry is at one hend of the street, the hartillary at the other; there'll be a fight presently, and out you must git."

Lady Kicklebury set up a screaming louder than hever, and I warrant she hopped out pretty quick this time, and the hoffiser, giving her his harm, led her into a kimmis shop, and giv her a glas of sallyvalattaly.

Meanwild Cantyberry sat puffin like a grampus on his box, his face as red as Cielingwhacks. His osses had been led out before his hi's, his footmen—French minials, unwuthy of a livry—had fratynized with the Mobb, and Thomas Cantyberry sat aloan.

"Descends, mong gros!" cries the mob (which intupprited is "Come down, old fat un"); "come off your box, we're goin to upset the carridge."

"Never," says Thomas, for which he knew the French; and dubbling his phist, he igsclaimed, "Jammy, Dammy!" He cut the fust man who sprang hon the box, hover the fase and i's; he delivered on the nex fellers nob. But what was Thomas Cantyberry against a people in harms? They pulled that brave old man off his perch. They upset his carridge—*his* carridge beside a buss. When he comes to this pint of his narratif, Thomas always busts into tears and calls for a fresh glas.

He is to be herd of at my bar: and being disingaged hoffers hisself to the Nobillaty for the enshuing seasn. His tums is ninety lbs per hannum, the purchesing of the hannimals and the corn, an elper for each two osses: only to drive the lord and lady of the famly, no drivin at night excep to Ofishl parties, and two vigs drest a day during the seasn. He objex to the country, and won't go abrod no more. In a country (sezee) where I was ableeged to whonder abowt disguised out of livery, amongst a puple who pulled my vig off before my face, Thomas will never mount box agin.

And I eplaud him. And as long as he has enough to pay his skaw, my house is a home for this galliant Hegsile.

II

SINS last weak the Deaming of Revalution has been waiving his flamming sord over France, and has drove many more of our unfortnit feller suvnts to hemigrat to the land of their Buth.

The aggrywation of the Boddy of Gentlemen at Livvry agenst the Forriner I am sorry to say is intence. Meatings of my bruthring have took place at many of their Houses of Call in this town. Some gence who use our back parlor had an Eccembly there the other night called the Haggrygit British Plush Protection Society, which, in my capasty of Lanlord and Xmember of the Boddy, I was called upon to attend. Everythink was conducted on ordly redymoney prinsaples, and the liquor paid for as soon as called for, and drunk as soon as paid.

But the feelings of irratation against Foring Sevvants as igsibbited by our Domestic projuice was, I grieve to say, very bitter. Sevral of our Marters came amongst us, pore Egsiles wrankling under the smarts of their ill treatment. The stories of their Rongs caused a furmentation amongst the bruthring. It was all I could do to check the harder of some Howtragus Sperrits, and awhirt peraps a Massykry of French curriers and lackys employed by our nobillaty and gentry. I am thankful to think that peraps I prewented a dellidge of foring blood.

The tails told by our Marters igsited no small and unnatral simpithy: when Chawls Garters, late Etendant in the famly of the Duke of Calymanco in the Fobug St. Honory, came amongst and igsplained how—if he had been aloud to remane a few weeks longer in Parris — Madamasell de Calymanco, the Duke's only daughter and hairis, would probbly have owned the soft pashn which she felt for our por Chawls, and have procured the consent of her Par to her marridge with the galliant and andsum Henglishman, the meeting thrild with Amotion, and tears of pitty for our comrid bedimd each hi. His hart's afections have been crusht. Madymasell was sent to a Convent; and Chawls dismist with a poltry 3 months wages in adwance, and returns to Halbion's shores & to servitude once more.

Frederic Legs also moved us deaply; we call him leggs, from the bewty of those limbs of his, which from being his pride and hornymint had nearly projuised his *rewing*. When the town was in kemotion, and the furious French Peuple pursewing every Henglish livary, Fredrick (in suvvice with a noble famly who

shall be nameliss) put on a palto and trowseys, of which his master made him a presnt, and indeavoured to fly.

He mounted a large tricolore cockade in his At, from which he tor the lace, and tried as much as possable to look like a siwillian. But it wouldn't do. The clo's given him by his X-master, who was a little mann, were too small for Frederick—the bewty of his legs epeared through his trowsies. The Rebublikins jeered and laft at him in the streats; and it is a mussy that he ever reached Balone alive.

I tried to cumsole Chawls by pinting out that the Art which has truly loved never forgits, but as trewly loves on to the clothes; and that if Madamasell reely did love him as he said, he had a better chans of winning her And now than under a monarchickle and arastacrattic Guvment; and as for Frederic, I pinted out to him that a man of his appearants was safe of implymint and promoashn in *any* country.

I did everythink, in a word, to sooth my frends. In a noble speach I showed, that if others do wrong, that is no reason why we shouldn't do right. "On the contry now is the time," I said, "for Hengland to show she is reely the Home of the World; and that all men, from a Black to a Frenchman, ought to be safe under the Banner of Brittannier.

"The pholly of these consperracies and jellowsies, I think, may be pinted out to my feller-suvants, and igsemplafied in the instants of the famlies of the Prince of Bovo, at Parris, and of Lord Y Count Guttlebury, in this country.

"At Parris, As is well ascertained, the nobill Prins, who kep a large studd of osses, with English groombs to take care of em (as by natur Britns are formed to do that, and everythink better than everybody)—the noble Prins, I say, was called upon by the Puple to dishmiss his Hinglish osskeepers. 'Serviture,' says the Prince, 'Veeve la liberty; let the Hosskeepers be turned out, as the Sovring Puple is inimichael to their stoppin in France.' The Puple left the Sitzen Prins with a chear for fratunnity, & the por groombs packed up, and have come back to their native hilind.

"But what inshood? The nex day, the Prins sent away the hosses after the hosskeepers; sold up the studd; locked up the carridges, broombs, cabs, bogeys (as those hignorant French call buggiz), landores & all, and goes about now with an umbereller. And how, I should lick to know, is the puple any better for meddling?

"Lord Ycount Guttlebury's is a case, dear friends, which still mor comes hoam to our busms and our bisniss, and has made no small sensatiun in the Plush and in the fashionable wuld. The splender of his Lodships entytainments is well known. That good

and uprike nobleman only lived for wittles. And be ard on him? why should we?—Nayter has implanted in our busum tastis of a thousand deferent kinds. Some men have a pashn for fox-untin, some like listening to dybatts in Parlymink and settn on railrode committies; some like Politticle Aconomy. I've waited behind a chair and heard foax talk about Jollagy, Straty, and red sanstone, until I've nearly dropt asleap myself while standing a Santynel on jewty. What then? Give every mann his taste, I say, and my Lord Guttlebury's was his dinner.

"He had a French Hartist at the head of his Quizeen of coarse —that sellabrated mann Munseer Suprême. Munseer Sooflay persided hover the cumfeckshnary; and under Supraym were three young aidy-congs: a Frenchman, a Bulgian, and a young feller from the City, who manidged the tertle and wenson department.

"He was a clever young mann. He has hofn been to take a glas at the W of F: and whenever he came with a cassyrowl of clear turtle, or an ash wenison dish for my Mary Hann, he was I'm sure always welcome. But John Baster was henvious and hambishes. He jined the owtcry which has been rose against foring suvnts by some of our bruthring, and he thought to git ridd of Supraym and the other contynentials, and espired to be Chief Guvnor of my lords kitching.

"Forgitting every sentament but haytred of the forryner, this envius raskle ingaged the kitching-boys and female elpers (who, bein a hansum young mann, looked on him with a kindly i) in a fowl conspirracy against the Frenchmen. He introjuiced kyang pepper into the pattys, garlick into the Blemongys, and sent up the souffly flavored with ingyans. He pysoned my Lord's chocolate with shalott, he put Tarrygin vinegar into the Hices. There never was such a conwulsion, or so horrid an igspreshn of hagny in a man's, has (I'm told by my exlent friend, the Majordomy) my lord's face ashumed, when he tasted black pepper in the clear soup.

"The axdence occurred day after day. It was one day when a R——l P–ss–n–dge was dining with his Loddship; another when 6 egsiled sovrings took their mutton (when he didn't so much mind); a 3d when he wished to dine more igspecially better than on any other, because the doctor had told him to be careful, and he was dining by himself: this last day drove him madd. He sent for Suprame, addresst that gentilman in languidge which he couldn't brook (for he was a Major of the Nashnal Guard of his Betallian, and Commander of the Legend of Honour), and Suprame rasined on the spott—which the French and the Bulgian did it too.

"Soufflay and the cumfectioners hemigrated the nex day. And the house steward, who has a heasy master, for Lord G. is old, fibble, and 70 years of hage, and whose lady has an uncommon

good apinnion of Master Baster, recommended him to the place, or at least to have the Purvisional Guvment of my lord's Quizeen.

"It wasn't badd. Baster has tallint of no mien horder. You couldn't egsactly find folt with his souperintendiance. But a mere good dinner is fur from enough to your true amature. A dellixy, a something, a *jennysquaw*, constatutes the diffrants between talint and Genus—and my Lord soughered under it. He grew melumcolly and silent; he dined, its trew, taysting all the outrays as usual, but he never made any remarx about 'em, for good or for bad. Young Baster at the Igth of his Hambishn, tor his Air with rage as his dinners came down 1 by 1, and nothing was said about 'em—nothing.

"Lord Guttlebury was *breaking his Art*. He didn' know how fond he was of Supraym, till he lost him—how nessasurry that mann was to his igsistence. He sett his confidenshle Valick to find out where Supraym had retreated; and finding he was gone to Gascony of which he is a naytif, last weak without saying a word to his frends with only Sangsew his valet, and the flying ketching fourgong, without which he never travels—my Lord went to France and put himself again under Supraym. The scan between 'em, I'm told, was very affecting. My Lord has taken a Shatto near Supraym's house, who comes to dress the dinner of which the noble Ycount partakes aloan.

"The town-house is shet up, and everybody has ad orders to quit—all the footmen—all the quizeen, in coarse including Baster—and this is all he has gained by his insidjus haytrid of forraners, and by his foolish hambishn.

"No, my friends," I concluded; "if gentlemen choose to have foreign suvnts, it's not for *us* to intafear, and there must be a free trayd in flunkies as in every other kimodaty of the world."

I trust that my little remarks pazyfied some of the discontented sperrits presnt—and can at least wouch for the fact that every man shook Ands; every man paid his Skoar.

IRISH GEMS

FROM THE "BENIGHTED IRISHMAN"

OUR TROOPS having smashed through that castle, and pulled down that flag, which now floats over the butcher Clarendon and his minions, a flood of prosperity will rush into the country, such as only the annals of the Four Masters gives count of. Since the days of Brian Boroimhe such days of peace, plenty, and

civilisation shall not have been known, as those that are in store for our liberated Erin.

There will be a Capital.

The Ambassadors of the foreign Powers will bring their suites and their splendours to the Court of the Republic. The nobility will flock back in crowds to our deserted squares. Irish poplin will rise in price to ten shillings a yard, so vast will be the demand for that web by the ladies of our city. Irish diamonds will reach the price of the inferior Golconda article. Irish linen and shirtings will rise immensely. Indeed, all Irish produce, not being depreciated by the ruinous competition for gold, will augment in value.

Debt at home, and absenteeism, have been the curses of our country. Henceforth there shall be no absenteeism, and no debt.

He who refuses to live amongst us is not of us—the soil is for the inhabitants of the soil.

I have already, my dear friends, instructed you in the manner in which every one of you may get a cheap and handsome property for himself, viz., by holding possession of that which you at present occupy. For, as every man has an indefeasible right to subsistence, and as Nature produces for the good of all, it is manifestly right that the many should have the possession, and not the few.

If a landlord should object to this arrangement (who is but a mere accident on the face of the earth), for the love of God, boys, get rifles and blow his brains out. It is much better that a few landlords should perish, and their families (who have been living on the fat of the land hitherto, and may therefore take a turn of ill fortune, should starve, than that multitudes should die of want.

And thus the curse of quarter-day will be removed at once from this island: and after a very little necessary slaughter. For depend upon it, that when two or three landlords have been served in the way recommended by me, the rest will not care to be pressing for rents. The butchers who govern us instituted the system of hanging for this very reason: arguing, that one example before Kilmainham deterred numbers of waverers; and we may be sure that the rifle, rightly employed, will act upon an aristocrat just as well as upon a house-breaker; for, are not men *men*, whether clad in Saxon ermine, or in the rude frieze-coats of our miserable fatherland? Out with your rifles, boys, in the name of humanity.

They say that the property of Ireland is mortgaged in a great degree, and for the most part to the brutal Saxon shopkeepers and pedlars. You will have the advantage of getting your land entirely free; there will be no manacle of debt to weigh down the free arms which are henceforth to till the beloved soil of our country.

And the land being unencumbered, you will have the farther

advantage of being able to invite capitalists to aid you with money to conduct the operations of agriculture. Glorious America, which sympathises with you sincerely, will be much more ready to lend its capital upon unencumbered, than on encumbered property. And we shall negotiate loans in her magnificent commercial cities, where I have no doubt there will be a noble emulation to come to the aid of a free Irish nation.

The idea of sending cattle and pigs to England, to feed Saxon ruffians, is then to be scouted henceforth by all honest Irishmen. We will consume our own beef and pork by our own firesides. There is enough live-stock in this island to give every regenerate Irishman good meals of meat for the next year ensuing; and our lands, notoriously the greenest and most fertile in the world, will have fed up a similar quantity by the year 1850. Thus, we shall never want henceforth; and while we fatten and flourish, we shall see the Saxon enemy decay.

And as the beef-fed scoundrels cannot live upon cotton and hardware, we shall have the satisfaction of reducing the prices of those commodities, and getting them at a much more reasonable rate than that at which the accursed money-mongers now vend them.

FROM THE "UNITED IRISHWOMAN"

The Duties of our Women.

In the coming time the weapon nearest at hand is always the cheapest. Only *dilettanti* go about picking and choosing. Shilly-shallyers are cowards. Brave men are always armed.

Brave men and brave women, a few suggestions to housekeepers we have already given; we could supply thousands more.

There is no better weapon, for instance, than one which is to be found in every house in the refined quarter of the metropolis. A grand piano sent down upon a troop of hussars will play such a sonata over their heads as the scoundrels never marched off to. A chimney-glass is a rare thing for smashing. I should not like to be the Saxon assassin upon whom some white-armed girl of Erin flung it.

Pokers and tongs everybody will know the use of. A cut-steel fender is an awkward thing for a dragoon to ride over. A guardsman won't look well with a copper coal-scuttle for a helmet.

Ladies' linen will make the best of lint. A laced handkerchief tied round a wounded warrior's brow will be well bestowed. I have seen a servant in college knocked down by a glossy boot, ever so slight, of varnished leather: if a footman, why not a private soldier?

Have at him, ladies, from the bedroom windows. Your husbands will be away yonder at the barricades.

A hot saddle of mutton, flung by cook into the face of a bawling Saxon Colonel, will silence him; send the dish-cover with it; or at tea-time try him with the silver tea-urn. Our wife has one. She longs for an opportunity to fling it, heater and all, into a Saxon face.

Besides the bottle-rack, the use of which and its contents are evident, your husband will leave the keys of the cellar with you, and you know what to do. Old port makes excellent grape-shot; and I don't know any better use which you can make of a magnum of Latouche than to floor an Englishman with it. Have at them with all the glasses in your house, the china, the decanters, the lamps, and the cut-glass chandelier.

A good large cheese would be found rather indigestible by a Saxon, if dropped on his nose from a second storey. And the children's washing-tub artfully administered may do execution. Recollect, it is a tub to catch a whale.

There is a lady in Leeson Street who vows to fling her Angola cat and her pet spaniel at the military while engaged there. The cat may escape (and it is not the first time the Saxon ruffians have tasted its claws). The Blenheim cost her twenty-five guineas. She will give that or anything else for her country.

The water-pipes will be excellent things to tear up and launch at the enemy. They may make a slop in the house at first, but the mains and the gas will be let off. The ruffians shall fight us, if they dare, in darkness and drought.

You will of course empty the china-closets on the rascals, and all the bedroom foot-baths and washing-basins. Have them ready, and the chests of drawers balancing on the window-sills. Send those after them too.

And if any coward Saxon bullet pierces the fair bosom of a maid or a wife of Erin, may the curses of Heaven light on the butcherly dastard! May the pikes of Erin quiver in his writhing heart, the bullets of Erin whirl through his screaming eyeballs! May his orphans perish howling, and his true love laugh over his grave! May his sister's fair fame be blighted, and his grandmother held up to scorn! May remorse fang him like a ban-dog, and cowardice whip him like a slave! May life weary him! death, dishonour, and futurity punish him! Liar Saxon! ruffian Saxon! coward Saxon! bloody Saxon! The gentle and the pure defy ye, and spit on ye!

MR. SNOB'S REMONSTRANCE WITH MR. SMITH

MY DEAR SMITH,—When we last met at the Polyanthus Club, you showed me so remarkably cold a shoulder, that I was hurt by your change of behaviour, and inquired the cause of the alteration. You are a kind and excellent friend, and used to tip me, when I was a boy at school; and I was glad to find that you had public and not private causes for your diminished cordiality. Jones imparted to me your opinion that a previous letter of mine in this periodical was of so dangerous and disloyal a character, that honest men should avoid the author. He takes leave to exculpate himself through the same medium.

All our difference, my dear sir, is as to the method of displaying loyalty. Without fulsome professions for the virtuous and excellent young matron and lady who fills the Throne nowadays, one may feel that those private virtues and excellences are amongst her noblest titles of honour, and, without in the least implicating the Royal personage seated in it, quarrel with the taste of some of the ornaments of the Throne. I do believe that some of these are barbarous, that they often put the occupant of that august seat in a false and ridiculous position, and that it would be greatly to the advantage of her dignity if they were away.

You recollect our talk at the Polyanthus, relative to the private letters which passed between Louis-Philippe and the Sovereign of this country, which the present French Government has thought fit to republish. "Why," said you, "did they condescend to make public these private letters? What could it matter to Europe to know whether, in the voyage from Dover to Calais, 'my poor Montpensier' was dreadfully sick, and the King did not suffer at all?" Royal families must have their talk and gossip, like any other domestic circles. Why placard the town with this harmless private gossip, and drag innocent people into publicity? And, indeed, with the exception of that pretty letter to the Princess Royal (in which her "old cousin," Louis-Philippe, announces to her his present of a doll with six-and-twenty suits of clothes, and exhibits himself very amiably and artlessly for once, as a kind-hearted old grandfather and gentleman), it is a pity that the whole correspondence were not consigned to the bottom of that ocean which made "my poor Montpensier" so unwell.

But if the privacy of Royalty is not to be intruded upon, why is it perpetually thrust in our faces? Why is that Court Newsman not

stifled? I say that individual is one of the barbarous adjuncts of the Crown whom we ought to abolish, and whom it is an honest man's duty to hoot off the stage. I say it is monstrous, immodest, unseemly, that in our time such details should occupy great columns of the newspapers, as that of a Royal Christening, for instance, which appeared the other day, in which you read as follows—

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was dressed in sky-blue velvet embroidered with gold. The dress of Prince Alfred was of white and silver, and the three Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin lace, with flounces of the same over white satin.

"His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington were habited in the uniform of Field-Marshals; the Prince wore the collars of the Garter and the Bath, and the ensigns of the Golden Fleece.

"The Royal infant was dressed in a robe of Honiton lace over white satin, and was attended by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton. Her Royal Highness was carried by the head nurse."

Gracious Goodness! is it bringing ridicule on the Throne to say that such details as these are ridiculous? Does it add to the dignity of the greatest persons in this country that other citizens should be told that Prince Alfred wore white and silver, and the little Princesses were all dressed alike in frocks of British lace, in imitation of Mechlin, with flounces of the same, over white satin? Suppose their Royal Highnesses wore their frocks inside out, what the deuce does it matter to us? These details may interest Mr. Mantalini, but not men in England. They should not be put before us. Why do we still laugh at people for kissing the Pope's toe, or applaud Macartney's British spirit in the last age, for refusing kotoo to the Emperor of China? This is just as bad as kotoo. Those people degrade the Throne who do not remove from it these degrading Middle-Age ceremonials —as barbarous, as absurd, as unreasonable as Queen Quashymaboo's cocked-hat and epaulets, or King Mumbo-Jumbo's glass beads and tinsel.

When the procession of the sponsors and her Majesty's procession had passed, and the Queen and the other Royal personages were conducted to their seats, the following *chorale* was performed —such a *chorale* as was seldom presented to an infant before:—

"In life's gay morn, ere *sprightly* youth
By sin and folly is enslaved,
Oh, may the Maker's glorious name
Be on thy infant mind engraved!

So shall no shade of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy early days,
But happiness, in endless round,
Shall still encompass all thy ways."

Now, Mr. Smith, on your honour and conscience, does the publication of stuff like this add to, or diminish the splendour of the Throne? Is it true that if, in "the morning of youth," the Princess is brought up piously, she is sure of endless happiness to "encompass all her ways"? Who says so? Who believes it? Does it add to your respect for the Head of the State, to represent her Majesty to your imagination surrounded by Bishops, Marshals, and Knights in their collars, Gold Sticks, Sponsor-proxies, and what not, seated in the place of Divine Worship listening to such inane verses? No; the disrespect is not on our side who protest. No; the disloyalty is with those who acquiesce in ceremonies so monstrous and so vain. O Archbishop, is this the way people should renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? It is these ceremonies which set more people against you and your like, than all your sermons can convince, or your good example keep faithful.

And I say that we are, Mr. PUNCH and all, a loyal and affectionate people, and that we exult when we see the great personages of the Crown worthily occupied. Take the meeting of last Thursday, for instance, for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes, at which his Royal Highness the Prince attended and spoke.

"Depend upon it that the interests of often-contrasted classes are identical, and it is only ignorance which prevents their uniting to the advantage of each other. (*Cheers.*) To dispel that ignorance, and to show how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. (*Loud cheers.*) This is more peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education." (*Cheers.*)

Every man who heard that, I say, cheered with all his heart. "These are imperial words, and worthy kings." There is no Gold Stick in this empire, no Vice-Chamberlain, Groom of the Stole, Hereditary Grand Dancing-Master, or Quarterly Waiter in Waiting, that will yield to Mr. PUNCH and your humble servant in loyalty, when words such as these are spoken, and in such a spirit: and it is in tasks like these that Princes must busy themselves if in our times they ask for loyalty from others or security

for themselves. The hold of the great upon us now is by beneficence, not by claptraps and ceremonies. The people is and knows itself to be the stronger. Wisdom, simplicity, affection, must be the guardians of the English Throne; and may God keep those Gentlemen-ushers about the Court of Queen Victoria!

YESTERDAY: A TALE OF THE POLISH BALL

BY A LADY OF FASHION

"The absence of the Life Guards, being on duty against the mob, occasioned some disappointment to many of the fair fashionables at Willis's on Monday night."—*Morning Paper.*

LIONEL DE BOOTS was the son of Lord and Lady de Bootherstown, and one of the most elegant young men of this or any age or country. His figure was tall and slim; his features beauteous: although not more than eighteen years of age, he could spell with surprising correctness, and had a sweet yellow tuft growing on his chin, *already!*

A pattern of every excellence, and brought up under a fond mother's eye, Lionel had all the budding virtues, and none of the odious vices contracted by youth. He was not accustomed to take more than three glasses of wine; and though a perfect Nimrod in the chase, as I have heard his dear mamma remark, he never smoked those horrid cigars while going to hunt.

He received his Commission in the Royal Horse Guards Pink (Colonel Gizzard), and was presented, on his appointment, on the birthday of his Sovereign. His fond mamma clasped her *mailed warrior* to her bosom, and wept tears of maternal love upon his brilliant cuirass, which reflected her own lovely image.

But besides that of her Ladyship, there was another female heart which beat with affection's purest throb for the youthful Lionel. The lovely Frederica de Toffy (whose appearance at Court this year created so thrilling a sensation) had long been designed by her eminent parents, the Earl and Countess of Hardybake, to wed one day with the brilliant heir of the house of De Boots.

Frederica nearly fainted with pleasure when her Lionel presented himself at Alycampayne House in his charming new uniform. "My military duties now call me," said the gallant youth with a manly sigh. "But 'twill not be long ere next we meet. Remember thou art my partner in Lady Smigsmag's Quadrille at the Polish

Ball. *Au revoir*—adieu!" Emotion choked further utterance, and, staggering from the presence of *Love*, Lionel hastened to join his regiment at *Kn–ghtsbr–dge*.

That night, as the Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink sate in their tents, carousing to the health of their ladye-loves, news came from the Commander-in-Chief that England had need of her warriors. The Chartists had risen! They were in arms in Clerkenwell and Pentonville. "Up, Cavaliers!" said the noble De Gizzard, quaffing a bumper of Ypocras. "Gentlemen of the Horse Guards Pink, to arms!" Calling his battle-cry, Lionel laced on his morion; his trusty valet-de-chambre placed it on the golden curls of his young master. To draw his sword, to recommend himself to Heaven and sweet Saint Willibald, and to mount his plunging charger, was the work of a moment. The next—and the plumes of the Horse Guards Pink might be seen waving in the midnight down the avenues of the Park, while the clarions and violins of the band pealed forth the National Anthem of Britons.

Lionel's mother had taken heed that the chamber which he was to occupy at the barracks was comfortably arranged for *her young soldier*. Every elegant simplicity of the toilet had been provided. "Take care that there be bran in his foot-bath," she said to his old servitor (pointing at the same time to a richly-chased silver-gilt *bain de pieds*, emblazoned with the crest of the De Bootses). And she had netted with her own hand a crimson silk nightcap with a gold tassel, which she entreated—nay, commanded him to wear. She imaged him asleep in his war-chamber. "May my soldier sleep well," she exclaimed mentally, "till the ringing trump of morn wake up my gallant boy!"

Frederica, too, as far as modest maiden may, thought of her Lionel, "*Ah,* Crinolinette," she said to her maid, in the French language, of which she was a mistress, "Ah, que ma galant Garde-de-vie puisse bien dormir ce nuit!"

Lionel slept not on that night—not one wink had the young soldier. In the moon, under the stars, in the cold cold midnight, in the icy dawn, he and his gallant comrades patrolled the lanes of Clerkenwell. Now charging a pulk of Chartists—now coming to the aid of a squadron of beleaguered Policemen—now interposing between the infuriate mob and the astonished Specials—everywhere Lionel's sword gleamed. In the thick of the *mêlée* his voice was heard encouraging the troops and filling the Chartists with terror. "Oh," thought he, "that I could measure steel with Fussell, or could stand for five minutes point to point with Cuffey!" But no

actual collision took place, and the Life Guards Pink returned to their barracks at dawn, when Colonel Gizzard sent off a most favourable report to the Commander-in-Chief of the gallantry of young De Boots.

The warriors cared not for rest that day. A night in the saddle is no hardship to the soldier; though Lionel, feeling the approaches of a cold and sore throat, only took a little water-gruel and lay down for half-an-hour to recruit himself. But he could not sleep—he thought of Frederica! "To-night I shall see her," he said. 'Twas the night of the Polish Ball, and he bade his valet procure from Hammersmith the loveliest bouquet for Frederica, consisting of the rosy Magnolia, the delicate Polyanthus, and the drooping and modest Sunflower.

The banquet of the Horse Guards Pink was served at eight o'clock, and Lionel, to be ready for the ball, dressed himself in pumps and pantaloons, with an embroidered gauze chemise, and a mere riband of lace round his neck. He looked a young Apollo as he sat down to dine!

But scarce had he put the first spoonful of *potage à la reine* to his ruby lips, when the clarion again sounded to arms. "Confusion!" said the gallant Gizzard, "the Chartists are again in arms, and we must forth." The banquet was left untasted, and the warriors mounted their steeds.

So great was the hurry, that Lionel only put on his helmet and cuirass, and rode forth in his evening dress. 'Twas a pitiless night; the rain descended; the winds blew icy cold; the young soldier was wet to the skin ere the Guards debouched on Clerkenwell Green.

And at that hour Frederica was looking out of the left window at Almack's, waiting for Lionel.

Hours and hours he sat on his war-steed through that long night—the rain descended, the wind was more chilly, the dastard Chartists would not face the steel of the Loyal Cavaliers of the Horse Guards Pink, but fled at the sight of our warriors. Ah! 'twas a piteous night!

Frederica was carried at daybreak to Alycampayne House from the ball. She had not danced all that night: she refused the most eligible partners, for she could only think of *her* Cavalier; her Lionel, who never came! Her mamma marked her child's frenzied eye and hectic cheek, and shuddered as she put her daughter to bed, and wrote a hurried note to Dr. L—c—ck.

At that hour, too, the Horse Guards Pink returned to their barracks. The veterans were unmoved: but, ah me! for the recruits! Lionel was in a high fever—two nights' exposure had

struck down the gallant boy—he was delirious two hours after he was placed in bed! "Mamma! Frederica!" he shouted—

. . . . . .

Last Saturday two hearses—the one bearing the helm and arms of a young warrior, and the escutcheon of the De Bootses, the other the lozenge of the Alycampaynes, wound their way slowly to Highgate Cemetery. Lionel and Frederica were laid in the same grave! But how much of this agony might have been spared if the odious Chartists would but have stayed at home, or if that young couple had taken from twelve to fourteen of Morison's Universal Pills, instead of the vile medicine with which "the Faculty" killed them?

SCIENCE AT CAMBRIDGE

AMONG the new sciences which are to be taught at Cambridge University, and for the teaching of which eminent Professors are to be appointed, we are informed that H.R.H. the Chancellor, and the Heads, have determined to create two new Chairs, upon the applications of the two eminent men whose letters we subjoin.

"*To* His Roil Highness the Chanslor, *and the Nobs of the University of Cambridge.*

"Tom Spring's.

"Sein perposials for astabblishing new Purfessurships in the Univussaty of Cambridge (where there is litell enuff now lurnt, as Evins knows), I beg leaf to hoffer myself to your Royl Ighness as Purfessur of Sulf-defens, which signts I old to be both nessary and useful to every young mann.

"I ave sean on his entry into life without knowing the use of his ands, a young chap flord by a fellar ½ his sighs; and all for the want of those fust principills which a few terms under me would give him.

"I ave sean, on the contry, many an honest young Mann pervented from doing right and knockin down a raskle who insults a lady in distress, or chaughs you, or anythink, simply from not knowing how to imploy them fistis which natur has endowd him with, and which it is manifest were not made for nothink.

"I old that the fust use of a man's ands is to fight with; and

that the fust and most nessary duty of a feller is to know how to defend his nob.

"I should like to know in some instanses whether all your Algibry and Mathamadix, your Greik and Latn and that, would serve a young gent half so well as a good nollidge of sparring and fibbing, which I shall be appy to teach him, has also to serve any Ead of any Ouse in the Unaversaty.

"Peraps I could not stand up before Dr. Biggwhigg and Doctor Squartoes in the Latn Mathamadics; but could they stand up to me with the gloves? Why, I would wop them with one and, and ingage to make the young gentlemen of the Univussaty to do lickwise.

"Therefor I propose to your Royal Ighness and the Eads of Ouses, to allow the manly and trew English Scients of Boxint to be took up for honours by the young gentlemen of Cambridge. Igsamanations might be eld in the Sennit House, both vith and vithout the mufflers, it would be a pretty site—plesnt to parints (for what sight can be nobler than for a fond mother to see a galliant young feller pitchin into his man in good style, or taking his punishment like a trump?) and would etract quanties of foringers and ladies to the Uniwursaty, like the Hancient games of the Roman athleeks.

"The Cribb Purfessurship in the branch of Mathamatacal Science, which I'm blest if it isn't, I purpose to your Roil Consideration, and ham, with the deepest respect, your Royal Highness's obeadient to command, BENJAMIN BENDIGO."

From PROFESSOR SOYER.

"PALL MALL.

"MIGHTY PRINCE, AND REVEREND, AND ILLUSTRIOUS GENTLEMEN!—It has been universally allowed by most nations, that Science would be vain if it did not tend to produce happiness, and that that science is the greatest, by which the greatest amount of happiness is produced.

"I agree with the poet Solon in this remark—and if, as I have no doubt, it is one which has also struck the august intelligence of your Royal Highness—I beg to ask with retiring modesty, what Science confers greater pleasure than that which I have the honour to profess, and which has made my name famous throughout the world?

"Eating is the first business of a man. If his food is unpleasant to him, his health suffers, his labour is not so productive, his genius deteriorates, and his progeny dwindles and sickens. A healthy

digestion, on the other hand, produces a healthy mind, a clear intellect, a vigorous family, and a series of inestimable benefits to generations yet unborn: and how can you have a good digestion, I ask, without a good dinner? and how have a good dinner, without knowing how to cook it?

"May it please your Royal Highness Consort of the Imperial Crown of England, and you ye learned and reverend doctors, proctors, provosts, gyps, and common sizars of the Royal University of Cambridge, now that you are wisely resolved to enlarge the former narrow sphere of knowledge in which your pupils move—I ask you at once, and with unanimity, to ordain that MY Science be among the new ones to be taught to the ingenuous youth of England.

"Mine is both a physical and moral science—physical, it acts on the health; moral, on the tempers and tastes of mankind. Under one or other of these heads, then, it deserves to be taught in the famous Halls of Cambridge. I demand and humbly request that the SOYER PROFESSORSHIP of Culinarious Science be established without loss of time. And I ask of your Imperial Highness and the learned Heads of the University, what knowledge more useful than that which I possess and profess could be conferred upon a rising and ardent youth?

"Who are the young men of Cambridge? They are brought up for the most part to the study of the Law or the Church.

"Those who have partaken of food in the miserable chambers of the law student, and seen their cadaverous appearance and unearthly voracity, will at once agree with me that *they* are in a lamentable state as regards eating. But it is of the other profession which I speak.

"I can conceive now no person so likely to become eminently useful and beloved as an interesting young ecclesiastic going down to take possession of his curacy in a distant and barbarous province, where the inhabitants eat their meat raw, their vegetables crude, and know no difference between a white and a brown sauce.—I say, most noble, mighty, and learned sirs, I can conceive of no character more delightful than a young curate coming into such a district after having graduated honourably in MY science. He is like Saint Augustin, but he bears a saucepan in his train, and he endears the natives to him and to his doctrines by a hundred innocent artifices. In his own humble home—see my Regenerator art, my kitchen at home—he gives a model of neatness, propriety, and elegant moderation. He goes from cottage to cottage improving the diet of the poor. He flavours the labourer's soup with simple herbs, and roasts the stalled ox of the squire or farmer to a turn. He makes tables comfortable which before were sickening; families

are united who once avoided each other, or quarrelled when they met; health returns, which bad diet had banished from the cottager's home; children flourish and multiply, and as they crowd round the simple but invigorating repast, bless the instructor who has taught them to prepare their meal. Ah! honoured Prince, and exalted gentlemen, what a picture do I draw of clerical influence and parochial harmony! Talk of schools, indeed! I very much doubt whether a school-inspector could make a soufflé, or S. G. O. of the *Times* could toss a pancake!

"And ah! gentlemen, what a scene would the examination which I picture to myself present! The Professor enters the Hall, preceded by his *assessor* bearers; a hundred furnaces are lighted; a hundred elegant neophytes in white caps are present behind them, exercising upon the roasts, the stews, the vegetables, the sweets. A Board of Examiners is assembled at a table spread with damask, and the exercises of the young men are carried up to them hot and hot. Who would not be proud to sit on such a Board, and superintend the endeavours of youth engaged in such labour? Blushing, the Senior Medallist receives the Vice-Chancellor's compliment, and is crowned with a fillet by the Yeoman Bedell: this—this I would fain behold in the great, the enlightened, the generous, the liberal country of my adoption!

"And if ever British gratitude should erect a statue to a national benefactor, I can suppose an image of myself, the First Professor of Cookery in Cambridge, to be elevated in some conspicuous situation in after ages, holding out the nectar which he discovered, and the sauce with which he endowed the beloved country into which he came.

"Waiting your answer with respectful confidence, I am, of your Royal Highness and Gentlemen, the profound servant,

"CORYDON SOYER."

THE GREAT SQUATTLEBOROUGH SOIRÉE

GOOD MR. PUNCH,—I am an author by trade, and in confidence send you my card, which will satisfy you of my name and my place of business. If the designer of the series of cuts called "Authors' Miseries"* will take my case in hand, I will not ask to plead it myself: otherwise, as it is one which concerns most literary persons, and as the annoyance of

* See page 735.

which I complain may be a source of serious loss and evil to them, I take leave to cry out on behalf of our craft.

The system of oppression against which I desire to protest, is one which has of late been exercised by various bodies, in various parts of the kingdom—by the harmless, nay, most laudable Literary Societies there established. These, under the name of Athenæums, Institutes, Parthenons, and what not, meet together for the purposes of literary excitation; have reading rooms supplied with magazines, books, newspapers, and your own invaluable mi-scellany; and lecture-rooms, where orators, and philosophers, and men of science appear to instruct or to amuse. The Sea Serpent, the character of Hamlet, the Royal orrery and dissolving views, the female characters in Mrs. Jones's novels, &c.—whatever may be the subject of the lecturer—I am sure no friend to his kind would wish either to prevent that honest man from getting his bread, or his audience from listening to his harangues. Lecturers are not always consummately wise, but that is no reason why audiences should not listen to them. Myself, sir, as I walked down Holborn the other day, I saw placarded (amongst other names far more illustrious) my own name, in pretty much the following terms:—

"L. A. HUGGLESTONE.

"ARE THE WRITINGS OF HUGGLESTONE MORAL OR IMMORAL?

"Professor Groutage will deliver an Essay on this subject, on the 25th instant, at the Philosophical Arena and Psychogymnasium, Cow Lane, Smithfield. After the Lecture, the Arena will be opened for free discussion. Admission 2d., Children 1d."

I, of course, did not attend, but female curiosity induced Mrs. Hugglestone to pay her money. She returned home, sir, dissatisfied. I am informed the Professor did not do me justice. My writings are not appreciated by Mr. Groutage (nor indeed by many other critics), and my poor Louisa, who had taken our little James, who is at home for the Christmas holidays, by way of treat, came home with mortification in her heart that our Jemmy should have heard his father so slightingly spoken of by Groutage, and said, with tears in her own eyes, that she should like to scratch out those of the philosopher in question.

Because the Professor has but a mean opinion of me, is that any reason why free discussion should not be permitted? Far otherwise. As Indians make fire with bits of wood, blockheads may strike out sparks of truth in the trituration of debate, and I

have little doubt that had my poor dear girl but waited for the discussion in the arena, my works would have had their due, and Groutage got his answer. The people may be lectured to by very stupid quacks (perhaps, sir, it may have been your fortune to have heard one or two of them); but, as sure as they are quacks, so sure they will be discovered one day or other, and I, for my part, do not care a fig for the opinion of the Professor of Cow Lane. I am putting merely my own case in illustration of the proposition, which is, that public debates and fair play of thought among men are good, and to be encouraged. Those who like to read better out of a book, than to listen to a long-haired lecturer, with his collars turned down (so that his jaws may wag more freely), those who prefer a pipe at the neighbouring tavern to a debate, however stirring, at the Cow Lane Gymnasium, are welcome and right, but so are the others on the other side.

I will mention a case which seems to me in point. In my early days, my friend Huffy, the dentist, with myself and several others, belonged to the Plato Club, meeting of Saturday nights in Covent Garden, to discuss the writings of that philosopher, and to have a plain supper and a smoke. I and some others used to attend pretty regularly, but only at the smoking and supping part, which caused Huffy to say, with a look of considerable scorn, "that there were some minds not capable of sustaining or relishing a philosophical investigation." The fact was, we were not anxious to hear Huffy's opinions about Plato at all; and preferred scalloped oysters to that controversy.

I submit that, in this case, both parties were right,—Huffy in indulging himself in Platonic theories, and we for refraining from them. We doubted our lecturer –of our scalloped oysters we were sure. We were only sceptics in this instance, not in all; and so in the multifarious Institutes throughout the country, where speechifying is performed, I own I sometimes have doubts as to the wholesomeness of the practice. But it is certain, that if there may be stupid lectures, there may be clever lectures; there may be quacks or men of genius; there may be knowledge good and sound acquired; there may be but a superficial smattering and parrot-like imitation of a teacher who himself is but a pretender; and also it is clear that people should talk, should think, should read, should have tea in a social manner, and, calling the fiddlers and their wives and daughters, have a dance together at the Parthenon, Athenæum, or Institute, until they are tired, and go home happy. And if in a manufacturing town, of course it is good that the master of the mill should join in the sport in which his hands are engaged; or in the country districts, that the great man or Squire should aid. For example, I read last

year in the *Squattleborough Sentinel*, how the heir of the noble house of Yawny, the Honourable Mr. Drawleigh, came over ten miles to Squattleborough in the most slushy weather, and delivered four lectures there on his travels in Nineveh, and his measurements of the tombs of Baalbec. Some people fell asleep at these lectures, no doubt, but many liked them, and Mr. Drawleigh was right to give them.

He represents the borough. His family are time out of mind lords of the neighbourhood. Nothing is more certain than that the heir of Dozeley Castle should do his utmost to give pleasure to his faithful constituents and the children of the quondam retainers of his race. It was he who set up the Squattleborough Parthenon, his father, Lord Yawny, laying the first brick of the edifice; the neighbouring clergy and gentry attending and delivering appropriate orations, and the library beginning with two copies of Drawleigh's own Travels, in morocco gilt. This is all right. But the Squattleborough Parthenon is not, for this, "the Beacon of Truth, the Centre of Civilisation, the Pharos in the Storm which the troubled voyager sees from the dark waters, radiating serenely with the Truthful and the Beautiful," as Professor Jowls said at the Inauguration Meeting,—the Squattleborough Institution, I say, is not in the least like this, but an excellent good place enough, where every man can read the paper if it is not in hand; or get a book from the library, if nobody else has engaged it. Let things be called by their names, Mr. PUNCH; this place at Squattleborough is a good literary club, and that is a good thing, and it promotes the good fellowship, and aids the reading and education of numbers of people there; and Heaven send every such scheme prosperity.

But now the Squattleborough folks are bent on following the fashion, and having a grand tea-party at their Institute. Amongst others, I have been favoured with a card to this party. The secretary writes in the kindest manner; he says the directors of the Institute are going to give a grand *soirée*, which many noblemen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood have promised to attend, and where they are most anxious "to secure the leading literary talent."

Noblemen and Gentlemen of the neighbourhood, *à la bonne heure*—and it is very complimentary, doubtless, to be mentioned amongst the leading literary talent; a noble Lord, a couple of most reverend prelates, a great poet, and so forth, we are informed, are asked. But why the deuce does Squattleborough want "to secure literary talent"? Gentlemen, do you think men of letters have nothing to do? Do you go three hundred miles to a tea-party, spend five or six pounds on railroads and inns, give up two days' work and a night's sleep, at the request of people hundreds of miles

away, of whom you have no earthly knowledge? There are one or two men of letters who, upon a great occasion, and by a great city, are rightly called to help and to speak; these men are great orators —whom it is a privilege for any community to hear—but for those whose gift does not lie that way, why drag them out from their homes, or their own friends, or their desks, where their right places are?

I, for instance, who write this, have had a dozen invitations within the last few months. I should have had to travel many thousands of miles—to spend ever so many scores of pounds—to lose weeks upon weeks of time—and for what? In order to stand on a platform, at this town or that, to be pointed out as the author of So-and-so, and to hear Lord This, or the Archbishop of That, say that Knowledge was Power, that Education was a benefit, that the free and enlightened people of What-d'ye-call-'em were daily advancing in Civilisation, and that the learning of the ingenious arts, as the Latin bard had observed, refined our manners, and mitigated their ferocity.

Advance, civilise, cease to be ferocious, read, meet, be friendly, be happy, ye men of Squattleborough, and other places. I say amen to all this; but if you can read for yourselves it is the best. If you can be wise without bragging and talking so much about it, you will lose none of your wisdom; and as you and your wives and daughters will do the dancing at your own ball, if you must have a talk likewise, why not get your native lions to roar?—Yours, dear Mr. Punch, most respectfully, Leontius Androcles Hugglestone.

PARIS REVISITED

BY AN OLD PARIS MAN

REVERED PUNCH,—When your multitudinous readers are put in possession of this confidential note, Paris will be a week older; and who knows what may happen in that time?—Louis Napoleon may be Emperor, or Louis Blanc may be King, or the Revolution that was to have broken out last Monday may be performed on the next;—meanwhile, permit me, sir, to lay at your feet the few brief observations which I have made during a twenty-four hours' residence in this ancient and once jovial place.

It was on the stroke of eleven at night, sir, on Wednesday, the 31st of January, that a traveller might have been perceived

plunging rapidly through the shingles of Dover, towards a boat which lay in waiting there, to bear him and other exiles to a steamer which lay in the offing, her slim black hull scarcely visible in the mists of night, through which her lights, of a green and ruby colour, burned brilliantly. The moon was looking out on the fair and tranquil scene, the stars were twinkling in a friendly manner, the ancient cliffs of Albion loomed out of the distant grey. But few lights twinkled in the deserted houses of the terraces along the beach. The bathing machines were gone to roost. There was scarce a ripple on the sluggish wave, as the boat with the Traveller on board went grinding over the shingle, and we pulled to the ship. In fact, the waters of Putney were not more calm than those of the Channel, and the night was as mild as a novel by the last lady of fashion.

Having paid a shilling for the accommodation of the boat, the traveller stepped on board the deck of the famous steamer *Vivid*, commanded by the intrepid and polite Captain Smithett; and the Mails presently coming off in their boat with the light at its bows, away went the *Vivid*, at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, and we were off Calais almost before the second cigar was smoked, or we had had near time enough to think of those beloved beings whom we left behind.

Sir, there was not water enough in the Calais harbour—so a bawling pilot swore, who came up to us in his lugger; and as she came plunging and bumping against the side of the *Vivid*, Captain Smithett caused the mail-bags first, and afterwards the passengers, to be pitched into her, and we all rolled about amongst the ropes and spars on deck, in the midst of the most infernal bawling and yelling from the crew of Frenchmen, whose howls and contortions, as they got their sail up, and otherwise manœuvred the vessel, could be equalled by men of no other nation. Some of us were indignant at being called upon to pay three francs for a ride of a mile in this vessel, and declared we would write to the *Times;* but there was one Traveller who had not heard that noise of Frenchmen for four years, and their noise was to his soul as the music of bygone years. That Man, sir, is perpetually finding something ludicrous in what is melancholy, and when he is most miserable is always most especially jocular.

Sir, it was the first night of the new Postal arrangement, by which the Mails are made to go from Calais and not from Boulogne, as heretofore. Our goods were whisked through the Custom House with a rapidity and a courtesy highly creditable to Frenchmen, and an enthusiastic omnibus-driver, lashing his horses furiously, and urging them forward with shrieks and howls, brought us to the

Saint Pierre Station of the railway, where we took our places in the train. 'Twas two in the bleak winter's morn. The engine whistled—the train set forth—we plunged into the country, away, away, away!

At eleven o'clock, sir, we dashed into the *enceinte* of the forts that guard the metropolis from foreign invasion, and a few minutes afterwards we were in that dear old Paris that One amongst us had not seen for four years.

How is the old place? How does it look? I should be glad to know is the nightingale singing there yet?—do the roses still bloom by the calm Bendemeer? Have we not all a right to be sentimental when we revisit the haunts of our youth, and to come forward, like the Count in the Opera, as soon as the whips have ceased cracking, and sing "Cari luoghi"? Living constantly with your children and the beloved and respectable Mrs. PUNCH, you don't see how tall Jacky and Tommy grow, and how old—(for the truth must out, and she is by no means improved in looks)—how old and plain your dear lady has become. So thought I, as I once more caught sight of my beloved Lutetia, and trembled to see whether years had affected her.

Sir, the first thing I saw on entering the station, was that it was crammed with soldiers—little soldiers, with red breeches and grey capotes, with little caps, bristling with uncommonly fierce beards, large hairy tufts (those of the carroty hue most warlike and remarkable) that looked as if worn in bravado, as by the American warriors, and growing there convenient to cut their heads off if you could. These bearded ones occupied the whole place; arms were piled in the great halls of the Débarcadère; some fatigued braves were asleep in the straw, pots were cooking, drums were drubbing, officers and non-commissioned officers bustling about. Some of us had qualms, and faintly asked, was the Revolution begun? "No," the omnibus conductors said, laughing, "everything was as quiet as might be:" and we got into their vehicles and drove away. Everything *was* quiet. Only, sir, when you go to a friend's house for a quiet dinner, and before he lets you into his door he puts his head and a blunderbuss out of window and asks "Who is there?"—of course some nervous persons may be excused for feeling a little dashed.

Sir, the omnibus drove rapidly to the hotel whence this is written, with a very scanty cargo of passengers. We hardly had any in the railway; we did not seem to take up any on the line. Nothing seemed to be moving on the road; in the streets there was not much more life. What has become of the people who used to walk here?—of the stalls and the carts and the crowds

about the wine-shops, and the loungers, and the cries of the busy throng? Something has stricken the place. Nobody is about: or perhaps there is a review, or a grand *fête* somewhere, which calls the people away as we are passing through a deserted quarter.

As soon as I was dressed, I walked into the town through the ancient and familiar arcades of the Rue Castiglione and so forth. The shops along the Rue de Rivoli are dreary and shabby beyond belief. There was nobody walking in the Tuileries. The palace that used to look so splendid in former days, stretches out its great gaunt wings and looks dismally battered and bankrupt. In the Carrousel there were more troops, with drumming, and trumpeting, and artillery. Troops are perpetually passing. Just now I saw part of a regiment of Mobiles marching out with a regiment of the line. Squads of the young Mobiles are everywhere in the streets: pale, debauched, daring-looking little lads, one looks at them with curiosity and interest, as one thinks that those beardless young fellows have dashed over barricades, and do not care for death or devil.

I worked my way to the Palais Royal, where I have been any time since 1814; and oh, Mr. PUNCH, what a change was there! I can't tell you how dreary it looks, that once cheerfullest garden in the world. The roses do not bloom *there* any more; or the nightingales sing. All the song is gone and the flowers have withered. Sir, you recollect those shops where the beautiful dressing-gowns used to hang out, more splendid and gorgeous than any tulips, I am sure. You remember that wonderful bonnet-shop at the corner of the Galerie Vitrée, where there were all sorts of miraculous caps and hats; bonnets with the loveliest wreaths of spring twined round them; bonnets with the most ravishing plumes of marabouts, ostriches, and birds of paradise—

> 'Once in their *bows*
> Birds of rare plume
> Sate in their bloom,"

as an elegant poet of your own sings—they are all gone, sir; the birds are flown, the very cages are shut up and many of them to let—the Palais Royal is no more than a shabby bazaar. Shutters are up in many of the shops—you see nobody buying in the others—soldiers and a few passengers go about staring at the faded ornaments in the windows and the great blank daguerreotype pictures, which line the walls as dismal as death. There is nobody there: there are not even English people walking about, and staring with their hands in their pockets. Has ruin begun, then, and is Paris going after Rome, Carthage, Palmyra, Russell Square, Kilkenny, and other famous capitals? In the glass

galleries there were not a dozen loungers, and the shops facing the Palais Royal proper are closed down the whole line.

As for the square of the palace itself, which always used to look so cheerful—where there used to be, you remember, piles of comfortable wood, giving ideas of warmth and hospitality in the splendid rooms within—that too is, to the last degree, shabby and forlorn. I saw soldiers looking out of the windows, and more — a couple of thousands of them, I should say—were in the court. Many of them with their coats off, and showing very dingy undervestments, were cooking about the court; there they formed in squads about the square, without their arms, in their slouching grey coats; and, drums and bugles beginning to make a noise, a small crowd of blackguards and children issued somehow from some of the dark recesses and black passages about the place, and formed a sort of audience for the unromantic military spectacle. A tree of Liberty is planted in the square; the first I have seen, and the most dismal and beggarly emblem I ever set eyes on. A lean poplar, with scarce any branches, a wretched furcated pole with some miserable rags of faded cotton, and, it may be, other fetishes dangling from it here and there. O Liberty! What the deuce has this poplar or those rags to do with you?

My sheet is full—the post hour nigh; but I have one word of rather a cheerful and consolatory nature to say after all this despondency. Sir, I happened in my walk, and from a sense of duty, just to look in at the windows of Chevet, Véfour, and the Trois Frères. The show at all *is very satisfactory indeed.* The game looked very handsome at Chevet's and the turbots and *pâtés* uncommonly fine. I never saw finer *looking* truffles than those in the baskets in Véfour's window; and the display of fruit at the Frères would make an anchorite's mouth water. More of this, however, anon. There are some subjects that are not to be treated in a trifling manner by your obedient servant and contributor,

FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY.

TWO OR THREE THEATRES AT PARIS

IF one may read the history of a people's morals in its jokes, what a queer set of reflections the philosophers of the twentieth century may make regarding the characters of our two countries in perusing the waggeries published on one side and the other! When the future inquirer shall take up your volumes, or a bundle

of French plays, and contrast the performance of your booth with that of the Parisian theatre, he won't fail to remark how different they are, and what different objects we admire or satirise. As for your morality, sir, it does not become me to compliment you on it before your venerable face; but permit me to say, that there never were before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing, and so little for blushing; so many jokes, and so little harm. Why, sir, say even that your modesty, which astonishes me more and more every time I regard you, is calculated, and not a virtue naturally inherent in you, that very fact would argue for the high sense of the public morality among us. We will laugh in the company of our wives and children: we will tolerate no indecorum: we like that our matrons and girls should be pure.

Excuse my blushes, sir; but permit me to say that I have been making a round of the little French theatres, and have come away amazed at the cynicism of the people. Sir, there are certain laws of morality (as believed by us at least) for which these people no more care than so many Otaheitans. They have been joking against marriage ever since writing began—a pretty man you would be, Mr. Punch, if you were a Frenchman; and a pretty moral character would be the present spotless wife of your affections, the chaste and immaculate Judy!

After going to these theatres, seeing the houses all full, and hearing the laughter ringing through every one of them, one is puzzled to know what the people respect at all, or what principle they do believe in. They laugh at religion, they laugh at chastity, they laugh at royalty, they laugh at the Republic most pitilessly of all; when France, in the piece called the "Foire aux Idées," says she is dying under nine hundred doctors, to each of whom she is paying a daily fee of five-and-twenty francs, there was a cheer of derision through the house. The Communists and their schemes were hooted with a still more hearty indignation; there is a general smash and bankruptcy of faith; and, what struck me perhaps most as an instance of the amazing progress of the national atheism, is to find that the theatre audiences have even got to laugh at military glory. They have a song in one of the little plays which announces that France & Co. have closed that branch of their business; that they wish to stay at home and be quiet, and so forth; and strange to say, even the cry against perfidious England has died out; and the only word of abuse I read against our nation was in a volume of a novel by poor old Paul de Kock, who saluted the Lion with a little kick of his harmless old heels.

Is the end of time coming, Mr. Punch, or the end of French-

men? and don't they believe, or love, or hate anything any more? Sir, these funny pieces at the plays frightened me more than the most bloodthirsty melodrama ever did, and inspired your humble servant with a melancholy which is not to be elicited from the most profound tragedies. There was something awful, infernal almost, I was going to say, in the gaiety with which the personages of these satiric dramas were dancing and shrieking about among the tumbled ruins of ever so many ages and traditions. I hope we shall never have the air of "God save the King" set to ribald words amongst us—the mysteries of our religion, or any man's religion, made the subject of laughter, or of a worse sort of excitement. In the famous piece of "La Propriété c'est le Vol," we had the honour to see Adam and Eve dance a polka, and sing a song quite appropriate to the costume in which they figured. Everybody laughed and enjoyed it—neither Eve nor the audience ever thought about being ashamed of themselves; and, for my part, I looked with a vague anxiety up at the theatre roof, to see that it was not falling in, and shall not be surprised to hear that Paris goes the way of certain other cities some day. They will go on, this pretty little painted population of Lorettes and Bayadères, singing and dancing, laughing and feasting, fiddling and flirting to the end, depend upon it. But enough of this theme: it is growing too serious—let us drop the curtain. Sir, at the end of the lively and ingenious piece called the "Foire aux Idées," there descends a curtain, on which what is supposed to be a huge newspaper is painted, and which is a marvel of cynicism.

I have been to see a piece of a piece called the "Mystères de Londres," and most awful mysteries they are indeed. We little know what is going on around and below us, and that London may be enveloped in a vast murderous conspiracy, and that there may be a volcano under our very kitchens, which may blow us all to perdition any day. You perhaps are not aware, sir, that there lived in London, some three or four years ago, a young Grandee of Spain and Count of the Empire, the Marquis of Rio Santo by name, who was received in the greatest society our country can boast of, and walked the streets of the metropolis with orders on his coat and white light pantaloons and a cocked-hat. This Marquis was an Irishman by birth, and not a mere idle votary of pleasure, as you would suppose from his elegant personal appearance. Under the mask of fashion and levity he hid a mighty design; which was to free his country from the intolerable tyranny of England. And as England's distress is Ireland's opportunity, the Marquis had imagined a vast conspiracy, which should plunge the former into the most exquisite confusion and misery, in the midst of which his beloved

Erin might get her own. For this end his Lordship had organised a prodigious band of all the rogues, thieves, and discontented persons in the metropolis, who were sworn into a mysterious affiliation, the members of which were called the "Gentlemen of the night." Nor were these gentlefolks of the lower sort merely —your swell mob, your Saint Giles's men, and vulgar cracksmen. Many of the principal merchants, jewellers, lawyers, physicians, were sworn of the Society. The merchants forged bank-notes, and uttered the same, thus poisoning the stream of commerce in our great commercial city; the jewellers sold sham diamonds to the aristocracy, and led them on to ruin; the physicians called in to visit their patients, poisoned such as were enemies of the good cause, by their artful prescriptions; the lawyers prevented the former from being hanged; and the whole realm being plunged into anarchy and dismay by these manœuvres, it was evident that Ireland would greatly profit. This astonishing Marquis, who was supreme chief of the Society, thus had his spies and retainers everywhere. The police was corrupted, the magistrature tampered with—Themis was bribed on her very bench; and even the Beefeaters of the Queen (one shudders as one thinks of this) were contaminated, and in the service of the Association.

Numbers of lovely women of course were in love with the Marquis, or otherwise subjugated by him, and the most beautiful and innocent of all was disguised as a Countess, and sent to Court on a Drawing-room day, with a mission to steal the diamonds off the neck of Lady Brompton, the special favourite of his Grace Prince Dimitri Tolstoy, the Russian Ambassador.

Sir, his Grace the Russian Ambassador had only lent these diamonds to Lady B., that her Ladyship might sport them at the Drawing-room. The jewels were really the property of the Prince's Imperial Master. What, then, must have been his Excellency's rage when the brilliants were stolen? The theft was committed in the most artful manner. Lady Brompton came to Court, her train held up by her *jockei*. Suzanna (the Marquis's emissary) came to Court with her train similarly borne by her page. The latter was an experienced pickpocket; the pages were changed; the jewels were taken off Lady Brompton's neck in the antechamber of the palace; and his Grace Prince Tolstoy was in such a rage that he menaced war on the part of his Government unless the stones were returned!

Beyond this point I confess, sir, I did not go, for exhausted nature would bear no more of the Mysteries of London, and I came away to my hotel. But I wish you could have seen the Court of Saint James, the Beefeaters, the Life-Guards, the Heralds-of-Arms

in their tabards of the sixteenth century, and have heard the ushers on the stairs shouting the names of the nobility as they walked into the presence of the Sovereign! I caught those of the Countess of Derby, the Lady Campbell, the Lord Somebody, and the Honourable Miss Trevor, after whom the Archbishop of Canterbury came. Oh such an Archbishop! He had a velvet trencher cap profusely ornamented with black fringe, and a dress something like our real and venerated prelates, with the exception of the wig, which was far more curly and elegant; and he walked by, making the sign of the Cross with his two forefingers, and blessing the people.

I hear that the author of this great work, Monsieur Paul Féval, known for some time to the literature of his country as Sir Francis Trollope, passed a whole week in London to make himself thoroughly acquainted with our manners; and here, no doubt, he saw Countesses whose trains were carried by jockeys; Lords going to Court in full-bottomed wigs; and police magistrates in policemen's coats and oilskin hats, with white kerseymere breeches and silk stockings to distinguish them from the rank and file. How well the gentlemen of Bow Street would look in it! I recommend it to the notice of Mr. Punch.

These, sir, are all the plays which I have as yet been able to see in this town, and I have the honour of reporting upon them accordingly. Whatever they may do with other pieces, I don't think that our dramatists will be disposed to steal *these*.

ON SOME DINNERS AT PARIS

SOME few words about dinners, my dear friend, I know your benevolent mind will expect. A man who comes to Paris without directing his mind to dinners, is like a fellow who travels to Athens without caring to inspect ruins, or an individual who goes to the Opera, and misses Jenny Lind's singing. No, I should be ungrateful to that appetite with which Nature has bountifully endowed me—to those recollections which render a consideration of the past so exquisite an enjoyment to me—were I to think of coming to Paris without enjoying a few quiet evenings at the Trois Frères, alone, with a few dishes, a faithful waiter who knows me of old, and my own thoughts; undisturbed by conversation, or having to help the soup, or carve the turkey for the lady of the house; by the exertion of telling jokes for the entertainment of the company; by the *ennui* of a stupid neighbour at your side,

to whom you are forced to impart them; by the disgust of hearing an opposition wag talk better than yourself, take the stories with which you have come primed and loaded out of your very mouth, and fire them off himself, or audaciously bring forward old Joe Millers, and get a laugh from all the company, when your own novelties and neatest *impromptus* and *mots* pass round the table utterly disregarded.

I rejoiced, sir, in my mind, to think that I should be able to dine alone; without rivals to talk me out, hosts or ladies to coax and wheedle, or neighbours who, before my eyes (as they often have done), will take the best cutlet or favourite snipe out of the dish, as it is handed round, or to whom you have to give all the breast of the pheasant or capon, when you carve it.

All the way in the railroad, and through the tedious hours of night, I whiled away such time as I did not employ in sleeping, or in thinking about Miss Br–wn (who felt, I think, by the way, some little pang in parting with me, else why was she so silent all night, and why did she apply her pocket-handkerchief so constantly to her lovely amethyst eyes?)—all the way in the railroad, I say, when not occupied by other thoughts, I amused the tedium of the journey by inventing little bills of fare for one,—solitary Barmecide banquets,—which I enjoyed in spirit, and proposed to discuss bodily on my arrival in the Capital of the Kitchen.

"Monsieur will dine at the *table-d'hôte?*" the *laquais de place* said at the hotel, whilst I was arranging my elegant toilette before stepping forth to renew an acquaintance with our beloved old city. An expression of scornful incredulity shot across the fine features of the person addressed by the *laquais de place.* My fine fellow, thought I, do you think I am come to Paris in order to dine at a *table-d'hôte?*—to meet twenty-four doubtful English and Americans at an ordinary? "Lucullus dines with Lucullus to-day, sir;" which, as the *laquais de place* did not understand, I added, "I never dine at *table-d'hôte*, except at an extremity."

I had arranged in my mind a little quiet week of dinners. Twice or thrice, thinks I, I will dine at the Frères, once at Véry's, once at the Café de Paris. If my old friend Voisin opposite the Assomption has some of the same sort of bordeaux which we recollect in 1844, I will dine there at least twice. Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, must be tried, which, they say, is as good as the Rocher de Cancale used to be in our time: and the seven days were chalked out already, and I saw there was nothing for it but to breakfast *à la fourchette* at some of the other places which I had in my mind, if I wished to revisit all my old haunts.

To a man living much in the world, or surrounded by his family,

there is nothing so good as this solitude from time to time—there is nothing like communing with your own heart, and giving a calm and deliberate judgment upon the great question—the truly vital question, I may say—before you. What is the use of having your children, who live on roast mutton in the nursery, and think treacle-pudding the summit of cookery, to sit down and take the best three-fourths of a *perdreau truffé* with you? What is the use of helping your wife, who doesn't know the difference between sherry and madeira, to a glass of priceless Romanée or sweetly odoriferous Château Lafitte of '42? Poor dear soul! she would be as happy with a slice of the children's joint, and a cup of tea in the evening. She takes them when you are away. To give fine wine to that dear creature is like giving pearls to—to animals who don't know their value.

What I like, is to sit at a restaurant alone, after having taken a glass of absinthe in water, about half-an-hour previous, to muse well over the *carte*, and pick out some little dinner for myself; to converse with the *sommelier* confidentially about the wine—a pint of champagne, say, and a bottle of bordeaux, or a bottle of burgundy, not more, for your private drinking. He goes out to satisfy your wishes, and returns with the favourite flask in a cradle, very likely. Whilst he is gone, comes old Antoine—who is charmed to see *Monsieur de retour;* and vows that you *rajeunissez tous les ans* —with a plate of oysters —dear little juicy green oysters in their upper shells, swimming in their sweet native brine—not like your great white flaccid natives in England, that look as if they had been fed on pork: and ah! how kindly and pretty that attention is of the two little plates of radishes and butter, which they bring you in, and with which you can dally between the arrival of the various dishes of your dinner; they are like the delicate symphonies which are played at the theatre between the acts of a charming comedy. A little bread-and-butter, a little radish,—you crunch and relish; a little radish, a little piece of bread-and-butter—you relish and crunch —when lo! up goes the curtain, and Antoine comes in with the *entrée* or the roast.

I pictured all this in my mind and went out. I will not tell any of my friends that I am here, thought I. Sir, in five minutes, and before I had crossed the Place Vendôme, I had met five old acquaintances and friends, and in an hour afterwards the arrival of your humble servant was known to all our old set.

My first visit was for Tom Dash, with whom I had business. That friend of my youth received me with the utmost cordiality: and our business transacted and our acquaintances talked over (four of them I had seen, so that it was absolutely necessary I should

call on them and on the rest), it was agreed that I should go forth and pay visits, and that on my return Tom and I should dine somewhere together. I called upon Brown, upon Jones, upon Smith, upon Robinson, upon our old Paris set, in a word, and in due time returned to Tom Dash.

"Where are we to dine, Tom?" says I. "What is the crack restaurant now? I am entirely in your hands; and let us be off early and go to the play afterwards."

"Oh, hang restaurants," says Tom—"I'm tired of 'em; we are sick of them here. Thompson came in just after you were gone, and I told him you were coming, and he will be here directly to have a chop with me."

There was nothing for it. I had to sit down and dine with Thompson and Tom Dash, at the latter's charges—and am bound to say that the dinner was not a bad one. As I have said somewhere before, and am proud of being able to say, I scarcely recollect ever to have had a bad dinner.

But of what do you think the present repast was composed? Sir, I give you my honour, we had a slice of salmon and a leg of mutton, and boiled potatoes, just as they do in my favourite Baker Street.

"Dev'lish good dinner," says Thompson, covering the salmon with lots of Harvey sauce—and cayenne pepper, from Fortnum and Mason's.

"Donnez du sherry à Monsieur Canterbury," says Tom Dash to François his man. "There's porter or pale ale if any man likes it."

They poured me out sherry; I might have had porter or pale ale if I liked: I had leg of mutton and potatoes, and finished dinner with Stilton cheese: and it was for this that I have revisited my dear Paris.

"Thank you," says I to Dash, cutting into the mutton with the most bitter irony. "This is a dish that I don't remember ever having seen in England; but I tasted pale ale there, and won't take any this evening, thank you. Are we going to have port wine after dinner? or could you oblige me with a little London gin-and-water?"

Tom Dash laughed his mighty laugh; and I will say we had not port wine, but claret, fit for the repast of a pontiff, after dinner, and sat over it so late that the theatre was impossible, and the first day was gone, and might as well have been passed in Pump Court or Pall Mall, for all the good I had out of it.

But, sir, do you know what had happened in the morning of that day during which I was paying the visits before mentioned?

Robinson, my very old friend, pressed me so to come and dine with him, and fix my day, that I could not refuse, and fixed Friday.

Brown, who is very rich, and with whom I had had a difference, insisted so upon our meeting as in old times, that I could not refuse; and so being called on to appoint my own day—I selected Sunday.

Smith is miserably poor, and it would offend him and Mrs. Smith mortally that I should dine with a rich man, and turn up my nose at his kind and humble table. I was free to name any day I liked, and so I chose Monday.

Meanwhile, our old friend Jones had heard that I had agreed to dine with Brown, with whom he, too, was at variance, and he offered downright to quarrel with me unless I gave him a day: so I fixed Thursday.

"I have but Saturday," says I, with almost tears in my eyes.

"Oh, I have asked a party of the old fellows to meet you," cries out Tom Dash; "and made a dinner expressly for the occasion."

And this, sir, was the fact. This was the way, sir, that I got my dinners at Paris. Sir, at one house I had boiled leg of mutton and turnips, at another beefsteak; and I give you my word of honour, at two I had mock-turtle soup! In this manner I saw Paris. This was what my friends called welcoming me—we drank sherry; we talked about Mr. Cobden and the new financial reform; I was not allowed to see a single Frenchman, save one, a huge athletic monster, whom I saw at a club in London, last year, who speaks English as well as you, and who drank two bottles of port wine on that very night for his own share. I offended mortally several old friends with whom I didn't dine, and I might as well have been sitting under your mahogany tree in Fleet Street, for all of Paris that I saw.

I have the honour to report my return to this country, and to my lodgings in Piccadilly, and to remain your very obedient servant and contributor, FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY.

P.S.—I stop the post to give the following notice from the *Constitutionnel*:—"Lady Jane Grey (femme du Chancelier de l'Echiquier) vient de donner le jour à deux jumeaux. Sa santé est aussi satisfaisante que possible."

HOBSON'S CHOICE

OR, THE TRIBULATIONS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A MAN-SERVANT

I

BEFORE my wife's dear mother, Mrs. Captain Budge, came to live with us,—which she did on occasion of the birth of our darling third child, Albert, named in compliment to a Gracious Prince, and now seven and a half years of age,—our establishment was in rather what you call a small way, and we only had female servants in our kitchen.

I liked them, I own. I like to be waited on by a neat-handed Phillis of a parlour-maid, in a nice fitting gown, and a pink ribbon to her cap: and I do not care to deny that I liked to have my parlour-maids good-looking. Not for any reason such as *jealousy might suggest*—such reasons I scorn; but as, for a continuance and for a harmless recreation and enjoyment, I would much rather look out on a pretty view of green fields and a shining river from my drawing-room window, than upon a blank wall, or an old-clothesman's shop: so I am free to confess I would choose for preference a brisk, rosy, good-natured, smiling lass to put my dinner and tea before me on the table, rather than a crooked, black-muzzled *frump*, with a dirty cap and black hands. I say I like to have nice-looking people about me; and when I used to chuck my Anna Maria under the chin, and say that was one of the reasons for which I married her, I warrant you Mrs. H. was not offended; and so she let me have my harmless way about the parlour-maids. Sir, the only way in which we lost our girls in our early days was by marriage. One married the baker, and gives my boy, Albert, gingerbread, whenever he passes her shop; one became the wife of Policeman X., who distinguished himself by having his nose broken in the Chartist riots; and a third is almost a lady, keeping her one-horse carriage, and being wife to a carpenter and builder.

Well, Mrs. Captain Budge, Mrs. H.'s mother, or "Mamma," as she insists that I should call her—and I do so, for it pleases her warm and affectionate nature—came to stop for a few weeks, on the occasion of our darling Albert's birth, *anno Domini* 1842; and the child and its mother being delicate, Mrs. Captain B. stayed to nurse them both, and so has remained with us, occupying the

room which used to be my study and dressing-room ever since. When she came to us, we may be said to have moved *in a humble sphere*, viz., in Bernard Street, Foundling Hospital, which we left four years ago for our present residence, Stucco Gardens, Pocklington Square. And up to the period of Mrs. Captain B.'s arrival, we were, as I say, waited upon in the parlour by maids; the rough below-stairs work of knife and shoe cleaning being done by Grundsell, our greengrocer's third son.

But though Heaven forbid that I should say a word against my mother-in-law, who has a handsome sum to leave, and who is besides a woman all self-denial, with *her every thought* for our good; yet I think that without Mamma my wife would not have had those tantrums, may I call them, of jealousy, which she never exhibited previously, and which she certainly began to show very soon after our dear little scapegrace of an Albert was born. We had at that time, I remember, a parlour servant, called Emma Buck, who came to us from the country, from a Doctor of Divinity's family, and who pleased my wife very well at first, as indeed she did all in her power to please her. But on the very day Anna Maria came downstairs to the drawing-room, being brought down in these very arms, which I swear belong to as faithful a husband as any in the City of London, and Emma bringing up her little bit of dinner on a tray, I observed Anna Maria's eyes look uncommon savage at the poor girl, Mrs. Captain B. looking away the whole time, on to whose neck my wife plunged herself as soon as the girl had left the room; bursting out into tears and calling somebody a viper.

"Hullo," says I, "my beloved, what is the matter? Where's the viper? I didn't know there were any in Bernard Street" (for I thought she might be nervous still, and wished to turn off the thing, whatever it might be, with a pleasantry). "Who is the serpent?"

"That — that — woman," gurgles out Mrs. H., sobbing on Mamma's shoulder, and Mrs. Captain B. scowling sadly at me over her daughter.

"What, Emma?" I asked in astonishment; for the girl had been uncommonly attentive to her mistress, making her gruels and things, and sitting up with her, besides tending my eldest daughter, Emily, through the scarlet fever.

"Emma! don't say Emma in that cruel audacious way, Marmaduke—Mr. Ho—o—obson," says my wife (for such are my two names as given me by my godfathers and my fathers). "You call the creature by her Christian name before my very face!"

"Oh, Hobson, Hobson!" says Mrs. Captain B., wagging her head.

"Confound it"—("Don't swear," says Mamma)—"Confound it, my love," says I, stamping my foot, "you wouldn't have me call the girl Buck, Buck, as if she was a rabbit? She's the best girl that ever was: she nursed Emily through the fever; she has been attentive to you; she is always up when you want her——"

"Yes; and when *you-oo-oo come home from the club*, Marmaduke," my wife shrieks out, and falls again on Mamma's shoulder, who looks me in the face and nods her head fit to drive me mad. I come home from the club, indeed! Wasn't I forbidden to see Anna Maria? Wasn't I turned away a hundred times from my wife's door by Mamma herself, and could I sit alone in the dining-room (for my eldest two, a boy and girl, were at school)—alone in the dining-room, where *that very* Emma would have had to wait upon me?

Not one morsel of chicken would Anna Maria eat. (She said she dared to say that woman would poison the egg-sauce.) She had hysterical laughter and tears, and was in a highly nervous state, a state as dangerous for the mother as for the darling baby, Mrs. Captain B. remarked justly; and I was of course a good deal alarmed, and sent, or rather went off for Boker, our medical man. Boker saw his interesting patient, said that her nerves were highly excited, that she must at all sacrifices be kept quiet, and corroborated Mrs. Captain B.'s opinion in every particular. As we walked downstairs I gave him a hint of what was the matter, at the same time requesting him to step into the back-parlour, and there see me take an affidavit that I was as innocent as the blessed baby just born, and named but three days before after his Royal Highness the Prince.

"I know, I know, my good fellow," says Boker, poking me in the side (for he has a good deal of fun), "that you are innocent. Of course you are innocent. Everybody is, you sly dog. But what of that? The two women have taken it into their heads to be jealous of your maid—and an uncommonly pretty girl she is too, Hobson, you sly rogue, you. And were she a Vestal Virgin, the girl must go if you want to have any peace in the house; if you want your wife and the little one to thrive—if you want to have a quiet house and family. And if you do," says Boker, looking me in the face hard, "though it is against my own interest, will you let me give you a bit of advice, old boy?"

We had been bred up at Merchant Taylors together, and had licked each other often and often, so of course I let him speak.

"Well, then," says he, "Hob my boy, get rid of the old dragon—the old mother-in-law. She meddles with my prescriptions for your wife; she doctors the infant in private: you'll never have a quiet house or a quiet wife as long as that old Catamaran is here."

"Boker," says I, "Mrs. Captain Budge is a lady who must not,

at least in *my* house, be called a Catamaran. She has seven thousand pounds in the funds, and always says Anna Maria is her favourite daughter." And so we parted, not on the best of terms, for I did not like Mamma to be spoken of disrespectfully by any man.

What was the upshot of this? When Mamma heard from Anna Maria (who weakly told her what I had let slip laughing, and in confidence to my wife) that Boker had called her a Catamaran, of course she went up to pack her trunks, and of course we apologised and took another medical man. And as for Emma Buck, there was nothing for it but that she, poor girl, should go to the right about; my little Emily, then a child of ten years of age, crying bitterly at parting with her. The child very nearly got me into a second scrape, for I gave her a sovereign to give to Emma, and she told her grandmamma: who would have related all to Anna Maria, but that I went down on my knees, and begged her not. But she had me in her power after that, and made me wince when she would say, "Marmaduke, have you any sovereigns to give away?" &c.

After Emma Buck came Mary Blackmore, whose name I remember because Mrs. Captain B. called her Mary Blackymore (and a dark swarthy girl she was, not at all good-looking in *my* eyes). This poor Mary Blackmore was sent about her business because she looked sweet on the twopenny postman, Mamma said. And she knew, no doubt, for (my wife being downstairs again long since) Mrs. B. saw everything that was passing at the door as she regularly sat in the parlour window.

After Blackmore came another girl of Mrs. B.'s own choosing: own rearing, I may say, for she was named Barbara, after Mamma, being a soldier's daughter, and coming from Portsea, where the late Captain Budge was quartered, in command of his company of marines. Of this girl Mrs. B. would ask questions out of the "Catechism" at breakfast, and my scapegrace of a Tom would burst out laughing at her blundering answers. But from a demure country lass, as she was when she came to us, Miss Barbara very quickly became a dressy, impudent-looking thing; coquetting with the grocer's and butcher's boys, and wearing silk gowns and flowers in her bonnet when she went to church on Sunday evenings, and actually appearing one day with her hair in bands, and the next day in ringlets. Of course she was setting her cap at me, Mamma said, as I was the only gentleman in the house, though for my part I declare I never saw the set of her cap at all, or knew if her hair was straight or curly. So, in a word, Barbara was sent back to her mother, and Mrs. Budge didn't fail to ask me whether I had not a sovereign to give her?

After this girl we had two or three more maids, whose appear-

ance or history it is not necessary to particularise—the latter was uninteresting, let it suffice to say ; the former grew worse and worse. I never saw such a woman as Grizzel Scrimgeour, from Berwick-upon-Tweed, who was the last that waited on us, and who was enough, I declare, to curdle the very milk in the jug as she put it down to breakfast.

At last the real aim of my two conspirators of women came out. "Marmaduke," Mrs. Captain B. said to me one morning, after this Grizzel had brought me an oniony knife to cut the bread ; "women servants are very well in their way, but there is always something disagreeable with them, and in families of a certain rank a man-servant commonly waits at table. It is proper : it is decent that it should be so in the respectable classes : and *we* are of those classes. In Captain Budge's lifetime we were never without our groom, and our tea-boy. My dear father had his butler and coachman, as our family has had ever since the Conquest ; and though you are certainly in business, as your father was before you, yet your relations are respectable ; your grandfather was a dignified clergyman in the West of England ; you have connections both in the army and navy, who are members of Clubs and known in the fashionable world ; and (though I shall never speak to that man again) remember that your wife's sister is married to a barrister who lives in Oxford Square, and goes the Western Circuit. *He* keeps a man-servant. *They* keep men-servants, and I do not like to see my poor Anna Maria occupying an inferior position in society to her sister Frederica, named after the Duke of York though she was, when his Royal Highness reviewed the Marines at Chatham ; and seeing some empty bottles carried from the table, said——"

"In mercy's name," says I, bursting out, for when she came to this story Mamma used to drive me frantic, "have a man, if you like, ma'am, and give me a little peace."

"You needn't swear, Mr. Hobson," she replied with a toss of her head ; and when I went to business that day it was decided by the women that our livery should be set up.

II

PETER GRUNDSELL, the knife-boy, the youth previously mentioned as son of my greengrocer and occasional butler, a demure little fair-haired lad, who had received his education in a green baize coat and yellow leather breeches at Saint Blaize's Charity School, was our first foot-boy or page. Mamma thought that

a full-sized footman might occasion inconvenience in the house, and would not be able to sleep in our back attic (which indeed was scarcely six feet long), and she had somehow conceived a great fondness for this youth with his pale cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow hair, who sang the sweetest of all the children in the organ-loft of Saint Blaize's. At five o'clock every morning, winter and summer, that boy, before he took a permanent engagement in my establishment, slid down our area steps, of which and of the kitchen entrance he was entrusted with the key. He crept up the stairs as silent as a cat, and carried off the boots and shoes from the doors of our respective apartments without disturbing one of us: the knives and shoes of my domestic circle were cleaned as brilliant as possible before six o'clock; he did odd jobs for the cook; he went upon our messages and errands; he carried out his father's potatoes and cauliflowers; he attended school at Saint Blaize's; he turned his mother's mangle: —there was no end to the work that boy could do in the course of a day, and he was the most active, quiet, humble little rogue you ever knew. Mrs. Captain Budge then took a just liking to the lad, and resolved to promote him to the situation of page. His name was changed from Peter to Philip, as being more genteel: and a hat with a gold cord and a knob on the top like a gilt Brussels sprout, and a dark green suit, with a white galloon stripe down the trouser-seams, and a bushel of buttons on the jacket, were purchased at an establishment in Holborn, off the dummy at the door. Mamma is a great big strong woman, with a high spirit, who, I should think, could *protect herself* very well; but when Philip had his livery, she made him walk behind her regularly, and never could go to church without Philip after her to carry the books, or out to tea of an evening without that boy on the box of the cab.

Mrs. Captain B. is fond of good living herself; and, to do her justice, always kept our servants well. I don't meddle with the kitchen affairs myself, having my own business to attend to; but I believe my servants had as much meat as they could eat, and a great deal more than was good for them. They went to bed pretty soon, for ours was an early house, and when I came in from the City after business, I was glad enough to get to bed; and they got up rather late, for we are all good sleepers (especially Mrs. B., who takes a heavy supper, which *I* never could indulge in), so that they were never called upon to leave their beds much before seven o'clock, and had their eight or nine good hours of rest every night.

And here I cannot help remarking, that if these folks knew their luck—*sua si bona nôrint*, as we used to say at Merchant Taylors; if they remembered that they are fed as well as lords,

that they have warm beds and plenty of sleep in them; that, if they are ill, they have frequently their master's doctor; that they get good wages, and beer, and sugar and tea in sufficiency: they need not be robbing their employers or taking fees from tradesmen, or grumbling at their lot. My friend and head-clerk Raddles has a hundred and twenty a year and eight children; the Reverend Mr. Bittles, our esteemed curate at Saint Blaize's, has the same stipend and family of three; and I am sure that both of those gentlemen work harder, and fare worse, than any of the servants in my kitchen, or my neighbour's. And I, who have seen that dear, good elegant *angel* * of a Mrs. Bittles ironing her husband's bands and neckcloths; and that uncommonly shy supper of dry bread and milk-and-water, which the Raddles family take when I have dropped in to visit them at their place (Glenalvon Cottage, Magnolia Road South, Camden Town), on my walks from Hampstead on a Sunday evening: — I say, I, who have seen these people, and thought about my servants at home, on the same July evening, eating buttered toast round the kitchen fire —have marvelled how resigned and contented some people were, and how readily other people grumbled.

Well, then, this young Philip being introduced into my family, and being at that period as lean as a whipping-post, and as contented with the scraps and broken victuals which the cook gave him, as an alderman with his turtle and venison, now left his mother's mangle —on which or on a sack in his father's potato-bin, he used to sleep —and put on my buttons and stripes, waited at my own table, and took his regular place at that in the kitchen, and occupied a warm bed and three blankets in the back attic.

The effect of the three (or four or five, is it?—for the deuce knows how many they take) meals a day upon the young rascal was speedily evident in his personal appearance. His lean cheeks began to fill out, till they grew as round and pale as a pair of suet dumplings. His dress from the little dummy in Holborn (a bargain of Mrs. Captain B.'s), which was always a tight fit, grew tighter and tighter; as if his meals in the kitchen were not sufficient for any two Christians, the little gormandiser levied contributions upon our parlour dishes. And one day my wife spied him with his mouth smeared all over with our jam-pudding; and on another occasion he came in with tears in his eyes and hardly able to speak, from the effects of a curry on which he had laid hands in the hall, and which

* I say this, because I think so, and will *not* be put down. My wife says she thinks there is nothing in Mrs. Bittles, and Mamma says she gives herself airs, and has a cast in her eye; but a more elegant woman *I* have never seen, no, not at a Mansion House ball, or the Opera.—M. H.

we make (from the Nawob of Mulligatawney's own receipt) remarkably fine, and as hot, as hot—as the dog-days.

As for the crockery, both the common blue and the stone china Mamma gave us on our marriage (and which, I must confess, I didn't mind seeing an end of, because she bragged and *bothered* so about it), the smashes that boy made were incredible. The handles of all the tea-cups went; and the knobs off the covers of the vegetable dishes; and the stems of the wine-glasses; and the china punch-bowl my Anna Maria was christened in. And the days he did not break the dishes on the table, he spilt the gravy on the cloth. Lord! Lord! how I did wish for my pretty neat little parlour-maid again. But I had best not, for peace' sake, enlarge again upon *that* point.

And as for getting up, I suppose the suppers and dinners made him sleepy as well as fat; certainly the little rascal for the first week did get up at his usual hour: then he was a little later: at the end of a month he came yawning downstairs after the maids had long been at work: there was no more polishing of boots and knives: barely time to get mine clean, and knives enough ready for me and my wife's breakfast (Mrs Captain B. taking hers and her poached eggs and rashers of bacon in bed)—in time enough, I say, for my breakfast, before I went into the City.

Many and many a scolding did I give that boy, until, my temper being easy and the lad getting no earthly good from my abuse of him, I left off—from sheer weariness and a desire for a quiet life. But Mamma, to do her justice, was never tired of giving it to him, and rated him up hill and down dale. It was "Philip, you are a fool;" "Philip, you dirty wretch;" "Philip, you sloven," and so forth, all dinner-time. But still, when I talked of sending him off, Mrs. Captain B. always somehow pleaded for him and insisted upon keeping him. Well. My weakness is that I can't say no to a woman, and Master Philip stayed on, breaking the plates and smashing the glass, and getting more mischievous and lazy every day.

At last there came a *crash*, which, though it wasn't *in my crockery*, did Master Philip's business. Hearing a great laughter in the kitchen one evening, Mamma (who is a good housekeeper, and does not like her servants to laugh on any account) stepped down,—and what should she find?—Master Philip, mimicking her to the women servants, and saying, "Look, this is the way old Mother Budge goes!" And pulling a napkin round his head (something like the Turkish turban Mrs. Captain B. wears), he began to speak as if in her way, saying, "Now, Philip, you nasty, idle, good-for-nothing, lazy, dirty boy you, why do you go for to spill the gravy so?" &c.

Mrs. B. rushed forward and boxed his ears soundly, and the next day he was sent about his business; for flesh and blood could bear him no longer.

Why he had been kept so long, as I said before, I could not comprehend, until after Philip had left us; and then Mamma said, looking with tears in her eyes at the chap's jacket, as it lay in the pantry, that her little boy Augustus was something like him, and he wore a jacket with buttons of that sort. Then I knew she was thinking of her eldest son, Augustus Frederick York Budge, a midshipman on board the *Hippopotamus* frigate, Captain Swang, C.B. (*I* knew the story well enough), who died of yellow fever on the West India Station in the year 1814.

III

BY the time I had had two or three more boys in my family, I got to hate them as if I had been a second Herod, and the rest of my household, too, was pretty soon tired of the wretches. If any young housekeepers read this, I would say to them, Profit by my experience, and never keep a boy; be happy with a parlour-maid, put up with a charwoman, let the cook bring up your dinner from the kitchen; get a good servant who knows his business, and pay his wages as cheerfully as you may; but never have a boy into your place, if you value your peace of mind.

You may save a little in the article of wages with the little rascal, but how much do you pay in discomfort! A boy eats as much as a man, a boy breaks twice as much as a man, a boy is twice as long upon an errand as a man; a boy batters your plate and sends it up to table dirty; you are never certain that a boy's fingers are not in the dish which he brings up to your dinner; a boy puts your boots on the wrong trees; and when at the end of a year or two he has broken his way through your crockery, and at last learned some of his business, the little miscreant privately advertises himself in the *Times* as a youth who has two years' character, and leaves you for higher wages and another place. Two young traitors served me so in the course of my fatal experience with boys.

Then, in a family council, it was agreed that a man should be engaged for our establishment, and we had a series of footmen. Our curate recommended to me our first man, whom the clergyman had found in the course of his charitable excursions. I took John Tomkins out of the garret, where he was starving. He had pawned

every article of value belonging to him; he had no decent clothes left in which he could go out to offer himself for a situation; he had not tasted meat for weeks, except such rare bits as he could get from the poor curate's spare table. He came to my house, and all of a sudden rushed into plenty again. He had a comfortable supply of clothes, meat, fire, blankets. He had not a hard master, and as for Mamma's scolding, he took it as a matter of course. He had but few pairs of shoes to clean, and lived as well as a man of five hundred a year. Well, John Tomkins left my service in six months after he had been drawn out of the jaws of death, and after he had considered himself lucky at being able to get a crust of bread, because the cook served him a dinner of cold meat two days running—"He never 'ad been used to cold meat; it was the custom in no good fam'lies to give cold meat—he wouldn't stay where it was practised." And away he went, then—very likely to starve again.

Him there followed a gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. Abershaw, for I am positive he did it, although we never could find him out. We had a character with this amiable youth which an angel might have been proud of—had lived for seven years with General Hector—only left because the family was going abroad, the General being made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Tapioca Islands—the General's sister, Mrs. Colonel Ajax, living in lodgings in the Edgware Road, answered for the man, and for the authenticity of the General's testimonials. When Mamma, Mrs. Captain B., waited upon her, Mrs. Captain B. remarked that Mrs. Colonel's lodgings were rather queer, being shabby in themselves, and over a shabbier shop—and she thought there was a smell of hot spirits and water in Mrs. Colonel's room when Mrs. B. entered it at one o'clock; but, perhaps, she was not very rich, the Colonel being on half-pay, and it might have been ether and not rum which Mrs. B. smelt. She came home announcing that she had found a treasure of a servant, and Mr. Abershaw stepped into our pantry and put on our livery.

Nothing could be better for some time than this gentleman's behaviour; and it was edifying to remark how he barred up the house of a night, and besought me to see that the plate was all right when he brought it upstairs in the basket. He constantly warned us, too, of thieves and rascals about; and though he had a villainous hang-dog look of his own, which I could not bear, yet Mamma said this was only a prejudice of mine, and, indeed, I had no fault to find with the man. Once I thought something was wrong with the lock of my study-table; but as I keep little or no money in the house, I did not give this circumstance much thought, and once Mrs. Captain Budge saw Mr. Abershaw in conversation

with a lady who had very much the appearance of Mrs. Colonel Ajax, as she afterwards remembered, but the resemblance did not, unluckily, strike Mamma at the time.

It happened one evening that we all went to see the Christmas pantomime; and of course took the footman on the box of the fly, and I treated him to the pit, where I could not see him; but he said afterwards that he enjoyed the play very much. When the pantomime was over, he was in waiting in the lobby to hand us back to the carriage, and a pretty good load we were—our three children, ourselves, and Mrs. Captain B., who is a very roomy woman.

When we got home—the cook, with rather a guilty and terrified look, owned to her mistress that a most "singlar" misfortune had happened. She was positive she shut the door—she could take her Bible oath she did—after the boy who comes every evening with the paper; but the policeman, about eleven o'clock, had rung and knocked to say that the door was open—and open it was, sure enough; and a greatcoat, and two hats, and an umbrella were gone.

"Thank 'Evins! the plate was all locked up safe in my pantry," Mr. Abershaw said, turning up his eyes; and he showed me that it was all right before going to bed that very night; he could not sleep unless I counted it, he said—and then it was that he cried out, Lord! Lord! to think that while he was so happy and unsuspicious, enjoyin' of himself at the play, some rascal should come in and rob his kind master! If he'd a know'd it, he never would have left the house—no, that he wouldn't.

He was talking on in this way, when we heard a loud shriek from Mamma's room, and her bell began to ring like mad: and presently out she ran, roaring out, "Anna Maria! Cook! Mr. Hobson! Thieves! I'm robbed, I'm robbed!"

"Where's the scoundrel?" says Abershaw, seizing the poker as valiant as any man I ever saw; and he rushed upstairs towards Mrs. B.'s apartment, I following behind more leisurely; for, if the rascal of a housebreaker had pistols with him, how was I to resist him, I should like to know?

But when I got up—there was no thief. The scoundrel had been there: but he was gone: and a large box of Mrs. B.'s stood in the centre of the room, burst open, with numbers of things strewn about the floor. Mamma was sobbing her eyes out, in her big chair; my wife and the female servants already assembled; and Abershaw, with the poker, banging under the bed to see if the villain was still there.

I was not aware at first of the extent of Mrs. B.'s misfortune,

and it was only by degrees, as it were, that that unfortunate lady was brought to tell us what she had lost. First, it was her dresses she bemoaned, two of which, her rich purple velvet and her black satin, were gone; then, it was her Cashmere shawl; then, a box full of ornaments, her jet, her pearls, and her garnets; nor was it until the next day that she confessed to my wife that the great loss of all was an old black velvet reticule, containing two hundred and twenty-three pounds, in gold and notes. I suppose she did not like to tell me of this; for a short time before, being somewhat pressed for money, I had asked her to lend me some; when, I am sorry to say, the old lady declared, upon her honour, that she had not a guinea, nor should have one until her dividends came in. Now, if she had lent it to me, she would have been paid back again, and this she owned with tears in her eyes.

Well, when she had cried and screamed sufficiently, as none of this grief would mend matters, or bring back her money, we went to bed, Abershaw clapping to all the bolts of the house door, and putting the great bar up with a clang that might be heard all through the street. And it was not until two days after the event that I got the numbers of the notes which Mrs. Captain B. had lost, and which were all paid into the Bank, and exchanged for gold the morning after the robbery.

When I was aware of its extent, and when the horse was stolen, of course I shut the stable-door, and called in a policeman—not one of your letter X policeman—but a gentleman in plain clothes, who inspected the premises, examined the family, and questioned the servants one by one. This gentleman's opinion was that the robbery was got up in the house. First he suspected the cook, then he inclined towards the housemaid, and the young fellow with whom, as it appeared, that artful hussy was keeping company; and those two poor wretches expected to be carried off to jail forthwith, so great was the terror under which they lay.

All this while Mr. Abershaw gave the policeman every information; insisted upon having his boxes examined and his accounts looked into, for though he was absent, waiting upon his master and mistress, on the night when the robbery was committed, he did not wish to escape search—not he; and so we looked over his trunks just out of compliment.

The officer did not seem to be satisfied—as, indeed, he had discovered nothing as yet—and after a long and fruitless visit in the evening, returned on the next morning in company with another of the detectives, the famous Scroggins indeed.

As soon as the famous Scroggins saw Abershaw, all matters seemed to change—"Hullo, Jerry!" said he; "what, you here?

at your old tricks again? This is the man what has done it, sir," he said to me; "he is a well-known rogue and prig." Mr. Abershaw swore more than ever that he was innocent, and called upon me to swear that I had seen him in the pit of the theatre during the whole of the performance; but I could neither take my affidavit to this fact, nor was Mr. Scroggins a bit satisfied, nor would he be until he had the man up to Beak Street Police Court and examined by the magistrate.

Here my young man was known as an old practitioner on the treadmill, and, seeing there was no use in denying the fact, he confessed it very candidly. He owned that he had been unfortunate in his youth: that he had not been in General Hector's service these five years; that the character he had got was a sham one, and Mrs. Ajax merely a romantic fiction. But no more would he acknowledge. His whole desire in life, he said, was to be an honest man; and ever since he had entered my service he had acted as such. Could I point out a single instance in which he had failed to do his duty? But there was no use in a poor fellow who had met with misfortune trying to retrieve himself: he began to cry when he said this, and spoke so naturally that I was almost inclined to swear that I *had* seen him under us all night in the pit of the theatre.

There was no evidence against him; and this good man was discharged, both from the Police Office and from our service, where he couldn't abear to stay, he said, now that his Hhonour was questioned. And Mrs. Budge believed in his innocence, and persisted in turning off the cook and housemaid, who she was sure had stolen her money; nor was she quite convinced of the contrary two years after, when Mr. Abershaw and Mrs. Colonel Ajax were both transported for forgery.

THOUGHTS ON A NEW COMEDY

(BEING A LETTER FROM MR. J——S PLUSH TO A FRIEND)

WHELL OF FORTUNE BARR,
Jenyoury twenty-fifth.

MY DEAR RINCER,—Me and Mary Hann was very much pleased with the box of feznts and woodcox, which you sent us, both for the attention which was dellygit, and because the burds was uncommon good and full of flaviour. Some we gev away: some we hett: and I leave you to emadgin that the Mann

as sent em will holways find a glass of somethink comforable in our Barr; and I hope youll soon come back to London, Rincer, my boy. Your acount of the Servants' all festivvaties at Fitzbattleaxe Castle, and your dancing Sir Rodjydycovyly (I dont know how to spell it) with Lady Hawguster, emused Mary Hann very much. That sottathing is very well—onst a year or so: but in my time I thought the fun didnt begin until the great folks had gone away. Give my kind suvvices to Mrs. Lupin, and tell Munseer Beshymell with my and Mary Hann's best wishes, that our little Fanny can play several tunes on his pianner. Comps to old Coachy.

Till parlymint nothink is stirring, and theres no noose to give you or fill my sheat—igsept (and I dessay this will surprize you)—igsept I talk about the new Play.

Although Im not genly a patternizer of the Drammer, which it interfears very much with my abbits and ixpeshly is not plesnt dareckly after dinner to set hoff to a cold theayter for a middle-Hage Mann, who likes to take things heazy; yet, my dear feller, I do from time to time step in (with a horder) to the walls of the little Aymarket or Old Dewry, sometimes to give a treat to Mrs. Jeames and the younguns, sometimes to wild away a hidle hour when shes outatown or outatemper (which sometimes will ocur in the best reglated famlies you know) or when some private mellumcolly or sorrer of my own is a hagitating hof me.

Yesdy evening it was none of these motifs which injuiced me to go to the theayter—I had heard there was a commady jest brought out, inwolving the carrickter of our profession—that profeshn which you and me, Mr. Rincer, did onst belong to. I'm not above that profeshn; I ave its hintarests and Honor at art: and of hevery man that wears the Plush, I say that Mann is my Brother—(not that I need be phonder of him for that; on the contry, I recklect at our school where I lunt the fust rules of athography and grammer, the Brothers were holwis a pitchen into each other)—but in fine, I love the Plush of hold days, and hah! I regret that hold Father Time is doing somethink to my Air, which wightns it more pumminantly than the Powder which once I war!

A commady, sir, has been brought out (which Im surprized it aint been mentioned at my Barr, though to be sure mose gents is keeping Grismass Olydays in the Country) in which I was creddably informmed—one of hus—one of the old Plushes—why should I ezitate to say, *a Footman*, forms the prinsple drammitis-pursony. How is my horder represented on the British Stage I hast myself? Are we spoke of respeckful or otherwise? Does anybody snear at our youniform or purfeshn? I was determingd to see; and in case of hanythink inslant being said of us, I took a key with me in

horder to iss propply ; and bought sevral horringers jest to make uce of em if I sor any *nesessaty*.

My dear Rincer. I greave to say, that though there was nothink against our purfeshn said in the pease—and though the most delligit and sensatif footman (and Ive known no men of more dellixy of feelin and sensabillaty than a well-reglated footman is whether hin or hout of livry) could find folt with the *languidge* of the New Commady of "Leap Year," yet its prinsples is dangerous to publick maralaty, as likewise to our beloved purfeshn.

The plot of the Pease is founderd upon a hancient Lor, which the Hauther, Mr. Buckstone, discovvred in an uncommon hold book, and by which it epears that in Lip-Year (or whats called Bissixdile in Istronnamy) it is the women who have the libbaty of choosing their usbands, and not as in hornary times, the men who choose their wives (I reckmend you old feller who are a reglar hold Batchylor, to look out in the Ormnack for Lip Year, and kip *hout of the way* that year) and this pragtice must be common anough in Hengland, for a commady is a reprasentation of natur, and in this one, every one of the women asts every one of the men to marry : igsept one, and she asts two of em.

Onst upon a time there was an old genlmn by the name of Flowerdew as married a young woman, who became in consquince Mrs. Flora Flowerdew. She made this hold buck so Appy during the breaf coarse of his meddrimonial career, that he left a will, hordering her to marry agin before three years was over, failing vich, hevary shillin of his proppaty should go to his nex Hair. Aving maid these destimentry erangements hold Flowerdew died. Peace be to his Hashes !

His widder didnt cry much (for betwigst you and me F. must have been raythor a silly old feller), but lived on in a genteal manner in a house somewhere in the drecshon of Amstid I should think, entertaining her frends like a lady : and like a lady she kep her coachman and groom : had her own maid, a cook & housemaid of coarse, a page and a MANN.

If *I* had been a widder I would have choas a Man of a better Ithe, than Mrs. Flowerjew did. Nothink becomes a footman so much as Ithe. Its that which dixtinguidges us from the wulgar, and I greave to say in this pedicklar the gentleman as hacted Villiam Valker, Mrs. F's man, was sadly defishnt. He was respeckble, quiet, horderly, hactive—but his figger I must say was no go. You and me Rincer ave seen footmen and know whats the proper sort—seen em? Hah, what men there was in hour time ! Do you recklect Bill the Maypole as was with us at Lord Ammersmiths? What a chap that was ! what a leg he ad ! The young men are

not like us, Tom Rincer,—but I am diwerging from my tail, which I reshume.

I diddnarive at the commensment of the drammer (for their was a Purty a settling his skower in my Barr which kep me a cumsederable time), but when I hentered the theaytre I fown myself in presnts of Mr. & Mrs. C. Kean in a droring-roomb, Mrs. K. at a tabble pertending to right letters, or to so ankyshuffs, or somethink, Mr. K. a clasping his &s, a rowling his his, and a quoating poatry & Byrom and that sort of thing like anythink.

Mrs. Kean, she was the widdo, and Mr. K. he was Villiam the man. He wasnt a Buttler dear Rincer like U. He wasnt groom of the Chimbers like Mr. Mewt at my Lords (to whomb my best complymince), he wasnt a mear footman, he wasnt a page: but he was a mixter of all 4. He had trowzies like a page with a red strip; he had a coat like a Hunndress John; he had the helegant mistary of Mr. Mewt, and there was a graceful abanding and a daggijay hair about him which I whish it was more adopted in our purfeshn.

Haltho in hour time, dear Rincer, we didn quoat Byrom and Shikspyer in the droring-room to the ladies of the famly, praps things is haltered sins the *marge of hintalect*, and the young Jeamses do talk potry.—Well, for sevral years, during which he had been in Mrs. F.'s service, Walker had been goin on in this manner, and it was heasy at once to see at the very hopening of the pease, from the manner of missis and man, that there was more than the common sewillaties of a lady and a genlman in livary goin on between em, and in one word that they were pashintly in love with each other. This wont surprize *you*, Rincer, my boy; and in the coarse of *my* expearance I might tell a story or two—O Lady Harabellar; but Honor forbids, and Im mumm.

Several shutors come to whoo the widow; but none, and no great wonder, have made an impreshn on her heart. One she takes *as a husband on trial*—and he went out to dinner on the very fust day of his apprentiship, and came home intogsicated. Another whomb she would not have, a Captain in the Harmy, pulls out a bill when she refuses him, and requestes her to pay for his loss of time, and the clothes he has hordered in horder to captiwate her. Finely the piece hends by the widdo proposing to William Walker, her servant, and marrying that pusson.

I don't hask whether widdos take usbands on trial. I do not pores to inquier whether Captings send in bills of costs for courtship, or igsamming other absuddaties in this Commady. I look at it purfeshnly, and I look at it gravely, Rincer. Hand I can't help

seeing that it is dangerous to our horder, and subwussive of domestic maralaty.

I say theres a Prinsple in a honist footman which should make him purtest and rewolt aginst such doctorings as these. A fatle pashn may hapn hany day to hany Mann; as a chimbly-pott may drop on his head, or a homnibus drive hover him. We cant help falling in love with a fine woman—we are men: we are fine men praps; and praps she returns our harder. But whats the use of it? There *can* be no marridges between footmen and families in which they live. There's a Lor of Natur against it, and it should be wrote in the prayer-books for the use of Johns that a man may not marry his Missus—If this kind of thing was to go on hoften, there would be an end to domestic life. John would be holways up in the droring-room courting: or Miss would be for hever down in the pantry: you'd get no whirk done. How could he clean his plate propply with Miss holding one of his ands sittin on the knife bord? It's impawsable. We may marry in other families but not in our hown. We have each our spears as we have each our Bells. Theirs is the fust flor; hours is the basemint. A man who marris his Missis hingers his purfeshnal bruthering. I would cut that Man dedd who married his Missis. I would blackbawl him at the clubb. Let it onst git abroad that we do so, and famlies will leave off iring footmen haltogether and be weighted upon by maids, which the young ladies cant marry them, and I leave you to say whether the purfeshn isnt a good one, and whether it woodnt be a pity to spoil it —Yours hever, my dear Rincer, J. P.

To Mr. Rincer,
at the Duke of Fitzbattleaxes,
Fitzbattleaxe Castle, Flintshire.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON

SIR,—I am a country gentleman, infirm in health, stricken in years, and only occasionally visiting the metropolis, of which the dangers, *and the noise and the crowds*, are somewhat too much for my quiet nerves. But at this season of Easter, having occasion to come to London, where my son resides, I was induced to take his carriage and his five darling children for a day's sight-seeing. And of sight-seeing I have had, sir, enough, not for a day, but for *my whole life.*

My son's residence is in the elegant neighbourhood of P–rtm–n

Square; and taking his carriage, of which both the horse and driver are perfectly steady and past the prime of life, our first visit was to the Tenebrorama, in the Regent's Park, where I was told some neat paintings were exhibited, and I could view some scenes at least of foreign countries without the danger and fatigue of personal travel. I paid my money at the entrance of the building, and entered with my unsuspicious little charges into the interior of the building. Sir, it is like the entrance to the Eleusinian mysteries, or what I have been given to understand is the initiation into Freemasonry. We plunged out of the light into such a profound darkness, that my darling Anna Maria instantly began to cry. We felt we were in a chamber, sir, dimly creaking and moving underneath us—a horrid sensation of sea-sickness and terror overcame us, and I was almost as frightened as my poor innocent Anna Maria.

The first thing we saw was a ghastly view of a church—the Cathedral of Saint Sepulchre's, at Jericho, I believe it was called—a dreary pile, with not a soul in it, not so much as a pew-opener or verger to whom one could look for refuge from the dismal solitude. Sir, I don't care to own I am frightened at being in a church alone; I was once locked up in one at the age of thirteen, having fallen asleep during the sermon; and though I have never seen a ghost, they are in my family: my grandmother saw one. I hate to look at a great ghastly, naked edifice paved with gravestones, and surrounded with epitaphs and death's heads, and I own that I thought a walk in the Park would have been more cheerful than this.

As we looked at the picture, the dreary church became more dreary; the shadows of night (by means of curtains and contrivances, which I heard in the back part of the mystery making an awful flapping and pulling) fell deeply and more terribly on the scene. It grew pitch dark; my poor little ones clung convulsively to my knees; an organ commenced playing a dead march—it was midnight—tapers presently began to flicker in the darkness—the organ to moan more dismally—and suddenly, by a hideous optical delusion, the church was made to appear as if full of people, the altar was lighted up with a mortuary illumination, and the dreadful monks were in their stalls.

I have been in churches. I have thought the sermon long. I never thought the real service so long as that painted one which I witnessed at the Tenebrorama. My dear children whispered, "Take us out of this place, Grandpapa." I would have done so. I started to get up (the place being now dimly visible to our eyes, accustomed to the darkness, and disclosing two other wretches

looking on in the twilight besides ourselves)—I started, I say, to get up, when the chamber began to move again, and I sank back on my seat, not daring to stir.

The next view we saw was the Summit of Mount Ararat, I believe, or else of a mountain in Switzerland, just before dawn. I can't bear looking down from mountains or heights; when taken to Saint Paul's by my dear mother as a child, I had well-nigh fainted when brought out into the outer gallery; and this view of Mount Ararat is so dreadful, so lonely, so like nature, that it was all I could do to prevent myself from dashing down the peak and plunging into the valley below. A storm, the thunderous rumble of which made me run cold, the fall of an avalanche destroying a village, some lightning, and an eclipse I believe of the sun, were introduced as ornaments to this picture, which I would as lief see again as undergo a nightmare.

More dead than alive, I took my darling children out of the place, and tenderly embraced them when I was out of the door.

The Haidorama is next by, and my dear little third grandchild insisted upon seeing it. Sir, we unsuspecting ones went into the place, and saw—what do you think?—the Earthquake of Lisbon! Ships were tossed and dashed about the river before us in a frightful manner. Convents and castles toppled down before our eyes and burst into flames. We heard the shrieks of the mariners in the storm, the groans of the miserable people being swallowed up or smashed in the rocking reeling ruins—tremendous darkness, lurid lightning flashes, and the awful booming of thunderbolts roared in our ears, dazzled our eyes, and frightened our senses so, that I protest I was more dead than alive when I quitted the premises, and don't know how I found myself in my carriage.

We were then driven to the Zoological Gardens, a place which I often like to visit (keeping away from the larger beasts, such as the bears, who I often fancy may jump from their poles upon certain unoffending Christians; and the howling tigers and lions who are continually biting the keepers' heads off), and where I like to look at the monkeys in the cages (the little rascals!) and the birds of various plumage.

Fancy my feelings, sir, when I saw in these gardens—in these gardens frequented by nursery-maids, mothers, and children, an immense brute of an elephant, about a hundred feet high, rushing about with a wretched little child on his back, and a single man vainly endeavouring to keep him back! I uttered a shriek—I called my dear children round about me. And I am not ashamed to confess it, sir, I ran. I ran for refuge into a building hard by, where I saw—ah, sir! I saw an immense boa-constrictor swallow-

ing a live rabbit—swallowing a live rabbit, sir, and looking as if he would have swallowed one of my little boys afterwards. Good heavens! sir, do we live in a Christian country, and are parents and children to be subjected to sights like these?

Our next visit—of pleasure, sir! bear with me when I say *pleasure*—was to the Waxwork in Baker Street,—of which I have only to say that, rather than be left alone in *that* gallery at night with those statues, I would consent to be locked up with one of the horrid lions at the Zoological Gardens. There is a woman in black there lying on a sofa, and whose breast heaves—there is an old man whose head is always slowly turning round—there is her M——y and the R–y–l Children looking as if they all had the yellow fever —sights enough to terrify *any* Christian I should think—sights which, nevertheless, as a man and a grandfather, I did not mind undergoing.

But my second boy, Tommy, a prying little dare-devil, full of mischief, must insist upon our going to what he called the reserved apartment, where Napoleon's carriage was, he said, and other curiosities. Sir, he caused me to pay sixpences for all the party, and introduced me to what?—to the Chamber of Horrors, sir! —they're not ashamed to call it so—they're proud of the frightful title and the dreadful exhibition—and what did I there behold?— murderers, sir,—murderers; some of them in their own cold blood —Robespierre's head off in a plate—Marat stuck and bleeding in a bath—Mr. and Mrs. Manning in a frightful colloquy with Courvoisier and Fieschi about the infernal machine—and my child, my grandchild, sir, laughed at my emotion and ridiculed his grandfather's just terror at witnessing this hideous scene!

Jacky, my fifth, is bound for India—and wished to see the Overland Journey portrayed, which, as I also am interested in the future progress of that darling child, I was anxious to behold. We came into the Exhibition, sir, just at the moment when the Simoom was represented. Have you ever seen a simoom, sir? Can you figure to yourself what a simoom is?—a tornado of sand in which you die before you can say Jack Robinson; in which camels, horses, men are swept into death in an instant—and this was the *agreeable* sight which, as a parent and a man, I was called upon to witness! Shuddering, and calling my little charges around me, I quitted Waterloo Place, and having treated the dear beings to a few buns in the Haymarket, conducted them to their last place of amusement, viz., the Panorama, in Leicester Place.

Ah, sir! of what clay are mortals supposed to be made, that they can visit that exhibition? Dreams I have had in my life, but as that view of the Arctic Regions nothing so terrible. My blood

freezes as I think of that frightful *summer* even—but what to say of the winter? By heavens, sir! I could not face the sight—the icy picture of eternal snow—the livid northern lights, the killing glitter of the stars; the wretched mariners groping about in the snow round the ship; they caused in me such a shudder of surprise and fright, that I don't blush to own I popped down the curtain after one single peep, and would not allow my children to witness it.

Are others to be so alarmed, so misled, so terrified? I beseech all people who *have nerves* to pause ere they go sight-seeing at the present day; and remain, your obedient servant, GOLIAH MUFF.

THE LION-HUNTRESS OF BELGRAVIA;

BEING LADY NIMROD'S JOURNAL OF THE PAST SEASON

I

WHEN my husband's father, Sir John Nimrod, died, after sixteen years' ill-health, which ought to have killed a dozen ordinary baronets, and which I bore, for my part, with angelic patience, we came at length into the property which ought, by rights, to have been ours so long before (otherwise, I am sure, I would never have married Nimrod, or gone through eighteen years of dulness and comparative poverty in second-rate furnished houses, at home and abroad), and at length *monté 'd* my *maison* in London. I married Nimrod an artless and beautiful young woman, as I may now say without vanity, for I have given up all claims to youth or to personal appearance; and am now at the *mezzo* of the path of *nostra vita*, as Dante says: having no pretensions to flirt at all, and leaving that frivolous amusement to the young girls. I made great sacrifices to marry Nimrod: I gave up for him Captain (now General) Flather, the handsomest man of his time, who was ardently attached to me; Mr. Pyx, then tutor to the Earl of Noodlebury, but now Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy; and many more whom I need not name, and some of whom, I dare say, have never forgiven me for jilting them, as they call it. But how could I do otherwise? Mamma's means were small. Who could suppose that a captain of dragoons at Brighton, or a nobleman's tutor and chaplain (who both of them adored me certainly), would ever rise to their present eminent positions? And I therefore sacrificed myself and my inclinations, as every well-nurtured and highly

principled girl will, and became Mrs. Nimrod—remaining Mrs. Nimrod—plain Mrs. Nimrod, as Mr. Grimstone said—for eighteen years. What I suffered no one can tell. Nimrod has no powers of conversation, and I am all soul and genius. Nimrod cares neither for poetry, nor for company, nor for science, and without geology, without poesy, without society, life is a blank to me. Provided he could snooze at home with the children, poor N. was (and is) happy. But ah! could their innocent and often foolish conversation suffice to a woman of my powers? I was wretchedly deceived, it must be owned, in my marriage, but what mortal among us has not his or her *tracasseries* and *désillusionnements?* Had I any idea that the old Sir John Nimrod would have clung to life with such uncommon tenacity, I might now have been the occupant of the palace of Bullocksmithy (in place of poor Mrs. Pyx, who is a vulgar creature), and not the mistress of my house in Eaton Crescent, and of Hornby Hall, Cumberland, where poor Sir Charles Nimrod generally lives, shut up with his gout and his children.

He does not come up to London, nor is he *fait pour y briller.* My eldest daughter is amiable, but she has such frightful red hair that I really could not bring her into the world; the boys are with their tutor and at Eton; and as I was born for society, I am bound to seek for it alone. I pass eight months in London, and the remainder at Baden, or at Brighton, or at Paris. We receive company at Hornby for a fortnight when I go. Sir C—— N—— does not trouble himself much with London or *mon monde.* He moves about my saloons without a word to say for himself; he asked me whether Dr. Buckland was a poet, whether Sir Sidney Smith was not an Admiral; he generally over eats and drinks himself at the house-dinners of his clubs, being a member of both Snooker's and Toodle's, and returns home after six weeks to his stupid Cumberland solitudes. Thus it will be seen that my lot in life as a domestic character is not a happy one. Born to *briller* in society, I had the honour of singing on the table at Brighton before the epicure George the Fourth at six years of age.* What was the use of shining under such a bushel as poor dear Sir C—— N——? There are some of us gifted but unfortunate beings whose lot is the world. We are like the Wanderer in my dear friend Eugène Sue's elegant novel, to whom Fate says, "*Marche, marche:*" for us pilgrims of society there is *no* rest. The Bellairs have been a fated race: dearest mamma dropped down in the tea-rooms at Almack's, and was carried home paralysed; I have heard that papa (before our misfortunes, and when he lived at Castle Bellairs,

* It was *not* before George the Fourth, but before the Prince of Wales, that Lady Nimrod, then Miss Bellairs, performed at the Pavilion.

and in Rutland Square, never dined alone for twenty-seven years and three-quarters, and rather than be without company he would sit and laugh and quaff with the horrid bailiffs who often arrested him.

I am a creature of the world, then ; I cannot help my nature. The Eagle (the crest of the Bellairs) flies to the dazzling sun, while the "moping owl" prefers the stupid darkness of the thicket.

They call me the Lion-Huntress. I own that I love the society of the distinguished and the great. A mere cultivator of frivolous fashion, a mere toady of the great, I despise ; but genius, but poetry, but talent, but scientific reputation, but humour, but eccentricity above all I adore. I have opened my *salons* now for several seasons. Everybody of note who has been in our metropolis I have received,—the great painters, the great poets and sculptors (dear dear sculptures, I adore them !) the great musicians and artists, the great statesmen of all the great countries, the great envoys, the great missionaries, the great generals, the great *every*bodies have honoured the *réunions* of Clementina Nimrod. I have had at the same dinner the wise and famous Monsieur Doctrinaire (and was in hopes he would have come to me in the footman's suit in which he escaped from Paris ; but he only came with his Golden Fleece, his broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and eighteen orders), Signor Bombardi the Roman tribune, General Prince Rubadubsti the Russian General, and dear Tarboosh Pasha, who was converted to Islamism after his heroic conduct in Hungary. I have had Monsieur Sansgêne, the eminent socialist refugee ; Rabbi Jehoshaphat, from Jerusalem ; the Archbishop of Mealypotatoes, *in partibus infidelium*, and in purple stockings ; Brother Higgs, the Mormon Prophet ; and my own dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy, who has one of the prettiest ankles and the softest hands in England, seated round my *lowly* board. I have had that darling Colonel Milstone Reid, the decipherer of the Babylonish inscriptions ; the eminent Professor Hödwinck, of Halle, author of those extraordinary "Horæ Antediluvianæ," and "The History of the Three Hundred First Sovereigns of the Fourth Preadamite Period ;" and Professor Blenkinhorn (who reads your handwriting in that wonderful way, you know, for thirteen stamps) round one tea-table in one room in my house. I have had the hero of Acre, the hero of Long Acre, and a near relation of Greenacre at the same *soirée ;* and I am not ashamed to own, that when during his trial the late atrocious Mr. Rawhead, confiding in his acquittal, wrote to order a rump and dozen at the inn, I was so much deceived by the barefaced wretch's protestations of innocence, that I sent him a little note, requesting the honour of his company at an evening

party at my house. He was found justly guilty of the murder of Mrs. Tripes, was hanged, and, of course, could not come to my party. But had he been innocent, what shame would there have been in my receiving a man so certainly remarkable, and whose undoubted courage (had it been exerted in a better cause) might have led him to do great things? Yes, and if I take that villa at Fulham next year, I hope to have a snug Sunday party from the Agapemone for a game at hockey; when I hope that my dear Bishop of Bullocksmithy will come.

Indeed, what is there in life worth living for but the enjoyment of the society of men of talent and celebrity? Of the mere *monde*, you know, one person is just like another. Lady A. and Lady B. have their dresses made by the same milliner, and talk to the same pattern. Lord C.'s whiskers are exactly like Mr. D.'s, and their coats are the same, and their plaited shirt-fronts are the same, and they talk about the same things. If one dines with E., or F., or G., or H., one has the same dinner at each table; the very same soup, *entrées*, sweets, and ices, interspersed with the same conversation carried round in an undertone. If one goes to I. House or K. House, there is the same music—the same Mario and Lablache, the same Lablache and Mario. As for friends in the world, we know what *they* are, stupid frumps and family connections, who are angry if they are not invited to all one's parties, who know and tell all one's secrets, who spread all the bad stories about one that are true or half-true, or untrue; I make a point, for my part, to have no friends. I mean, nobody who shall be on such a confidential footing as that he or she shall presume to know too much of my affairs, or that I shall myself be so fond of, that I should miss them were they to be estranged or to die. One is not made, or one need not be made, to be uncomfortable in life: one need have no painful sensations about anybody. And that is why I admire and am familiar with remarkable people and persons of talent only; because, if they die, or go away, or bore me, I can get other people of talent or remarkable persons in their place. For instance, this year it is the Nepaulese Princes, and Mlle. Vandermeer, and the Hippopotamus, one is interested about; next year it may be the Chinese Ambassadors, or the Pope, or the Duke of Bordeaux, or who knows who? This year it is the author of the "Memoriam" (and a most pleasing poet), or Mr. Cumming, the Lion-Hunter of South Africa, or that dear Prelude; next year, of course, there will be somebody else, and some other poems or delightful works, which will come in; and of which there is always a bountiful and most providential and blessed natural supply with every succeeding season.

And as I now sit calmly, at the end of a well-spent season,

surveying my empty apartments, and thinking of the many interesting personages who have passed through them, I cannot but think how wise my course has been, and I look over the lists of my lions with pleasure. Poor Sir C——, in the same way, keeps a game-book, I know, and puts down the hares and pheasants which he has bagged in his stupid excursions, and if that strange and delightful bearded hunter, Mr. Cumming (who was off for Scotland just when I went to his charming and terrible Exhibition, close by us at Knightsbridge, and with an intimate Scotch mutual acquaintance, who would have introduced me, when I should have numbered in my Wednesday list and my dinner-list one *noble lion* more)—if Mr. Cumming, I say, keeps *his* journal of springboks, and elephants and sea-cows, and lions and monsters, why should not Clementina Nimrod be permitted to recur to her little journals of the sporting season?

II

CONTINUALLY have I been asked, What is a lion? A lion is a man or woman one must have at one's parties—I have no other answer but that. One has a man at one's parties because one sees him at everybody else's parties; I cannot tell you why. It is the way of the world, and when one is of the world, one must do as the world does.

Vulgar people, and persons not of the world, nevertheless, have their little parties and their little great men (the foolish absurd creatures!), and I have no doubt that at any little lawyer's wife's tea-table in Bloomsbury, or merchant's heavy mahogany in Portland Place, our manners are ludicrously imitated, and that these people show off their lions just as we do. I heard Mr. Grimstone the other night telling of some people with whom he had been dining, a kind who are not in society, and of whom, of course, one has never heard. He said that their manners were not unlike ours; that they lived in a very comfortably furnished house; that they had *entrées* from the confectioner's, and that kind of thing; and that they had their lions, the absurd creatures, in imitation of us. Some of these people have a great respect for the peerage, and Grimstone says that at this house, which belongs to a relative of his, they never consider their grand dinners complete without poor Lord Muddlehead to take the lady of the house to dinner. Lord Muddlehead never speaks; but drinks unceasingly during dinner-time, and is there, Grimstone says, that the host may have the pleasure of calling out in a loud voice, and the hearing of his twenty

guests, "Lord Muddlehead, may I have the honour of taking wine with your Lordship?"

I am told there are several members of the aristocracy who let themselves out to be dined, as it were, in this sad way; and do not dislike the part of lion which they play in these inferior houses.

Well, then? —what must we acknowledge?—that persons not in society imitate us; and that everybody has his family circle and its little lion for the time being. With us it is Nelson come home from winning the battle of Aboukir; with others it is Tom Smith who has gained the silver sculls at the rowing match. With us it is a Foreign Minister, or a Prince in exile; with others it may be Master Thomas who has just come from Cambridge, or Mr. and Mrs. Jones who have just been on a tour to Paris. Poor creatures! do not let us be too hard on them! People may not be in society —and yet, I dare say, mean very well. I have found in steamboats on the Rhine, and at *tables-d'hôte* on the Continent, very well informed persons, really very agreeable and well mannered, with whom one could converse very freely, and get from them much valuable information and assistance—and who, nevertheless, were not in society at all. These people one does not, of course, recognise on returning to this country (unless they happen to get into the world, as occasionally they do): but it is surprising how like us many of them are, and what good imitations of our manners they give.

For instance, this very Mr. Grimstone —Lady Tollington took him up, and, of course, if Lady Tollington takes up a man he goes everywhere — four or five years ago in Germany I met him at Wiesbaden; he gave me up his bedroom, for the inn was full, and he slept on a billiard-table, I think, and was very good-natured, amusing, and attentive. He was not then *du monde*, and I lost sight of him: for, though he bowed to me one night at the Opera, I thought it was best not to encourage him, and my glass would not look his way. But when once received—difficulties of course vanished, and I was delighted to know him.

"O Mr. Grimstone!" I said, "how charmed I am to see you among us. How pleasant you must be, ain't you? I see you were at Lady Tollington's and Lady Trumpington's; and of course you will go everywhere: and will you come to my Wednesdays?"

"It is a great comfort, Lady Nimrod," Grimstone said, "to be in society at last—and a great privilege. You know that my relations are low, that my father and mother are vulgar, and that until I came into the *monde*, I had no idea what decent manners were, and had never met a gentleman or a lady before?"

Poor young man! Considering his disadvantages, he really pronounces his *h*'s very decently; and I watched him all through dinner-time, and he behaved quite well. Lady Blinker says he is satirical: but he seems to me simple and quiet.

Mr. Grimstone is a lion now. His speech in Parliament made him talked about. Directly one is talked about, one is a lion. He is a Radical; and his principles are, I believe, horrid. But one must have him to one's parties, as he goes to Lady Tollington's.

There is nothing which I dislike so much as the illiberality of some narrow-minded English people, who want to judge everything by their own standard of morals, and are squeamish with distinguished foreigners whose manners do not exactly correspond with their own. Have we any right to quarrel with a Turkish gentleman because he has three or four wives? With an officer of Austrian Hussars, because, in the course of his painful duties, he has had to inflict personal punishment on one or two rebellious Italian or Hungarian ladies, and whip a few little boys? Does anybody cut Dr. Hawtrey, at Eton, for correcting the boys?—*my* sons, I'm sure, would be the better for a little more. When the Emperor's aide-de-camp, Count Knoutoff, was in this country, was he not perfectly well received at Court and in the very first circles? It gives one a sort of thrill, and imparts a piquancy and flavour to a whole party when one has a lion in it who has hanged twenty-five Polish colonels, like Count Knoutoff; or shot a couple of hundred Carlist officers before breakfast, like General Garbanzos, than whom I never met a more mild, accomplished, and elegant man. I should say he is a man of the most sensitive organisation, that he would shrink from giving pain—he has the prettiest white hand I ever saw, except my dear Bishop's; and, besides, in those countries an officer must do his duty. These extreme measures, of course, are not what one would like officers of one's own country to do: but consider the difference of the education of foreigners!—and also, it must be remembered, that if poor dear General Garbanzos *did* shoot the Carlists, those horrid Carlists, if they had caught him, would certainly have shot *him*.

In the same way about remarkable women who come among us—their standard of propriety, it must be remembered, is not ours, and it is not for us to judge them. When that delightful Madame Andria came amongst us (whom Grimstone calls Polyandria, though her name is Alphonsine), who ever thought of refusing to receive her? Count Andria and her first husband, the Baron de Frump, are the best friends imaginable; and I have heard that the Baron was present at his wife's second marriage, wished her new husband joy with all his heart, and danced with a Royal Princess at the

wedding. It is well known that the Prince Gregory Ragamoffski, who comes out of Prussian Poland—(where I hope Miss Hulker, of Lombard Street, leads a happy life, and finds a *couronne fermée* a consolation for a bad odious husband, an uncomfortable hide-and-seek barn of a palace as it is called, and a hideous part of the country)—I say it is well known that Ragamoffski was married before he came to England, and that he made a separation from his Princess *à l'aimable;* and came hither expressly for an heiress. Who minds these things? Ragamoffski was everywhere in London; and there were Dukes at Saint George's to sign the register; and at the breakfast in Hyde Park Gardens, which old Hulker gave, without inviting *me*, by the way. Thence, I say it ought to be clear to us that foreigners are to be judged by their own ways and habits, and not ours—and that idle cry which people make against some of them for not conforming to our practices ought to be put down! Cry out against them, indeed! Mr. Grimstone says, that if the Emperor Nero, having slaughtered half Christendom the week before, could come to England with plenty of money in his pocket, all London would welcome him, and he would be pressed at the very first houses to play the fiddle—and that if Queen Catherine of Medicis, though she had roasted all the Huguenots in France, had come over afterwards to Mivart's, on a visit to Queen Elizabeth, the very best nobility in the country would have come to put their names down in her visiting-book.

III

AMONG the most considerable lions who have figured in my menagerie, I may mention Bobbachy Bahawder, the Prince of Delhi, who came over on a confidential mission, from His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Aurungzebe, his august sovereign and master. No *soirée* was for some time complete without the Bobbachy. Of all the Orientals who have visited our shores, it was agreed that he was the most witty, interesting, and accomplished; he travelled with a small suite of Hookabadars, Kitmutgars, and Lascars; and the sensation was prodigious which was occasioned by the intelligence, that the distinguished Envoy had it in command from his Imperial master, to choose out from among the beauties of Britain a young lady who would not object to become Empress of Delhi in place of the late lamented wife of the sovereign, for whose loss his Majesty was inconsolable. It was only after he had been for some time in the country, that this the real object of his mission

transpired: for, for some time, the Bobbachy lived in the most private manner, and he was not even presented at Court, nor asked to a turtle dinner by the East India Company. In fact, some of the authorities of Leadenhall Street said that the Bobbachy was no more an Ambassador than you or I, and hinted he was an impostor; but his Excellency's friends knew better, and that there are differences of such a serious nature between the East India Company and the Delhi Emperor, that it was to the interest of the Leadenhall Street potentates to ignore the Bobbachy, and throw all the discredit which they could upon the Envoy of the great, widowed, and injured sovereign.

Lady Lynx took this line, and would not receive him; but the manner in which her Ladyship is *liée* with some of those odious directors, and the way in which she begs, borrows, and, as *I* believe, sells, the cadetships and writerships which she gets from them, is very well known. She did everything malice and envy could suggest to bring this eminent Asiatic into disrepute; she said he was not a Prince, or an Envoy at all, or anything but a merchant in his own country; but as she always tries to sneer at my lions, and to pooh-pooh my parties, and as I was one of the first to welcome the distinguished Bobbachy to this country, the very ill-will and envy of Lady Lynx only made me the more confident of the quality of this remarkable person; and I do not blush to own that I was among the first to welcome him to our shores. I asked people to meet the Ambassador of the Emperor of Delhi. That I own, and that he denied altogether that he was here in any such capacity; but if reasons of State prevented him from acknowledging his rank, that was no reason why we should not award it to him; and I was proud to have the chance of presenting his Excellency to society, in opposition to that stupid uninteresting Hungarian General whom Lady Lynx brought out at the same time, and who, to the best of my belief, was an Irishman out of Connaught, for he spoke English with a decided Connemara brogue.

When the Bobbachy first came to this country, he occupied humble lodgings in Jermyn Street, and lived at no expense; but happening to be staying at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where he one day came to dinner, I introduced myself to him in the hotel gardens; said I was the Lady Nimrod, one of the chiefs of English society, of whom perhaps he had heard, and that I should be glad to do anything in my power to make the metropolis welcome for him, and introduce him into the best company. He put both his hands before him on his breast, as if he was going to swim at me, Mr. Grimstone said, and made me a most elegant bow; answering in very good English that my humble name and the reputation of

my parties had often formed the subject of conversation at the Court of Delhi and throughout the East; and that it was a white day in his life in which he had the delight to see the countenance of one who was so illustrious for beauty, as he was pleased to say I was. "Ah!" he often said afterwards, "why has Fate disposed so early of such a lovely creature? What a lucky individual is he" (meaning Nimrod) "who possesses such a pearl! It is fit to be worn in an Emperor's turban, and I must not speak about you to my master or show your portrait to him unless I can take you to him; for he will certainly, when I get back to Delhi, chop my head off from rage and disappointment at my returning home without you."

This speech, though Oriental, at least shows he was well bred. As for my marrying the Emperor, that is out of the question, for Nimrod is alive in the country, and we have no means of pursuing your Oriental practices of bowstringing here. I told the Bobbachy at once that the Emperor must never think of me, must never be spoken to about me, and that I must live and die an English, not an Indian lady. But this was in after-times, and when we grew more intimate together. Meanwhile it gave me great pleasure in introducing into the world this amiable and polite exotic.

At first, as I have said, he lived in a very humble and retired manner in Jermyn Street. When I called upon him in my carriage with my footmen, the door was opened by a maid of all work, who told us with wonder that "the Injan gent," as she called him, lived on the second-floor. I toiled up to his apartment (how different to the splendid halls and alabaster pillars and sparkling fountains of the palaces of his native East!) and there found his Excellency on a horsehair sofa, smoking his hookah. I insisted upon taking him a drive into the Park. It happened to be a fine day, and there was a throng of carriages, and most eyes were directed towards the noble stranger, as he sat by my side in the carriage in a simple Oriental costume with a turban of red and gold. I would have taken the back seat and have let him sit cross-legged, but I had Miss Higgs, my companion, and Fido on the back seat. I mentioned everywhere who he was, took him to the Opera that night, and had him at my Wednesday, with a *petit dîner chosi* to meet him.

He had not been at Court as yet, nor with the East India Company, for the reasons I have stated; until the presents for her Majesty, with which the *Burrumpooter* East Indiaman was loaded, had reached London—presents consisting of the most valuable diamonds, shawls, elephants, and other choice specimens of Oriental splendour—had arrived in the East India Docks, it was

not etiquette for him to present himself before the sovereign of this country. Hence his quiet retreat in his Jermyn Street lodgings; and he laughed at the audacity of the landlord of the odious house. "Landlord," he said, "he think me rogue. Landlord he send me bill. Landlord he think Bobbachy Bahawder not pay. Stop till *Burrumpooter* come, then see whether landlord not go down on his knee before the Emperor's Ambassador." Indeed his Excellency had arrived with only two attendants, by the steamer and the overland route, leaving the bulk of his suite and the invaluable baggage to follow in the *Burrumpooter*.

He was a fine judge of diamonds and shawls, of course, and very curious about the jewellers and shawl merchants of London. I took him in my carriage to one or two of our principal tradesmen; but there was very little which he admired, having seen much finer brilliants and shawls in his own romantic land.

When he saw my house he was delighted and surprised. He said he thought all houses in London like that lodging in Jermyn Street—all sofas black, all sky black: why his dam secretary take him to that black hole? Landlord—dam secretary's uncle—charge him hundred pound month for that lodging. I represented how atrociously his Excellency had been imposed upon, and that if he intended to receive company, he should certainly transport himself to better apartments. It is wonderful how these simple foreigners are imposed upon by our grasping countrymen!

The Bobbachy took my advice, and removed to handsome rooms at Green's Hotel, where he engaged a larger suite, and began to give entertainments more befitting his rank. He brought a native cook, who prepared the most delicious curries, pillaus, and Indian dishes, which really made one cry—they were so hot with pepper. He gradually got about him a number of the most distinguished people, and, thanks to my introduction and his own elegant and captivating manners, was received at many of our best houses; and when the real object of his mission came out (which he revealed to me in confidence), that he was anxious to select a lady for the vacant throne of Delhi, it was wonderful how popular he became, and how anxious people were about him. The portrait of his Imperial master, the Emperor, seated on a gold throne, was hung up in his principal drawing-room; and though a vile daub, as most people said, especially that envious Grimstone, who said he must have bought it of some Strand limner for a guinea—yet what can one expect from an Indian artist? and the picture represented a handsome young man, with a sweet black beard, a thin waist, and a necklace of diamonds worth millions and billions of rupees

If the young ladies and mammas of London flocked to see this picture, you may imagine how eager the mammas and young ladies were to show their own beauties! Everybody read up about Delhi, and was so anxious to know about it from his Excellency! Mrs. Cramley, hearing that the Orientals like stout ladies, sent to Scotland for that enormous Miss Cramley, who is obliged to live in seclusion on account of her size, and who really would do for a show; old Lady Glum said if she allowed her daughter to make such a marriage, it would be with the fervent hope of converting the Emperor and all India with him; little Miss Cockshaw was anxious to know if the widows were burned still at Delhi. I don't know how many women didn't ask his Excellency when this news was made public, and my lion was nearly torn to pieces. It was "Bobbachy Bahawder and suite," "His Excellency Bobbachy Bahawder," "His Excellency Prince Bobbachy Bahawder," everywhere now, his name in all the newspapers, and who should be most eager to receive him.

The number of pictures of young ladies of rank which my friend received from all parts of the country would have formed a series of Books of Beauty. There came portraits from Belgravia—portraits from Tyburnia—portraits from the country; portraits even from Bloomsbury and the City, when the news was made public of the nature of his Excellency's mission. Such wicked deceptive portraits they sent up too! Old Miss Cruickshanks had herself painted like a sylph or an opera dancer; Mrs. Bibb, who is five-and-forty if she's a day old, went to a great expense, and had a fashionable painter to draw her in a crop and a pinafore, like a schoolgirl. Fathers brought their children to walk up and down before his Excellency's hotel, and some bribed his Excellency's secretary to be allowed to wait in the anteroom until he should pass out from breakfast. That Lady Lynx said that the only ready money which the mission got was from these bribes; and the pictures, I must confess, were sold upon the Minister's withdrawal from this country.

A sudden revolution at the Court of Delhi occurred, as is very well known, in May last, and the news of his recall was brought to my excellent friend. The demand for his return was so peremptory, that he was obliged to quit England at a moment's notice, and departed with his secretary only, and before he had even had time to take leave of me, his most attached friend.

A lamentable accident must have happened to the *Burrumpooter* Indiaman, with the diamonds and elephants on board, for the unfortunate ship has never reached England, and I dare say has sunk with all on board.

But that is no reason for the slander of ill-natured people who want to make the world believe that there never was such a ship as the *Burrumpooter* at all; and that the Bobbachy and his secretary were a couple of rogues in league together, who never had a penny, and never would have made their way in society but for my introduction. How am I to know the pedigrees of Indian Princes, and the manners of one blackamoor from another? If I introduced the Bobbachy I'm sure other people have introduced other dark-complexioned people; and as for the impudence of those tradesmen who want me to pay his bills, and of Mr. Green, of the hotel, who says he never had a shilling of his Excellency's money, I've no words to speak of it.

Besides, I don't believe he has defrauded anybody; and when the differences at the Court of Delhi are adjusted, I've little doubt but that he will send the paltry few thousand pounds he owes here, and perhaps come back to renew the negotiations for the marriage of his Imperial master.

WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE US ALONE IN THE HOLIDAYS?

From Home, as yet. 10*th January.*

RESPECTED Mr. Punch,—I am a young gentleman of good family, and exceedingly gentle disposition, and at present home for the Christmas holdidays with my dear Papa and Mamma. I believe I am not considered clever at school, being always last in my class: and the Doctor, the Usher, the French Master, and all the boys except Tibbs Minimus (who is only six, and in the last form with me) beat me and ill-use me a great deal. And it's a great shame that I for my part am not allowed to whop Tibbs Minimus, which I could, being 14 myself last birthday; but that *nasty brute* Tibbs Minor says he'll *thrash me* if I do—and it's very *unkind of him;* for when he was a child in petticoats, and I was ten, and he was in the last class with me, I never beat him, as I easily could have done, and now the *unkind boy* is always attacking and wooriting me.

I cannot do *lessons and that*, Mr. Punch; for when the Dr. calls me up my tongue cleaves to the roof of *my mouf*, I'm so fritned; and same way *in French*, and same in Arythmetic; and I can't fight like some boys, because I'm a nervous boy; but the

big boys keep me awake telling stories to 'em *all night;* and I know *ever so many*, and am always making *stories in my head;* and somehow I feel that I'm better than *many of the chaps*—only *I can't do anything.* And they chaff me and laugh at me, because I'm afraid *of being in the dark and seeing ghosts and that, which I can't help it.* My mamma had a fright *before I was born*, and *that's what it is*, I suppose.

Sir, I am very miserable at school with everybody licking me; *and hate the place;* and the going back to it—and *the idear* of it altogether. Why was schools ever invented? When I'm at my dear home, with dear Ma and sisters, and in bed as long as I choose, and wish twice to meat, or three times, if I like; and I walk in the Park, and go to see *a lovely Pantamime;* and so I lose the horrid thought of school; and it's only in my dreams, sometimes, I see that *abommanable* old Doctor.

What I want you to do in the interest of all School Boys, is to stop the *Times* in holy time from publishing those *advertisements about schools.* On this day, Wednesday, jest against the leading article, there's no less than 2 columns of schools; and Papa, who's always jokin' and chaffin' me, reads 'em out, and says, "Tom, how'd you like this?—Education of a superior kind, Birchwood Briars. No extras, no holidays." Or, "Tom, here's a chance for you—To Laundresses. A schoolmaster wishes to receive into his establishment the Son of a respectable Laundress, on reciprocal terms. Address," &c. "My dear," Pa says to dear Ma, "what a pity you wasn't a washerwoman, and we could get this stupid boy educated for nothing." I'm sure I've been *mangled* enough by that bully Bob Cuff, if I haven't been ironed and hung up to dry! Or, "To Booksellers, Grocers, Butchers, and Bakers.—In a well-appreciated seminary, within five miles of London, the children of the above tradesmen will be received. The whole of the school account will be taken in goods." And Pa wonders if he were to send back our calf with me in our cart, and one of our sheep, whether the Doctor would take them in payment of the quarter's account? And then he says that one calf ought to pay for another, and laughs and makes me miserable for the whole day.

And next week my pleasures, I know, will be dampt by reading the Christmas Vacation of the Chipping-Rodbury Grammar School will conclude on the 24th inst., when the boys are expected to reassemble; the young gentlemen of Dr. Bloxam's Academy will meet on the 25th; or Mr. Broomback's young friends will reassemble after the Christmas recess; or so and so. Why are these horrid thoughts always to be brought before us? I'm sure, at Christmas time, managers of newspapers might *be kind* and keep these horrid

advertisements out of sight. And if our uncles, and people who come to our house, when we're at home for the holidays, would but be *so obliging* as never to mention school, or make jokes about flogging, or going back, or what we have *for dinner*, or *that*, I'm sure we should be very much the happier, and you won't have heard in vain from your wretched reader, UNDER PETTY.

STRANGE MAN JUST DISCOVERED IN GERMANY

IT has been mentioned in the German journals that a foreigner, from some unknown country, and speaking a jargon scarcely intelligible by the most profound German philologists, has lately made his appearance at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where of course he was handed over to the care of the police.

"This individual was brought before us, Johann Humpffenstrumpffen, Burgomaster of Frankfort, on Tuesday, the 8th of April, and examined in our presence and that of our Clerk and Town Council.

"The raiment and appearance of this individual, landed, no one knows how, in a remote and extremely quiet German city, are described by all persons as most singular. In height he is about five feet six inches, his hair is white, his face sallow, his beard red —that on his upper lip not so much grown as that on his cheeks; his hands are large and dirty, his teeth useful, his appetite great, and his thirst constant.

"His dress is most extraordinary and barbarous. On his head he wears a covering of a snuff-brown colour, in shape something like a wash-basin—which it would be very advisable that he should use for his face and hands. Round his neck, which is exceedingly ugly and bare, he wears a strip of a shining stuff, spun out of worms, he says, in his own country, and called an Alberti: it is puffed in two bows round his cheeks, and gives him a highly absurd appearance.

"His outer garment was a loose shaggy vest, made out of the skin of bears, most likely, and tainted strongly with a stale and exceedingly rancorous odour of what he calls 'backy-backy.' This outer dress—when asked its name, by Burgermeister von Humpffenstrumpffen—the nondescript called a 'Minorimosy'; and holding up his outstretched hand three times, cried out the syllable 'Bob,'

and wagged his head; from which the Burgomaster concluded that 'bob' is the name of a coin of the country.

"His next garment, one without sleeves, was decorated with buttons of glass; and in the pockets were found bits of paper, which the nondescript tried to explain—by the words 'ungle,' 'tickor,' 'spowt,' &c.—and showed by his gestures that the papers were to him of considerable value. They are greasy, and, to all appearances, worthless, coarsely printed, and marked with rude manuscript numerals. It is conjectured that they may form part of the paper-money of his country.

"Beyond these tokens, no coin of any kind was found on the nondescript's person.

"Under the glass-buttoned garment, from which he struggled violently not to be divested, the stranger had on two other very singular articles of costume. One was very ragged, and evidently old, and covered with printed figures in pink, representing bayaderes dancing. Over this was a small piece of stuff worked with the needle, and once white—the name of which, after repeated and severe interrogatories, he said was 'Dicki.' It has been carried to the Museum, and placed between the breastplate of a Turkish vizier and the corselet of a knight of the middle ages.

"His lower dress was of a broad check pattern, something resembling the stuff which is worn by the Scottish Highlanders, who, however, it is known, do not use *braccæ*, whence it is evident that the stranger cannot be one of these. When the Burgomaster pointed to these, the nondescript wagged his head, pleased seemingly, and said the word "Stunnin,' which the clerk took down.

"On his feet were a sort of short boot with large iron heels, in which he began to execute a queer dance before the Court, clinking the heels together, and turning the toes fantastically in and out. Pointing to this boot with the cane which he carries in his mouth, he winked to the clerk, and said 'Hylo!' but then presently looking round the room, and seeing a portrait of the late Feldmarschall Prince of Wallstadt, he ran up to it and said, 'Blooker! Blooker!' and danced once more.

"What relation can there be between the nondescript's boot and the late gallant and venerated Marshal Forwards, who destroyed Bonaparte, after the latter had defeated and taken the Herzog v. Wellington prisoner at the battle of Mount Saint John?

"At this stage of the examination, and having been allowed to resume all his clothes, the stranger pointed to his mouth, and laid his hand on his stomach, crying out the monosyllable 'Grub,' which Doctor Blinkhorn thinks must mean food in his language. Accordingly, a sausage, some bread, and a can of beer were brought, of the

first of which he partook greedily, devouring the whole bread and sausage. It was observed that he ate with his fork, not with his knife, as we Germans do.

"Having tasted the drink, he, however, laid it down, making very wry faces, and calling out the word 'Swipey, Swipey,' twice, which was taken down. And then, by more faces and contortions, he made us to understand as if the beer had disagreed with him, upon which the excellent Burgermeister, having a bottle of Rhum in the cupboard, gave the savage a glass, who smacked it off at once, crying out the word 'Jollybyjingo.'

"'Jollybijingo, was ist denn Jollybijingo?' asked his worship, conjecturing, with his usual acuteness, that this was the savage's phrase for Rhum of Jamaica. 'Wilt thou have yet a glass Jollibijingo?' And his Honour poured out a second glass, which the nondescript seized, and tossed off this time, exclaiming—

"'Aybaleaveyermibawawawy!'

"Which expression being accurately taken down, his worship the Burgermeister considered the examination sufficient, and sent off the Foreigner under the guard of Gendarmes Blitz and Wetter to Berlin.

"*A true copy.*

"(*Signed*) HUMPFFENSTRUMPFFEN, *Burgomaster.*
BLINKHORN, *Clerk of the Court.*"

From the Berlin "Tagblatt."

"The named Snooks, Bartholomæus Student, out of Smithfield, London, was brought hither in custody, from Frankfort-on-the-Oder; where, being tipsy, he had lost himself, allowing the train to go away without him. Snooks was handed over to the British Minister here, and will return to London as soon as any one will lend or give him funds for that purpose."

WHAT I REMARKED AT THE EXHIBITION

I REMARKED that the scene I witnessed was the grandest and most cheerful, the brightest and most splendid show that eyes had ever looked on since the creation of the world;—but as everybody remarked the same thing, this remark is not of much value.

I remarked, and with a feeling of shame, that I had long

hesitated about paying three guineas—pooh-poohed—said I had seen the Queen and Prince before, and so forth, and felt now that to behold this spectacle, three guineas, or five guineas, or any sum of money (for I am a man of enormous wealth) would have been cheap; and I remarked how few of us know really what is good for us—have the courage of our situations, and what a number of chances in life we throw away. I would not part with the mere recollection of this scene for a small annuity; and calculate that, after paying my three guineas, I have the Exhibition before me, besides being largely and actually in pocket.

I remarked that a heavy packet of sandwiches which Jones begged me to carry, and which I pocketed in rather a supercilious and grumbling manner, became most pleasant friends and useful companions after we had been in our places two or three hours; and I thought to myself, that were I a lyric poet with a moral turn, I would remark how often in the hour of our need our humble friends are welcome and useful to us, like those dear sandwiches, which we pooh-poohed when we did not need them.

I remarked that when the Queen bowed and curtseyed, all the women about began to cry.

I remarked how eagerly the young Prince talked with his sister—how charmed everybody was to see those pretty young persons walking hand in hand with their father and mother, and how, in the midst of any magnificence you will, what touches us most is nature and human kindness, and what we love to witness most is love.

I remarked three Roman Catholic clergymen in the midst of the crowd, amusing themselves with an opera-glass.

I remarked to myself that it was remarkable that a priest should have an opera-glass.

I remarked that when the Archbishop of Canterbury was saying his prayer, the Roman Catholic clergymen seemed no more to care than I should if Mr. Longears was speaking in the House of Commons—and that they looked, stared, peered over people's shoulders, and used the opera-glass during the prayer.

I remarked that it would have been more decorous if, during *that* part of the day's proceedings, the reverend gentlemen had not used the opera-glass.

I remarked that I couldn't be paying much attention myself, else how should I have seen the reverend gentlemen?

I remarked my Lord Ivorystick and my Lord Ebonystick backing all the way round the immense building before the Queen; and I wondered to myself how long is *that* sort of business going to last? how long will freeborn men forsake the natural manner of

walking, with which God endowed them, and continue to execute this strange and barbarous *pas?* I remarked that a Royal Chamberlain was no more made to walk backwards, than a Royal coachman to sit on the box and drive backwards. And having just been laughing at the kotoos of honest Lord Chopstick (the Chinese Ambassador with the pantomime face), most of us in our gallery remarked that the performance of Lord Ivorystick and Lord Ebonystick was not more reasonable than that of his Excellency Chopstick, and wished that part of the ceremony had been left out.

I remarked in the gold cage, to which the ladies would go the first thing, and in which the Koh-i-noor reposes, a shining thing like a lambent oyster, which I admired greatly, and took to be the famous jewel. But on a second visit I was told that that was not the jewel—that was only the case, and the real stone was that above, which I had taken to be an imitation in crystal.

I remarked on this, that there are many sham diamonds in this life which pass for real, and, *vice versâ*, many real diamonds which go unvalued. This accounts for the non-success of those real mountains of light, my "Sonnets on Various Occasions."

I remarked that, if I were Queen of England, I would have a piece of this crystal set into my crown, and wear it as the most spendid jewel of the whole diadem—that I would.

And in fact I remarked altogether—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

M. GOBEMOUCHE'S AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND EXHIBITION

IN the good town of London, in the Squars, in the Coffees, in the Parks, in the society at the billiards, there is but one conversation—it is of the Palace of Industry; it is of the Queen and Prince Albert; it is of the union of all nations. "Have you been there, my friend?" every one says to every one.

Yes, I have been there. Yes, I am one of the myriads who visited the Palace of Industry on the first of May, and witnessed the triumph of France.

Early in the day, following in the track of the myriads who were rushing towards the romantic village of Kinsington, and through the Bridge of Chevaliers, I engaged a cabriolet of place, and bidding the driver conduct me to the Palace of all nations at Kinsington, sate in profound reverie smoking my cigar and thinking

of France, until my driver paused, and the agglomeration of the multitude, and the appearance of the inevitable Poliseman of London, sufficiently informed us that we were at the entrance of the Industrial Palace.

Polisemen flank the left pillar of the gate surmounted by a vase, emblem of plenty; polisemen flank the right pillar decorated by a lion (this eternal Britannic lion, how his roars fatigue me; his tail does not frighten me; his eternal fanfaronnades regarding his courage makes me puff of to laugh!)—and as nothing is to be seen in England without undoing purse, a man at a wicket stops the influx of the curious, and the tide cannot pass the barrier except through the filter of a schilling.

O cursed schilling! He haunts me, that schilling. He pursues me everywhere. If a Frenchman has to produce his passport, there is no moment of the day when an Englishman must not produce his schilling. I paid that sum, and was with others admitted into the barrier, and to pass the outer wall of the Great Exhibition.

When one enters, the sight that at first presents itself has nothing of remarkable—a court, two pavilions on either side, a château, to the door of which you approach by steps of no particular height or grandeur: these were the simple arrangements which it appears that the Britannic genius has invented for the reception of all people of the globe.

I knock in the English fashion—the simple baronnet gives but one knock, the postman, officer of the Government, many and rapid strokes, the Lord Mayor knocks and rings. I am but the simple baronnet, and Sir Gobemouche wishes to be thought no more singular than Sir Brown or Sir Smith.

Two pages—blond children of Albion—their little coats, it being spring-time, covered with a multiplicity of buds—fling open the two beatings of the door, and I enter the little ante-hall.

I look up—above me is an azure dome like the vault ethereal, silver stars twinkle in its abysses, a left-hand lancing thunderbolt is above us—I read above, in characters resembling the lightning—"*Fille de l'orage*" in our own language, and "Symbolium of all Nations" in English.

Is the daughter of the tempest then the symbol of all nations? Is the day's quiet the lull after yesterday's storm? Profound moralist, yes—it is so—we enter into repose through the initiation of the hurricane—we pass over the breakers and are in the haven!

This pretty moral conveyed in the French language, the world's language, as a prelude to the entertainment—this solemn ante-chamber to the Palace of the World, struck me as appropriate as

sublime. With a beating heart I ascend further steps—I am in the world's vestibule.

What do I see around me? Another magnificent allegory. The cities of the world are giving each other the hand—the Tower of Pisa nods friendly to the Wall of China—the Pont Neuf and the Bridge of Sighs meet and mingle arches—Saint Paul of London is of accord with his brother Saint Peter of Rome—and the Parthenon is united with the Luqsor Obelisk, joining its civilisation to the Egyptian mysteries, as the Greek philosophers travelled to Egypt of old;—a great idea this—greatly worked out, in an art purposely naïve, in a design expressly confused.

From this vestibule I see a staircase ascending, emblazoned with the magic hieroglyphics, and strange allegoric images. In everything that the Briton does lurks a deep meaning—the vices of his nobility, the quarrels of his priests, the peculiarities of his authors, are here dramatised:—a Pope, a Cardinal appear among fantastic devils—the romancers of the day figure with their attributes—the statesmen of the three kingdoms with their various systems—fiends, dragons, monsters, curl and writhe through the multitudinous hieroglyphic, and typify the fate that perhaps menaces the venomous enemies that empoison the country.

The chambers of this marvellous Palace are decorated in various styles, each dedicated to a nation. One room flames in crimson and yellow, surmounted by a vast golden sun, which you see, in regarding it, must be the chamber of the East. Another, decorated with stalactites and piled with looking-glass and eternal snow, at once suggests Kamschatka or the North Pole. In a third apartment, the Chinese dragons and lanterns display their fantastic blazons; while in a fourth, under a canopy of midnight stars, surrounded by waving palm-trees, we feel ourselves at once to be in a primeval forest of Brazil, or else in a scene of fairy—I know not which;—the eye is dazzled, the brain is feverous, in beholding so much of wonders.

Faithful to their national economy, of what, think you, are the decorations of the Palace?—Of calico!—Calico in the emblematic halls, Calico in the Pompadour boudoirs, Calico in the Chamber of the Sun—Calico everywhere. Indeed, whither have not the English pushed their cottons? their commerce? Calico has been the baleful cause of their foreign wars, their interior commotions. Calico has been the source of their wealth, of their present triumphal condition, perhaps of their future downfall! Well and deeply the decorators of the Palace meditated when they decorated its walls with this British manufacture.

Descending, as from a vessel's deck, we approach a fairy park,

in which the works of art bud and bloom beside the lovely trees of Spring. What green pelouses are here! what waving poplars! what alleys shaded by the buds and blossoms of Spring! Here are *parterres* blooming with polyanthuses and coloured lamps; a fountain there where Numa might have wooed Egeria. Statues rise gleaming from the meadow; Apollo bends his bow; Dorothea washes her fair feet; Esmeralda sports with her kid. What know I? How select a beauty where all are beautiful? how specify a wonder where all is miracle?

In yon long and unadorned arbour, it has been arranged by the English (who never do anything without rosbif and half-and-half) that the nations of the world are to feast. And that vast building situated on the eastern side of the pelouse, with battlemented walls and transparent roof, is the much-vaunted Palace of Crystal! Yes; the roof is of crystal, the dimensions are vast,—only the articles to be exhibited have not been unpacked yet; the walls of the Palace of Crystal are bare.

"That is the Baronial Hall of all Nations," says a gentleman to me—a gentleman in a flowing robe and a singular cap whom I had mistaken for a Chinese or an enchanter. "The hall is not open yet, but it will be inaugurated by the grand Sanitary dinner. There will be half-crown dinners for the commonalty, five-shilling dinners for those of mediocre fortune, ten-shilling dinners for gentlemen of fashion like Monsieur. Monsieur, I have the honour to salute you."—And he passes on to greet another group.

I muse, I pause, I meditate. Where have I seen that face? Where noted that mien, that cap? Ah, I have it! In the books devoted to gastronomic regeneration, on the flasks of sauce called Relish. This is not the Crystal Palace that I see,—this is the rival wonder—yes, this is the Symposium of all Nations, and yonder man is Alexis Soyer!

GOBEMOUCHE.

THE CHARLES THE SECOND BALL

SINCE the announcement of the Costume Ball a good deal of excitement has been prevalent about the Court regarding it. It is known that Charles the Second used to feed ducks in Saint James's Park, and it is thought that this amusement of the Merry Monarch is harmless, and may be repeated on the present festive occasion. Rewards have been offered at the Lord Chamber-

lain's Office for a means of keeping the ducks awake till twelve o'clock at night.

We hear that some Duchesses decline altogether to assume the characters of their namesakes in the time of Charles the Second; and that the Dukes, their husbands, perfectly agree in this spirited decision.

For the same reason as their Graces', the parts of Maids of Honour are not in much request. But for the character of Catherine Hyde, who married the heir to the throne, there are numberless proposals among the young ladies of the polite world.

For the character of the Duke of Buckingham (of Charles the Second's time), who kicked down a grand fortune without being able to account for it, we hear a great number of noblemen named; among others, Lord Addlestone, Lord Muddlehead, and the Lord Viscount Wildgoose.

The young gentlemen about Downing Street are reading the "Biographie Universelle," and acquiring a surprising fund of historical knowledge. Young Tapely, old Tapely's son, who is eighteen, and has just entered the Foreign Office, proposes to appear as Colbert: whom Guttleton admires, not as a Minister, but as inventor of Colbert soles. Vander Souchey, of the Dutch Legation, announced at the Club that he would go as the Pensionary de Witt. "Behold de miracle instead of de witt," said Flicflac; and added, that Count Narcissi (the envoy from Pumpernickel) had best assume this character, because the women are always tearing him to pieces.

General the Earl of Slowgo (who does his best to be an F. M.) has just been credibly informed that a work exists—a remarkable work—although a light work he may almost say a biographical work—relative to the times of Charles the Second, called "Pepys' Diary," and purporting to be edited by a member of their Lordships' House, the Lord Viscount Braybrooke.

General Slowgo has, therefore, presented his compliments to Lord Viscount Braybrooke, and requests to know if the Viscount has edited the work in question? Should his Lordship's reply be in the affirmative, General Lord Slowgo will write to the Librarian of the British Museum, to know: 1st. Whether the work entitled "Pepys' Memoirs" be in the Library of the British Museum? 2nd. Whether that work contains an authentic account of the reign of his late Majesty King Charles the Second? 3rd. Whether the Librarian of the British Museum can bring the volume, if a rare one, to Slowgo House? and, 4th. If not, whether, and at what time, General the Earl of Slowgo can consult the work in question at the British Museum?

The two little Miss Budds (who go about with Lady Crabb) have had another contemporary work lent to them by their cousin Rowley, and are busy reading Grammont's "Memoirs." When Lady Crabb heard that her wards were reading history, she was highly pleased, and observed that she has no doubt the volume is instructive, as the family of Grammont is one of the highest in France. The Miss Budds say the book is—very instructive.

Miss Grigg, who is exceedingly curious in books and antiquarianism, has come upon some surprising illustrative passages in her papa's library, in the works of Wycherley and Sir C. Sedley, and in Suckling's poems.

Colonel Sir Nigel M'Asser, who has the largest and blackest whiskers not only in the Horse Guards Green, but (with the exception of one sapper, now at the Cape of Good Hope) in the British Army, when he heard that whiskers were not worn in the time of Charles the Second, and that gentlemen would be expected to shave, instantly applied for leave of absence; and, if that is refused, he will send in his papers.

Lady Rosa Twentystone and her daughters have been to Hampton Court, and taken careful note of the Lelys there. But when they came down to dinner in the dresses which they had prepared, and rehearsed the part before Mr. Twentystone, he ordered the whole family up to their rooms, and the dinner to be covered, until they were.

"Lady Rosa is so delightful," Varges says, that he thinks one "can't see too much of her."

Lord Viscount Methuselah has put himself into the hands of new artists, and will appear with the cheeks, hair, and teeth of twenty. He has selected the character of Lord Rochester, and has sent a request to the Lord Chamberlain that he may be allowed to make his *entrée* into the ball through a window and up a rope-ladder.

Lord Hulkington hopes to be able to get into a page's dress which he wore once in private theatricals at the Princess of Wales's Court at Naples in 1814; and the ladies of his family are busy (for his Lordship, since he came into his fortune, is become very economical) in trying to enlarge it.

Lady Howlbury expects to make a great sensation, and not at a large expense; having attired herself and daughters each in a curtain of the State bed at Ivybush, under which Charles the Second passed three days after the battle of Worcester.

If the Lord Mayor is invited with his suite, the City Marshal, of course, will go as Marshal Tureen.

Lord Tom Noddington was much surprised when he heard that Charles the Second had been up a tree, and always thought that he ran for the Oaks. His opinion was that Charles the Second had had his head cut off, just before his son, James the First, came into this country, from Scotland—where Lord Tom goes shooting every year. Mr. Bland Varges, who is the most notorious wag at Spratt's, said that as Tom Noddington had no head himself, he had better go as the Marquis of Montrose—after his decapitation. Tom Noddington said he would be hanged if he went as Montrose, which Varges said was more and more in character. Lord Tom said he didn't know. He knew that he had shot the Duke's country, and hoped to shoot there again; and he thought "it was devilish dangerous, begad, in those confounded levelling times, by Jove, for fellas to go about saying that other fellas had their heads cut off; and that sort of thing, begad, might put bad ideas into other fellas' heads, and radical fellas, and dam republican fellas." Mr. Varges said that Lord Tom needn't be afraid about *his* head, and that if he lost it he wouldn't miss it; on which Tom Noddy said that Varges was always chaffing him.

Lord Addlestone — when his librarian informed him he had heard that Louis the Fourteenth as a young man wore a periwig powdered with gold-dust —has hit upon a brilliant thought of his own, and ordered that his wig shall not only be powdered with gold, but that he will have a *papillote* of bank-notes.

If these are scarce, as his steward informs him, his Lordship's man is directed to use promissory notes bearing his Lordship's valuable signature.

The young officers of the Eclectic Regiments, horse and foot, Cornets and Lieutenant-Captains with ten shillings per diem of pay, are greatly gratified at the idea of having to pay forty pounds a piece for their wigs at the Ball.

It is said that a venerable Prelate of a Western Diocese is going to represent all the seven recusant Bishops of James's time at once; and Cardinal de Retz, who had a genius for conspiracies, fights, rows, and hot water in general, has a representative in Golden Square, with a hat and costume ready bought and paid for.

Ensign and Lieutenant Tipton, of the Coolstreams, says that he intends to take Marlborough's part as a young man, for he is very good-looking, is as poor as a rat, and ready to borrow money of any woman who will lend it.

PANORAMA OF THE INGLEEZ

(*From the "Beyrout Banner," "Joppa Intelligencer," and "Jerusalem Journal"*)

THE renowned and learned sage and doctor of Beyrout, the excellent Hadjee Aboo Bosh, has just returned to his beloved country from his wonderful travels in distant lands, having visited most of the cities and people of Franghistan. He is familiar with all languages, and has deeply studied the customs and manners of the Infidels. He has caused skilful limners amongst them, at the expense of many millions of piastres, to paint pictures representing the chief towns of the Franks; which works are so wonderful, lifelike, and resembling nature, that true Believers, without leaving the cushion of repose, or the pipe of meditation, may behold the towns of Europe presented before them, and have the mountains to come to them which would not advance in former ages, no, not even to meet the Prophet

The famous and skilful Hadjee has arranged, near the Bazaar, by the Rope-makers' quarter, in the large vacant hall formerly occupied by the baths of El Thawer, a vast chamber, in which he exhibits the wonders which he has brought from foreign countries. Having paid money to a negro at the door, you are introduced through obscure passages into a chamber as dark as Gehenna, and into a place which they call a pit, where you sit in expectant terror, before an awful curtain, lighted but by a few faint lamps.

Many of the stoutest Agas and Effendis in Beyrout entered this gloomy apartment, not without awe. The women of the hareem of Papoosh Pasha were placed in a box, guarded by a gilt cage; as were the ladies of the establishment of Bluebeard Bey, and the three wives of the Grand Mollah. Women's curiosity, indeed, will go anywhere. As the poet has sung—

"There is no secret so dark, but the eye of Zutulbe will penetrate it.
There is no tangled skein, but the finger of Leila will unravel it.
There is no lock so cunning, but the crooked nose of the old hag Fatima will pick it."

—Indeed a vast audience of the officers, lords, and topping merchants of Beyrout were present to behold the Aboo Bosh's wonderful pictures.

Before the curtain drew aside, and our eyes were dazzled, our

ears were diverted by a dexterous slave, who executes the barbarous music of Europe, and the favourite songs of the unbelievers, by merely turning the handle of a small chest, called a Hurridee Gurridee. The handle operates upon a number of bulbuls who are confined within the box, each of whom at his signal comes forward and pipes in his turn. One sings the hymn of the French Feringhees; he is called the Parees Yenn: when he is tired, another warbles the war-song of the Ingleez; he is called the Roolbretawnia: this over, a third nightingale begins to pipe the delicious love-song of the Yangkees, who are a kind of Ingleez, and the name of this song-bird is Yankeedoodool. The sweetest of all the songs is this, and fills the heart with delight.

When the birds are tired, he who turns the handle of the box stops turning, and the music ceases with a melancholy wail. And then, as in a blaze of splendour, the pictures begin to pass before the astonished beholders.

The City represented yesterday was the City of Lundoon, which lies upon a river called the Tameez: over which are twenty thousand bridges, each twenty hundred parasangs in length, and to which there come daily a hundred thousand ships.

In one quarter of Lundoon, during the winter months, it is always night. It is illuminated, however, with fire, which gushes out of the bowels of the earth, and affords a preternatural brilliancy. This quarter is called Stee; twenty thousand carriages rush thither every minute, each carriage holding forty persons: the drivers and grooms crying out "Stee, Stee!" In this quarter the shroffs and principal merchants reside. The palace of the Lord Cadi is here, and each ward of the City has an Elderman: who becomes Cadi in his turn. They are all fat in this district, drinking much of an intoxicating liquor made of citrons and rakee, called Panj or Poonj, and eating of a stew of tortoises, of which they take many platefuls. Aboo Bosh owned to having tasted and liked the stew, but about the liquor he was silent.

After seeing the Merchants' quarter the view changed, and exhibited to us the great Mosque of Paul, whereof the dome is almost as high as Mount Lebanon. The faithful pay two paras to enter this Mosque; which sum goes to the support of the dervishes. Within, it is surrounded by white images of captains, colonels, and effendis; whose figures show that the Ingleez were but an ill-favoured people. In the court is an image of a beloved Queen: the people say, "Queen Ann is dead," and tear their beards to this day, so much do they love her memory.

The next view was that of the building in which the Councillors and men of law of the kingdom meet for their affairs. In all

Stambool there is not such a palace. It is carved without, and gilt within. The Chambers of Council are endless; the chair of the Queen is a treasure of splendour; and Aboo Bosh, says, that when she comes in state, and surrounded by her vizeers, this intrepid Sovereign of an island race, that governs provinces more vast and distant than Serendib and Hind, always carries in her arms three lions. But the Hadjee did not see the Queen of the Ingleez, and I doubt of this story.

Besides the Mosque of Paul, there is the Mosque of Peter, whereof we likewise saw a view. All religions are free in this country, but only one is paid. Some dervishes shave the top of their heads, some tighten a piece of white cloth round their necks, all are dressed in black—we saw pictures of these, as also of the common people, the carriages, the Queen's janissaries in scarlet, with silver caps on their heads, and cuirasses made of a single diamond. These giants are all ten feet high: their officers fifteen: it is said that each consumes a sheep and drinks a barrel of wine in the day.

Aboo then showed us the triumphal arch, near to the house of Wellingtoon Pasha, who has but to look from his window and see his own image on horseback. Ten thousand images of Wellingtoon are placed about the town, besides: the English being so proud of him because he conquered the French Jeneral Boonapoort. But lovers of poetry know the opinion of the bard:—

"The victory is not always with the bravest: nor the robe of honour given to him who deserves most.
An eagle is shot down, and a leopard runs away with the spoil."

Near this is the Maidaun, where the young Lords and Agas ride, with nymphs as beautiful as those of Paradise, arrayed in tight-fitting robes, and smiling from prancing chargers.

And now came a buzz of wonder in the crowd, and outcries of delight from the women's boxes, which made the eunuchs move about briskly with their rattans, when the wonderful picture dawned upon us, representing the prodigious Castle of Crystal and pavilion of light.

It is many miles long, and in height several furlongs. It is built of rock crystal and steel, without putty, wood, bricks, or nails. On the walls are flags, in number one hundred and seventy-eight thousand. We said "Praise to Allah!" when we saw the scarlet standard, with the crescent and star of our august master, Abdul Medjid.

This palace was built in a single night by an enchanter named Paxtoon. This wonderful man possesses all the secrets of nature; he can make a melon in ten minutes grow as big as a camel, a rose spread out before your eyes to the size of an umbrella. Lately, in a convent of dervishes, he caused in one evening a cabbage to grow

so big, that after hearing a sermon from one of their Mollahs, who got up into the boughs, axes were brought, the plant was felled, and the whole community dined off it; several bursting with repletion, so delicious was the food. This was told Aboo Bosh by a Mollah of Birmingham, a twisting dervish, who had seen many wonders.

Having seen the exterior of this Hall of Light, Aboo Bosh now showed to us the wondrous interior. "All the treasures of the world are there, surely. Ten hundred and ten thousand persons come thither daily, and they all go first to see the saddles and embroidery from Beyrout. What arcades of splendour! what fountains! what images! The tallest trees grow in this palace The birds cannot fly to the roof: it is so high. At one end is a place where travellers are served with cakes and sherbet by ravishing houris, with moon faces. O Aboo! O Hadjee! I suspect that Fatima, your one-eyed wife, has not heard the end of those tales! What says the poet?—

> "The best part of the tale is often that which is not told.
> A woman's truth is like the cloth the Armenian sells you in the bazaar: he always cribs a portion of it."

And now, having spent several hours in examining this picture, the bulbul-box was again set in motion, and the greatest curiosity of all was represented to us. This is an Ingleez family of distinction, whom Aboo Bosh has brought with him, and who will be exhibited every day at three hours before, and three hours after sunset. But the account of their strange behaviour shall be reserved for the next Intelligence.

AN INGLEEZ FAMILY

ALL along, the Exhibition was explained to us by a Frank Interpreter, who understands perfectly our language.

Among the Ingleez, he said, men are allowed but one wife: a hard case, O Agas! for these poor women; for, as the bard has remarked—

"When I am in a queer temper, in my hareem, I may beat Zuleika with my slipper, but I smile upon Leila and Zutulbe.

"When Leila's fatness becomes disagreeable, then Zutulbe's leanness commences to be pleasing.

"When both annoy me, then little Zuleika resumes her reign; for

strawberries ripen at one season of the year, at another time figs, at another time water-melons. But always strawberries would be wearisome: as to hear bulbuls all day would cause one to yawn.

"Man takes delight in variety, as the bee sips of a thousand flowers."

So, for any poor creature to be subject always to the caprices of one man, is cruel on her; as to compel one man to have but one wife, as amongst the Ingleez, is a tyranny unheard of amongst civilised nations like our own; and we may thank our stars that we do not live in Lundoon, but Beyrout.

If all the old women among the Ingleez are no better-looking than the one whom Aboo Bosh showed to us, I do not envy the elderly gentlemen of that nation, and can quite understand their habitual ill-humour.

In the first part of the play appeared this old woman, the Khanum of the house, or "Misseez," as the Interpreter says she is called; her two daughters, Lola and Lota; her son, the young Aga; and the father of the family, called Brown Effendi.

Brown Effendi is fifty-five or -six years old; he is tall and of a portly shape, and, like all the elderly Ingleez, is bald: nor has he the decency to cover his baldness with a couple of caps, as we do, but appears with his shining pate without any shame.

His wife is two or three years younger; they must have been married these thirty years: no wonder that they quarrel together, and that the Effendi is tired of such an old hag!

The Interpreter explains that it is the beginning of the day. A table is set out, covered with a snowy damask cloth, with urns and vases of silver for tea, cups of porcelain, one for each of the family, bits of roasted bread, hot cakes, meat, honey, and butter. This meal the Ingleez of distinction take in common. An Effendi often does not behold his family (always excepting the old hag of a wife) except at that hour.

"Before the girls come down, and you go away to the Stee, Mr. Brown," says the Misseez, "will you have the goodness to give me some money? Look at these bills."

"Jehannum take the bills!" roars out Brown, rising up and stamping. "Can't you let a man read his newspaper in quiet?"

O Allah! read his newspaper in quiet! It is an immense sheet, as big as the Capitan Pasha's mainsail. I should think it has as many letters and lines as the Koran itself. The Interpreter says, every Ingleez reads a paper every morning—it is called in their language *El Tims*—from beginning to end, every day, before going out. Praise be to Heaven that we live in Beyrout!

"Well, don't swear at a woman, Mr. B.," she says. "Don't swear when the children and servants are coming in. How can I help it, if the house is expensive? I lived in a better before I came to yours. My mamma——"

"Confound your mamma! How much is it?" says Brown Effendi; and drawing a paper from his pocket-book, he writes an order to his shroff to pay so much money.

The daughters now come in—there was a great sensation among us, especially in that rogue who sat by me, Poof Allee, who is always on the look-out for almond eyes. These virgins were young and fair, of fine shapes seemingly, wearing a sort of loose gowns buttoned up to the neck, with little collars and little caps, with little ribands; their cheeks pale, their eyes heavy—nevertheless, comely damsels, that would fetch a round sum of piastres in the market.

"Why don't you come sooner?" growls the father.

"They were at Lady Polk's, at Mrs. Walls's, and were not home till four: the girls must have sleep, Mr. B."

"Why do they go to those confounded balls?" asks Brown Effendi. The Interpreter explains that a ball is a dance where many hundred women assemble.

"They ought to be in bed at ten," growls the housefather.

"We *do* go to bed at ten when there is nothing at night, papa," says the eldest. "We couldn't live if we didn't go to sleep on the off nights."

"You don't wish them not to go in the world, I suppose, Mr. B.? You don't wish them not to get establishments? You don't suppose it is for *my* pleasure that I go about night after night with these poor things, whilst you are drinking with your male friends, or at your clubs!" (The Interpreter explains that a Club is the Coffee-house of the Ingleez: they sit there smoking until late hours.) "You don't suppose that *I* go to dance?"

Brown Effendi burst into a laugh. "*You* dance, Polly!" says he. "Do I suppose the cow jumped over the moon?"

"I wish papa wouldn't use those expressions," says Miss Lola to Miss Lota.

Papa now sits with his face buried in *El Tims*, and when he has read it (only in this Exhibition, or play, of course, the actor did not read the whole of the immense sheet, or we should have sat till night)—this labour over, and his breakfast done, he goes away to Stee.

"That is the commencement of the day with thousands of English Effendis in Lundoon," the Interpreter explains. "He rises at eight. He shaves. He meets his family: kisses them,

but rarely speaks, except to swear a little, and find fault. He reads through *El Tims*. He gives money to the Khanum. He goes to the Stee: where his counting-house or office of business is, and which is often a long way from his house. He goes on foot, while his wife has a chariot."

"That I can understand," says Poof Allee. "A man will not allow his womankind to go out except in an aroba, guarded by the slaves. Even an unbeliever is not such a fool as *that*."

"You are in error, O Effendi," said the Interpreter. "The women are free to go whithersoever they please. They wear no veils. They go about the City unprotected, save by a male servant, and even he is not necessary. They frequent the shops, and bazaars, and public gardens. I have seen ten thousand in the Spring-time basking in the gardens of Kensington."

"O my eyes! I will go there," said Poof Allee, stroking his beard, that sly rogue.

"They are to be seen everywhere," continues the Interpreter, "and at home, too, receive men into their houses."

"This, I suppose, is one," remarked a looker-on. "He is splendid; he is tall; he has richly-carved buttons on his coat. He takes up the silver urn. Is this an officer of the Sultaun?"

"That? That is a servant," said the Dragoman. "He is bringing breakfast for the young Effendi, who comes down later than the rest of the family."

"That," cried Poof Allee, "a servant? Why, he is a pearl of beauty. He is a Roostum. He is strong, tall, young, and lovely. Does an old Ingleez allow such an Antar as that to walk about in his hareem? Psha! friend Interpreter, you are joking."

"It is even so, sir," said the Dragoman. "So strange is the pride of certain classes of the Ingleez, and so barbarous—blasphemous, I had almost said—their notions with regard to rank, that the aristocracy among the Ingleez take no more account of the persons below them, than your Honour does of the black slave-boy who fills your pipe. And of late, one of the lootees—or buffoons among the Ingleez—acquired no small share of popularity, and received from his bookseller ten thousand pieces of gold, for a book of jests, in which a servant was made the principal hero, and brought to live among Lords and Agas—the point of the jest being, that the servant was made to feel like a man."

Here came in the young actor, who, the Interpreter said, represented the son of the house. He drawled into the apartment, nodded languidly to his sisters, kissed his mother's forehead, and sank into the vacant chair by his sisters.

He called to the servant. "John!" he said, "pale ale!"

"My love!" said the mamma.

"Tell the cook to devil some dam thing," continued the youth.

"My darling!" said the old lady.

"Hot coppers, ma'am!" said the young man, pulling a little tuft of hair on his chin. "Keep sad hours—know I do. Out on the crawl till five o'clock this morning. Last thing I weckolect, shandy-gaff."

"You'll kill yourself, child," cried mamma.

"So much the better for brother Dick. Youth is the season of enjoyment. O dam! what a headache I've got! 'Gather ye roses while ye may.' Youth is the season of pleasure."

"What sort of pleasure?" asked one of the sisters.

"Well—I think it was with two cabmen off the stand, at Bob Cwoft's," said the young man. "It's not very good fun, but it's better than those dam balls that you go to every night. Here comes the breakfast."

And the curtain-bell ringing, the first part of the entertainment was over.

During the interval, the Interpreter continued to explain to us the manners and customs of this queer people: and the curtain again rising, showed us a view of the Queen's Palace (before which there is a figure of a Lion and Unicorn, which makes one die of laughing); the Courts of Justice, the Castle of Windsor, which seems, indeed, a pavilion of splendour in a rose-garden of delight; and an immense hole bored under the sea, the dark appearance of which made poor Poof Allee shudder. And now, having seen the Ingleez in the morning, and heard how the men pass the day in their offices and counting-houses, the women in the shops buying, in their carriages, in the gardens, visiting one another, and receiving company at home,—the Dragoman said, "We shall show them as they are dressed of an evening, expecting visitors for the evening."

The curtain drew up. Brown Effendi was now dressed with a white band round his neck, that made his eyeballs start out of his head, and his red face blaze like the standard of the Sultan. Mrs. Brown appeared so changed since the morning, that you would not know her, and Poof Allee (that rogue) said, "O my eyes! the old woman to-night looks quite young, and I always liked a stout woman." They stood one on each side of the fireplace—the Interpreter said, in the attitude of receiving dinner company.

Schaun, the servant, came in with a note on a silver salver.

"It's from Wagg," said Brown Effendi. "D—n him! he says he's ill; but he's asked by a lord, and has thrown us over. Take away one cover, John."

How splendidly attired now is this Schaun! His costume of the morning is nothing to that which he now wears. A white coat barred with gold lace; a waistcoat of red and gold; shulwars of plush, the colour of buttercups—and has he grown grey since the morning? No, he has put powder into his hair. He is beautiful to behold; a peacock is not finer.

And now, who enter? Who are these two houris? Who are these moon-faced ones, with the lustrous ringlets, the round arms, the shining shoulders? The heart beats to behold them. Poof Allee's eyes brighten with rapture. They are the damsels of the morning, Lola and Lota.

"This is the habit of Ingleez damsels," says the Interpreter, with rather a sly look. "All day they cover themselves up, but at night, because it is cold, they go with very little clothes. They are now going to dinner; they will then go to a concert; they will then drive to a ball or dance."

"But a ball, of course, only amongst women?" said his Excellency Papoosh Pasha, Governor of Beyrout, who was smoking his kaboon in a box near the stage.

"Among women, excellent sir! There are men, too. If there were no men, the women would stay at home. This is the way that the Ingleez——"

"Silence, shameless!" roared out his Excellency. "Kislar Beg! Carry my women home this moment. Stop the Exhibition. All the principles of morality are violated. Women in that dress show themselves to men? Never! or if they do, it can only be among barbarians, and such a fact must not be known in a civilised country. Hadjee Aboo Bosh! this part of the Exhibition must be no more represented under pain of the bastinado." And his Excellency flung out of the room in a passion, and the Exhibition ended abruptly.

As for Poof Allee—that rogue—he has gone off to England by the last Peninsular and Oriental steamer.

POOR PUGGY

THOSE who know Topham Sawyer, the accomplished young Earl of Swellmore, are aware that under a mask of languor and levity he hides considerable powers of acuteness and observation. His letters are much prized, not only amongst the friends of his own rank, but by his Bohemian acquaintances in the *coulisses*.

Of a sarcastic turn, he is yet not without a natural benevolence; has cultivated his talents and his good qualities in secret, and as if he was ashamed of them; and not blameless, alas! in his life, he is correct, even to fastidiousness, in his spelling—in this affording an example to many of the younger nobility; and may be pardoned some of his bitterness, which may be set to the account of his well-known disappointment, two years since (when he was, as yet, but the penniless and Honourable Topham Sawyer), when the lovely Lady Barbara Pendragon, daughter, we need scarcely state, of the Marquis of M–ngel–w–rzelshire, threw him over, and married the Roman Prince Corpodibacco, nephew of the Cardinal of that name. Trifles from the pens of the great are always acceptable in certain circles; and the following extract of a letter from Lord Swellmore to his intimate and noble friend the Marquis of Macassar, though on a trifling subject, will be read not without interest by those who admire our country's institutions. The noble Earl, whilst waiting at his Club to see Messrs. Aminadab and Nebuchadnezzar on pecuniary business, having promised to write to the Marquis of Macassar at Paris (indeed, concerning bills of exchange, on which both the noble Lords are liable), dashed off a letter, partly on private affairs, and concluding with the following lively passages:—

I sit here, my dear Macass, and see the people go by to the Exhibition. It's better than going there. *Suave mari magno:* you see the ocean devilish well from the shore. You're only sick if you go to sea. I wish they'd give us a smoking-room fronting Piccadilly. Why don't the new men who have been building, have smoking-rooms to the street? I like those fellows at Brighton who sit on the cliff, in a ground-floor room, smoking—after dinner—having nuts and port wine at three o'clock on Sundays. I saw a fellow there lately—his stout old wife went out to church—and there he sate, with his legs on the second chair, unbuttoned, and looking out of window with a jolly red face. I felt inclined to put my hand in and take a glass and say, "Your health, old boy!" His cigars smelt offensively, but I envied him rather—not that I envy anybody much, or pity anybody, or despise anybody, or admire anybody. I've nothing what you call to live for—now you have, Macass. You're very fond of your whiskers, and anxious about overcoming your waist. You have an aim, my boy, and a purpose in your existence; coax your whiskers, and struggle manfully with your corporation, my poor old Macass, and thank your stars that you have these to interest you.

Here's a fellow who has had an object in life, too, it appears.

I cut his advertisement out of the *Times*. It's a devilish deal better than the leading article.

DUTCH PUG FOR SALE—a very fine specimen of this almost extinct breed. He is one year and a half old, and very gay and lively, and is the *bonâ fide* property of a gentleman, who, from continued ill-health, is unable to keep him. Lowest price 30 guineas. No dealer need apply, either directly or indirectly. May be seen at Mr. Harridge's Forge, Pitt Street Mews, Park Lane.

Now, I say, here's something to excite your sympathy. An announcement more affecting than this can't well be imagined—a dog of an almost extinct breed, and the owner of that rare animal obliged, from continued ill-health, to part with him. Think, my dear Macass, of a tender and benevolent-minded man, his fine faculties overclouded by disease, fondly attached to his darling pug, yet seeing that between him and that beloved being a separation must come! The last interviews are now taking place between them: the last breakfasts: the last fricassee of chicken: the last saucers of cream; the little darling is now lapping them up, and licking the hand which shall soon pat its black nose no more. He is "gay and lively" now, the poor little beggar—quite unconscious of his coming fate—but eighteen months old—it's heartrending. Ain't it?

What degree of ill-health is it, or what species of malady can it be, which obliges a gentleman to part from such a *bonâ fide* darling? This invalid's ill-health is "continuous," the advertisement says. Do the caresses of the pug increase his master's complaint? Does continued anxiety for the pretty favourite prevent the owner's return to strength, and must he wean himself from the little black-nosed, cock-tailed, cream-coloured innocent, as delicate mammas do from their babies? What a separation, *mon Dieu!* Poor Puggy! Poor poor Master!

Of course, he won't part with him to a dealer, directly or indirectly; no, no. Fancy a man's feelings, the separation over, at seeing Puggy some day in the Quadrant, in the red-waistcoat pocket of a dirty-looking blackguard, with six other dogs, and a wideawake hat! An invalid, as this gentleman is, couldn't stand such a sudden shock. He would be carried off to a chemist's; and we should hear of an inquest on a gentleman at the "White Bear." Puggy in the Quadrant—Puggy in the company of all sorts of low dogs, brought up in the worst habits, and barking in the vulgarest manner! Puggy, the once beautiful and innocent, in the Quadrant!—Oh don't—I can't bear the 'orrid thought!

But must a man be in high health to keep a Dutch pug? Does the care and anxiety incident on Dutch pug-keeping make a man of

naturally robust habit ill and delicate? If so, it's most generous of the owner of the little Dutchman to warn the public. You pay thirty guineas—the very lowest price—you incur responsibility, infinite care, unrest, disease. You lose your peace of mind, and break your heart in cherishing this darling; and then you part with him. You recollect what happened to the heroes in Homer, how they were made to dogs a prey. Here is a modern torn in pieces by a little pug.

A little Dutch pug, with a little turned-up black nose. And is there no other pretty possessor of a *nez retroussé*, which man coaxes and dandles, and feeds with cream and chicken, and which he parts with after a struggle? Ah, my good fellow! Ah, my dear Macassar! We are sad dogs! we are cynical! You take my allusion, and your knowledge of the world will enable you to understand the allegory of your affectionate SWELLMORE.

The Marquis of Macassar.

PORTRAITS FROM THE LATE EXHIBITION

AS a popular contemporary has given a number of highly interesting portraits and biographies of gentlemen connected with the Exhibition, whose families and friends will naturally provide themselves with copies of their relatives' lives and countenances, Mr. PUNCH, ever anxious to benefit self and public, has it in contemplation to ornament his journal with

LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF THE EXHIBITORS

Who have not gained prizes at the Exposition of 1851.

And to this highly interesting class he strongly recommends his publication, of which, if but six copies weekly be taken by every Exhibitor, a decent remuneration cannot fail to attend the labours of Mr. P.

As specimens taken at hazard merely, Mr. PUNCH offers for the present week the following biographies and portraits.

Mr. Podgers is the eldest son, though the *third child*, of Major Podgers, of the Horse Marines, which he commanded, on the death of their Colonel, in the flotilla action in the Bay of Fundy. The Major married Bella, seventh daughter of Sir Muffton Wroggles, of Wrogglesby, Northamptonshire, in which county the old Saxon

family of Wroggles, or Worogles, has been located since the days of Alfred. The Podgers family, though ancient, is not of such antiquity. Mr. Podgers received his elementary education under the care of the Reverend Doctor Grig, at Northampton, whence he was removed to Harrow-on-the-Hill, where he would have been a contemporary of Doctor Parr, Sir William Jones, Lord Byron, and Sir Robert Peel, had he been placed at this famous school while those eminent individuals were studying there. It does not appear that Master Podgers took any prizes at Harrow, any more than at the Exhibition of 1851; his genius, though useful, not being brilliant, and his powers of application being only trifling.

SAMUEL PODGERS, ESQUIRE, EXHIBITOR IN THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT: AN IMPROVED SPUD, NOT IN THE LEAST NOTICED BY THE COMMITTEE.

Mr. Podgers was removed from Harrow to Coppernose College, Oxford, in the year 18—, and here, though not distinguished for classical attainments, he was very near gaining the prize of valour in a single combat with a gigantic bargeman at Iffley Lock; but the *mariner* proved the better man, and an injury to Mr. Podgers's nose was the only permanent consequence of the rencontre.

It was not till 1823 that he inherited, by the demise of the gallant Major, his father, his estate of Hodgers-Podgers, Hants, where he now resides, occupying himself with agricultural pursuits, and with hunting, although increasing years and weight have rather wearied him of that occupation. Mr. Podgers is a magistrate and a married man; the father (by Emily, daughter of the Reverend Felix Rabbits) of thirteen children.

His spud was invented towards the close of the year 1850, and

it is unnecessary to particularise this invention, which has not been found to answer better than, or indeed to differ greatly from, implements of a like simple nature.

Mr. Podgers's opinions as a politician are well known. Not noisy, he is consistent; and has often been heard to say, that if all England were like him, we should get Protection back again. England being of the contrary opinion, no such result is expected. He is threescore years old, and weighs, we should think, a good fourteen stone ten.

Mrs. Glinders retained, by marrying her cousin, her own maiden and respectable name. Mr. Glinders, her father, has long been known as a distinguished medical practitioner at Bath. Mr. Fitzroy Glinders, her husband, is a solicitor in that city.

MRS. FREDERICA GLINDERS, AUTHOR OF A COUNTERPANE.

In Bath, or its charming neighbourhood, the chief part of the existence of Mrs. Glinders has been passed. It was here that she contracted, in the year 1836, that matrimonial engagement with the Reverend Mr. Fiddlebury, which was so scandalously broken off by the Reverend Gentleman, who married Miss Bluff. The jury of an offended country awarded Miss Glinders £500 for the damage thus done to her affections, which sum she brought as dowry to her cousin the (then) young Fitzroy Glinders, who conducted her case. Their union has been blessed with a considerable family, and indeed Mr. Glinders's *quiver* is so full of them, that he has been obliged to take another pew at church.

The washerwoman of Bath has ever had a constant friend in Mrs. Glinders. The thoughtless chimney-sweep, the ignorant dog's-meat man of her own city, have always been plentifully supplied by her with means for bettering their spiritual condition. The Caffres and Mandingoes have found her eager in their behalf.

The counterpane, sent for *previous* exhibition to the national Exposition, is intended finally as a present for the King of Quacco.

It is woollen, striped blue and pink, with a rich fringe of yellow and pea-green. It occupied Mrs. Glinders two hundred and seventy-four evenings, and the prime cost of the wool was £17, 14s. 6d. For a web which was to pass under the eyes of her own Sovereign, over the feet of another, though a benighted monarch, Mrs. Glinders thought justly that expense was not to be regarded. She had fits on not finding her name in the prize list, and had even entertained an idea that Mr. Glinders would receive a public honour. But time and her own strong spirit will console Mrs. Glinders under these disappointments: and for the sake of her family and friends, it is to be hoped that she will be, in the words (slightly altered) of our immortal bard, "herself again."

PROFESSOR SLAMCOE:—"A KALONATURÆ," OR "SLAMCOE'S GENT'S OWN HEAD OF HAIR.

Horatio Nelson Slamcoe was born in the New Cut, Lambeth, in the year when England lost her greatest naval hero. His mother, having witnessed the funeral procession of Trafalgar's conqueror, determined to bestow on her child, if a son, the glorious names of the departed; hence, in due time, the two Christian names of the subject of this memoir. The parents of Mr. Slamcoe were in humble life; and for the eminence which he has subsequently acquired, he has to thank his genius rather than his education, which was neglected for the labours necessary to one whose own hands must work his own livelihood.

Well and skilfully, through five-and-thirty years, have the hands of Horatio Slamcoe toiled. Early taken under the roof of a tonsorial practitioner in the Waterloo Road, Mr. Slamcoe learned the rudiments of a trade which by him has been elevated to an art; for if to imitate beautiful Nature be Art, what man deserves the proud name of artist better than the elegant perruquier? At twenty-one years of age, Mr. Slamcoe had the honour of attending at L–mb–th Palace, with a wig, made by his young hands, and offered to a

late reverend Prelate of our Church. Professor S. augured ill for Episcopacy when those ornaments of our dignified divines fell into desuetude.

As Napoleon crowned himself King and Emperor, so it was, we believe, that Horatio Slamcoe dubbed himself Professor. His inventions are known to the world, and their beneficent influence is exemplified in his own person. Before he ever attempted Continental travel, his "Balsam of Bohemia" was discovered; just as America was discovered by Columbus before that philosophic Genoese put foot on shipboard. His Tuscan Dentifrice; his Carthaginian Hair-dye; his Fountain of Hebe, are world-celebrated cosmetics, without which (he says) no toilet is complete. They are to be procured at his establishment, "The College of Beauty," with the usual liberal allowance to the trade, who should beware of unprincipled imitators, only too eager to adopt the discoveries of the Professor.

That the Kalonaturæ, or Gent's Own Head of Hair, should have been unrewarded by a Medal, is one of those instances which cries shame on the awards of the Committee. Let us hope it was not a conspiracy on the part of *rival wig-makers* (enemies of Mr. Slamcoe through life) which defeated the object of his ambition. But if there be any individuals blighted like himself, whose hair turned white in a single night, as some men's has through disappointment, the Professor recommends to such his Carthaginian dye, which will prevent the world, at least, from *guessing* what ravages grief has caused, and manly pride would hide; though *it will scarcely* be credited, the Professor's *own* hair is indebted for its rich jelly colour *solely* to the Carthaginian discovery.

VERSES

VERSES

THE FLYING DUKE

"SAY, whose can yonder chariot be,
That thunders on so fast?
And who was he that sat within?
I marked him as he past."

"'Twas Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
Who in that chariot sat,
All in his martial cloak, and in
His proudly-plumed cocked-hat."

"Not Arthur, Duke of Wellington,
That poster fierce could be,
Nor yet a living nobleman:
Some Demon Duke is he."

"'Twas he—to Folkestone he is bound,
To town by rail to wend;
Wherefrom to Windsor he must hie,
A Council to attend."

With whizz and whistle, snort and puff,
The Duke is borne to town,
Nor stops until near London Bridge
The train hath set him down.

There waits a Brougham on Wellington:
To Apsley House he flies,
Whereat at a messenger in red
Doth meet his Grace's eyes.

"How now, thou scarlet messenger!
Thy tidings briefly tell."
The Queen invites your Grace to dine
To-morrow."
"Very well."

To Paddington by cab, to Slough
By steam—away, away!
To Windsor, thence, he goes by fly;
But there he must not stay—

For that his Grace at Walmer hath
A tryst this night to keep;
And he hath warned his serving-men
He shall be back to sleep.

The Council's o'er; back posts his Grace,
As fast as fast might be.
Hurrah! hurrah! well speeds the Duke—
He'll be in time for tea.

The morrow comes; again away
The noble Duke is gone
To Folkestone, and to London Bridge,
And thence to Paddington.

"Away, away to Paddington,
As fast as you can drive;
'Twixt eight and nine the Queen doth dine:
Be there by half-past five."

Fast have they fled, right fleetly sped,
And Paddington is won.
"How, office-swain, about the train?"
"'Tis just this instant gone."

"Your Grace, we just have missed the train,
It grieveth me to say."
"To Apsley House!" then cried the Duke,
"As quickly as you may."

The loud halloo of "Go it, you!"
Beneath the gas-light's glare,
O'er wood and stone they rattle on,
As fast as they can tear.

On, on they went, with hue and cry,
Until the Duke got home,
The axle-trees on fire well nigh,
The horses in a foam.

Out stepp'd the Duke, serene and cool,
And calmly went upstairs,
And donn'd the dress, the which, at Court,
He generally wears.

"Windsor I may not reach in time
To make my toilet there;
So thus the hour I will employ,
Which I, perforce, must spare.

"What is't o'clock?" "Your Grace, near seven."
"Then bear me hence again;
And mark me—this time take good care
You do not miss the train."

Off, off again, the coachman drives,
With fury fierce and fell,
'Mid whoop and shout from rabble rout,
And oath, and scream, and yell.

To right and left a way they cleft
Amid the bustling throng;
While, meteor-like, the carriage-lamps
Flash'd as they flew along.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the station's nigh.
"What ho, there! shout amain!
Here comes the Duke, he's going down;
Give word to stop the train."

The engineer and stoker hear;
Duke Arthur takes his place;
Behold him now, on way to Slough,
Borne at a whirlwind's pace.

"At Slough who stops?" His Grace out pops,
His ticket is resigned.
"To Windsor haste, like felon chased,
Or I shall be behind."

15

Off bounds the hack, while, far aback,
The night-hawk plies his wing;
The race is run, the Castle's won,
"Come, this is just the thing."

At half-past eight, for Queens don't wait,
The noble guests appear
In banquet-hall; and of them all
The Duke brings up the rear.

MORAL.

"'Tis money," as the proverb says,
"That makes the mare to go."
The Duke has cash to cut a dash;
Would we could all do so!

MR. SMITH AND MOSES

A VETERAN GENT, just stepped out of a boat,
In a tattered old hat and a ragged pea-coat,
Appeared at a shop whither many folks run,
And that was the Palace of Moses and Son.

A respectable dame with the mariner went,
Most likely the wife of this veteran gent,
And the eyes of the pair were excited with wonder on seeing the mansion of Moses and Son.

"I've looked upon many a palace before,
But splendour like this, love, I never yet sor!"
This party exclaimed. "What a great sum of money it sure must have cost Messrs. Moses and Son!"

In the language of France his good lady replied,
"This house is well known through the universe wide;
And you, my dear Philip, to seed having run,
Had better refit with E. Moses and Son."

E. Moses stepped forth with a bow full of grace,
Inviting the couple to enter his place:
He thought they were poor—but the poor are not done,
And the rich are not fleeced by E. Moses and Son.

"What clothes can I serve you to-day, my good man?"
E. Moses exclaimed: "You shall pay what you can;
The peer or the peasant, we suit every one;
Republicans true are E. Moses and Son."

The pea-coated gent at that word made a start,
And looked nervously round at the goods of our mart:
"A vest, coat, and trousers, as soon as they're done,
I want, *s'il vous plaît*, Messieurs Moses and Son.

"I once was a king, like the monarch of Room,
But was forced from my throne and came off in a Br——m;
And in such a great hurry, from P–r–s I run,
I forgot my portmanteau, dear Moses and Son."

"Dear sir," we exclaimed, "what a lucky escape!"
So one brought the patterns, another the tape;
And while with our patterns his "peepers" we stun,
The gent is quick measured by Moses and Son.

The clothes when complete we direct in a hurry—
"— Smith, Esquire, at Prince Leopold's, Claremont, in Surrey."
The cloth was first-rate, and the fit such a one
As only is furnished by Moses and Son.

As he paces the valley or roams in the grove,
All cry, "What a very respectable cove!"
How changed in appearance from him who late run
From Paris to refuge with Moses and Son!

Now who was this "veteran gent," sirs, E. Moses,
Although he may "guess," yet he never discloses.
Do you wish to know more, gents? if you do, why then run
To Aldgate and ask of E. Moses and Son.

THE FRODDYLENT BUTLER

Mr. Punch, Sir,—The abuv is the below ritten Pome, on a subjec of grate delicasy, wich as a butler, I feel it a disgrase to the cloth that any man calling hisself a butler, should go for to git wind on false pretences, and such wind (as reported in the papers of Tuesday last), from Richmond; and in justice to self and feller servants have expressed my feelins in potry, wich as you ave prevously admitted to your entertainin columns pomes by a futman (and also a pleaceman), I think you ave a right to find a plaice for a pome by a butler, wich I beg to subscribe myself your constant reder,

John Corks.

14 Lushington Place West, Belgravy.

IT'S all of one John George Montresor,
And Briggs, Esquire, his master kind;
This retch, all for his privat plesure,
Did froddylently order wind.

To Mister Ellis, Richmond, Surrey,
Were Briggs, Esquire, he did reside
This wicked John druv in a urry,
On June the fust and tenth beside.

And then, this mene and shabby feller
To Mister Ellis did remark,
Briggs ad gone out and took the cellar
Kee away across the Park;

And cumpny comeng on a suddent,
Ad stayed to dine with Missis B.
Whereby in course the butler cooden't
Get out the wind without the kee.

So Missis B. she would be werry
Much obliged if e'd send in
Arf-a-dozen best brown sherry,
And single bottel 'ollans gin.

But this was nothink but a story as
This wicked butler went and told,
Whereby for nothink to get glorious,
Wich so he did, and grew more bold.

Until, at last grown more audashus,
He goes and orders, wat d'y think?
He goes and orders, goodness grashus,
Marsaly, wind no gent can drink.

It wasn't for his private drinkin—
For that he'd Briggses wine enuff—
But, wen the sherry bins was sinkin
He filled 'em with this *nasty stough.*

And Briggs, Esquire, at is own tabel
(To rite such things my art offends)
Might ave to drink, if he was abul,
Marsaly wind, hisself and frends!

But praps John ne'er to tabel brort it,
And used it in the *negus* line;
Or praps the raskal, when he bort it,
Knew Briggs was not a judge of wind.

At all ewents, all thro' the seson
This villin plaid these orrid games.
For butlers to commit such treson,
I'm sure it is the wust of shames.

But masters, tho soft, has there senses,
And roges, tho sharp, are cotcht at last;
So Briggs, Esquire, at last commenses
To find his wind goes werry fast.

Once, when the famly gev a party,
Shampain, in course, the bankwet crown'd;
And Briggs, Esquire, so kind and arty,
He ordered John to and it round.

No wind in general's drunk more quicker,
But now his glass no gent would drane;
When Briggs, on tastin, found the licker
Was British arf-a-crown shampain!

That they'd not drink it was no wunder,
A dredful look did Briggs assoom,
And ordered, with a voice of thunder,
The retched butler from the room.

Then, rushin edlong to the cellar,
Regardless if he broke is shins,
He found wot tricks the wicked feller
Had been a playin with the binns.

Of all his prime old sherry, raelly
There wasent none to speke of there,
And Mr. Ellis's marsaly
Was in the place the sherry were.

Soon after that the wicked feller's
Crimes was diskivered clear and clene,
By the small akount of Mr. Ellis,
For lickers, twenty pound fifteen.

And, not content with thus embezzlin
His master's wind, the skoundrel had
The Richmond tradesmen all been chizzlin,
An' a doin' every think that's bad.

Whereby on Toosday, Janwry thirty,
As is reported in the *Times*,
He wor ad up for his conduc dirty,
And dooly punished for his crimes.

So masters, who from such base fellers
Would keep your wind upon your shelves,
This int accept—If you ave cellars,
Always to mind the kee yourselves.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION

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[*From a forthcoming History of Europe.*]

CHAPTER I

IT is seldom that the historian has to record events more singular than those which occurred during this year, when the Crown of France was battled for by no less than four pretenders, with equal claims, merits, bravery, and popularity. First in the list we place—His Royal Highness Louis Anthony Frederick Samuel Anna-Maria, Duke of Brittany, and son of Louis XVI. The unhappy Prince, when a prisoner with his unfortunate parents in the Temple, was enabled to escape from that place of confinement, hidden (for the treatment of the ruffians who guarded him had caused the young Prince to dwindle down astonishingly) in the cocked-hat of the Representative, Rœderer. It is well known that, in the troublous revolutionary times, cocked-hats were worn of a considerable size.

He passed a considerable part of his life in Germany; was confined there for thirty years in the dungeons of Spielberg; and, escaping thence to England, was, under pretence of debt, but in reality from political hatred, imprisoned there also in the Tower of London. He must not be confounded with any other of the persons who laid claim to be children of the unfortunate victim of the first Revolution.

The next claimant, Henri of Bordeaux, is better known. In the year 1843 he held his little fugitive Court in furnished lodgings, in a forgotten district of London, called Belgrave Square. Many of the nobles of France flocked thither to him, despising the persecu-

tions of the occupant of the throne; and some of the chiefs of the British Nobility—among whom may be reckoned the celebrated and chivalrous Duke of Jenkins—aided the adventurous young prince with their counsels, their wealth, and their valour.

The third candidate was His Imperial Highness Prince John Thomas Napoleon—a fourteenth cousin of the late Emperor; and said by some to be a Prince of the House of Gomersal. He argued justly that, as the immediate relatives of the celebrated Corsican had declined to compete for the crown which was their right, he, Prince John Thomas, being next in succession, was, undoubtedly, heir to the vacant imperial throne. And in support of his claim, he appealed to the fidelity of Frenchmen and the strength of his good sword.

His Majesty Louis Philippe was, it need not be said, the illustrious wielder of the sceptre which the three above-named princes desired to wrest from him. It does not appear that the sagacious monarch was esteemed by his subjects, as such a prince should have been esteemed. The light-minded people, on the contrary, were rather weary than otherwise of his sway. They were not in the least attached to his amiable family, for whom his Majesty with characteristic thrift had endeavoured to procure satisfactory allowances. And the leading statesmen of the country, whom his Majesty had disgusted, were suspected of entertaining any but feelings of loyalty towards his house and person.

It was against the above-named pretenders that Louis Philippe (now nearly a hundred years old), a prince amongst sovereigns, was called upon to defend his crown.

The city of Paris was guarded, as we all know, by a hundred and twenty-four forts, of a thousand guns each—provisioned for a considerable time, and all so constructed as to fire, if need were, upon the Palace of the Tuileries. Thus, should the mob attack it, as in August 1792, and July 1830, the building could be razed to the ground in an hour; thus, too, the capital was quite secure from foreign invasion. Another defence against the foreigners was the state of the roads. Since the English companies had retired, half a mile only of railroad had been completed in France, and thus any army accustomed, as those of Europe now are, to move at sixty miles an hour, would have been *ennuyé'd* to death before they could have marched from the Rhenish, the Maritime, the Alpine, or the Pyrenean frontier upon the capital of France. The French people, however, were indignant at this defect of communication in their territory, and said, without the least show of reason, that they would have preferred that the five hundred and seventy-five thousand billions of francs which had been expended upon the fortifications

should have been laid out in a more peaceful manner. However, behind his forts, the King lay secure.

As it is our aim to depict in as vivid a manner as possible the strange events of the period, the actions, the passions of individuals and parties engaged, we cannot better describe them than by referring to contemporary documents, of which there is no lack. It is amusing at the present day to read in the pages of the *Moniteur* and the *Journal des Debats* the accounts of the strange scenes which took place.

The year 1884 had opened very tranquilly. The Court of the Tuileries had been extremely gay. The three-and-twenty youngest Princes of England, sons of her Majesty Victoria, had enlivened the balls by their presence; the Emperor of Russia and family had paid their accustomed visit; and the King of the Belgians had, as usual, made his visit to his Royal father-in-law, under pretence of duty and pleasure, but really to demand payment of the Queen of the Belgians' dowry, which Louis Philippe of Orleans still resolutely declined to pay. Who would have thought that in the midst of such festivity danger was lurking rife; in the midst of such quiet, rebellion?

Charenton was the great lunatic asylum of Paris, and it was to this repository that the scornful journalist consigned the pretender to the throne of Louis XVI.

But on the next day, viz., Saturday, the 29th February, the same journal contained a paragraph of a much more startling and serious import; in which, although under a mask of carelessness, it was easy to see the Government alarm.

On Friday, the 28th February, the *Journal des Débats* contained a paragraph, which did not occasion much sensation at the Bourse, so absurd did its contents seem. It ran as follows:—

"Encore un Louis XVII.! A letter from Calais tells us that a strange personage lately landed from England (from Bedlam we believe) has been giving himself out to be the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. This is the twenty-fourth pretender of the species who has asserted that his father was the august victim of the Temple. Beyond his pretensions, the poor creature is said to be pretty harmless; he is accompanied by one or two old women, who declare they recognise in him the Dauphin; he does not make any attempt to seize upon his throne by force of arms, but waits until Heaven shall conduct him to it.

"If his Majesty comes to Paris, we presume he will *take up* quarters in the palace of *Charenton*.

"We have not before alluded to certain rumours which have

been afloat (among the lowest *canaille* and the vilest *estaminets* of the metropolis), that a notorious personage—why should we hesitate to mention the name of the Prince John Thomas Napoleon?—has entered France with culpable intentions, and revolutionary views. The *Moniteur* of this morning, however, confirms the disgraceful fact. A pretender is on our shores; an armed assassin is threatening our peaceful liberties; a wandering homeless cut-throat is robbing on our highways; and the punishment of his crime awaits him. Let no considerations of the past defer that just punishment; it is the duty of the legislator to provide for *the future*. Let the full powers of the law be brought against him, aided by the stern justice of the public force. Let him be tracked, like a wild beast, to his lair, and meet the fate of one. But the sentence has, ere this, been certainly executed. The brigand, we hear, has been distributing (without any effect) pamphlets among the low ale-houses and peasantry of the department of the Upper Rhine (in which he lurks); and the Police have an easy means of tracking his footsteps.

"Corporal Crâne, of the Gendarmerie, is on the track of the unfortunate young man. His attempt will only serve to show the folly of the pretenders, and the love, respect, regard, fidelity, admiration, reverence, and passionate personal attachment in which we hold our beloved sovereign."

"Second Edition!—Capture of the Prince.

"A courier has just arrived at the Tuileries with a report that after a scuffle between Corporal Crâne and the 'Imperial Army,' in a water-barrel, whither the latter had retreated, victory has remained with the former. A desperate combat ensued in the first place, in a hay-loft, whence the pretender was ejected with immense loss. He is now a prisoner—and we dread to think what his fate may be! It will warn future aspirants, and give Europe a lesson which it is not likely to forget. Above all, it will set beyond a doubt the regard, respect, admiration, reverence, and adoration which we all feel for our sovereign."

"Third Edition.

"A second courier has arrived. The infatuated Crâne has made common cause with the Prince, and for ever forfeited the respect of Frenchmen. A detachment of the 520th Léger has marched in pursuit of the pretender and his dupes. Go, Frenchmen, go and conquer! Remember that it is our rights you guard, our homes which you march to defend; our laws which are con-

fided to the points of your unsullied bayonets ;—above all, our dear dear sovereign, around whose throne you rally !

"Our feelings overpower us. Men of the 520th, remember your watchword is Gemappes,—your countersign, Valmy."

"The Emperor of Russia and his distinguished family quitted the Tuileries this day. His Imperial Majesty embraced his Majesty the King of the French with tears in his eyes, and conferred upon their RR. HH. the Princes of Nemours and Joinville, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Blue Eagle."

"His Majesty passed a review of the Police force. The venerable monarch was received with deafening cheers by this admirable and disinterested body of men. Those cheers were echoed in all French hearts. Long, long may our beloved Prince be among us to receive them !"

CHAPTER II

HENRY V. AND NAPOLEON III.

SUNDAY : *February 30th.*

WE resume our quotations from the *Débats*, which thus introduces a third pretender to the throne :—

"Is this distracted country never to have peace? While on Friday we recorded the pretensions of a maniac to the great throne of France ; while on Saturday we were compelled to register the culpable attempts of one whom we regard as a ruffian, murderer, swindler, forger, burglar, and common pickpocket, to gain over the allegiance of Frenchmen—it is to-day our painful duty to announce a *third* invasion—yes, a third invasion. The wretched, superstitious, fanatic Duke of Bordeaux has landed at Nantz, and has summoned the Vendéans and the Bretons to mount the white cockade.

"Grand Dieu ! are we not happy under the tricolour? Do we not repose under the majestic shadow of the best of kings? Is there any name prouder than that of Frenchmen ; any subject more happy than that of our sovereign? Does not the whole

French family adore their father? Yes. Our lives, our hearts, our blood, our fortune, are at his disposal: it was not in vain that we raised, it is not the first time we have rallied round, the august throne of July. The unhappy Duke is most likely a prisoner by this time; and the martial court which shall be called upon to judge one infamous traitor and pretender, may at the same moment judge another. Away with both! let the ditch of Vincennes (which has been already fatal to his race) receive his body, too, and with it the corpse of the other pretender. Thus will a great crime be wiped out of history, and the manes of a slaughtered martyr avenged!

"One word more. We hear that the Duke of Jenkins accompanies the descendant of Caroline of Naples. An *English Duke, entendez-vous!* An English Duke, great Heaven! and the Princes of England still dancing in our Royal halls! Where, where will the perfidy of Albion end?"

"The King reviewed the third and fourth battalions of Police The usual heart-rending cheers accompanied the monarch, who looked younger than ever we saw him—ay, as young as when he faced the Austrian cannon at Valmy and scattered their squadrons at Gemappes.

"Rations of liquor, and crosses of the Legion of Honour, were distributed to all the men.

The English Princes quitted the Tuileries in twenty-three coaches-and-four. They were not rewarded with crosses of the Legion of Honour. This is significant."

"The Dukes of Joinville and Nemours left the palace for the departments of the Loire and Upper Rhine, where they will take the command of the troops. The Joinville regiment—Cavalerie de la Marine—is one of the finest in the service."

"Orders have been given to arrest the fanatic who calls himself Duke of Brittany, and who has been making some disturbances in the Pas de Calais."

"ANECDOTE OF HIS MAJESTY.—At the review of troops (Police) yesterday, his Majesty, going up to one old *grognard* and pulling him by the ear, said, 'Wilt thou have a cross or another ration of wine? The old hero, smiling archly, answered 'Sire, a brave man can gain a cross any day of battle, but it is hard for him sometimes to get a drink of wine.' We need not say that he had his drink, and the generous sovereign sent him the cross and riband too."

On the next day the Government journals began to write in rather a despondent tone regarding the progress of the pretenders to the throne. In spite of their big talking, anxiety is clearly manifested, as appears from the following remarks of the *Débats*:—

"The courier from the Rhine department," says the *Débats*, "brings us the following astounding Proclamation:—

"'Strasburg, xxii. Nivose: Décadi. 92nd year of the Republic, one and indivisible.

'"WE, JOHN THOMAS NAPOLEON, by the constitutions of the Empire, Emperor of the French Republic, to our marshals, generals, officers, and soldiers, greeting:

'Soldiers!

"'From the summit of the Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you. The sun of Austerlitz has risen once more. The Guard dies, but never surrenders. My eagles, flying from steeple to steeple, never shall droop till they perch on the towers of Notre Dame.

"'Soldiers! the child of *your Father* has remained long in exile. I have seen the fields of Europe where your laurels are now withering, and I have communed with the dead who repose beneath them. They ask where are our children? Where is France? Europe no longer glitters with the shine of its triumphant bayonets—echoes no more with the shouts of its victorious cannon. Who could reply to such a question save with a blush?—And does a blush become the cheeks of Frenchmen?

"'No. Let us wipe from our faces that degrading mark of shame. Come, as of old, and rally round my eagles! You have been subject to fiddling prudence long enough. Come, worship now at the shrine of Glory! You have been promised liberty, but you have had none. I will endow you with the true, the real freedom. When your ancestors burst over the Alps, were they not free? Yes; free to conquer. Let us imitate the example of

those indomitable myriads; and, flinging a defiance to Europe, once more trample over her; march in triumph into her prostrate capitals, and bring her kings with her treasures at our feet. This is the liberty worthy of Frenchmen.

"'Frenchmen! I promise you that the Rhine shall be restored to you; and that England shall rank no more among the nations. I will have a marine that shall drive her ships from the seas; a few of my brave regiments will do the rest. Henceforth, the traveller in that desert island shall ask, "Was it this wretched corner of the world that for a thousand years defied Frenchmen?"

"'Frenchmen, up and rally!—I have flung my banner to the breezes; 'tis surrounded by the faithful and the brave. Up, and let our motto be, LIBERTY, EQUALITY, WAR ALL OVER THE WORLD!

"'NAPOLEON III.

"'*The Marshal of the Empire*, HARICOT.'

"Such is the Proclamation! such the hopes that a brutal-minded and bloody adventurer holds out to our country. 'War all over the world' is the cry of the savage demon; and the fiends who have rallied round him echo it in concert. We were not, it appears, correct in stating that a corporal's guard had been sufficient to seize upon the marauder, when the first fire would have served to conclude his miserable life. But, like a hideous disease, the contagion has spread; the remedy must be dreadful. Woe to those on whom it will fall!

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Joinville, Admiral of France, has hastened, as we before stated, to the disturbed districts, and takes with him his Cavalerie de la Marine. It is hard to think that the blades of those chivalrous heroes must be buried in the bosoms of Frenchmen: but so be it: it is those monsters who have asked for blood, not we. It is those ruffians who have begun the quarrel, not we. *We* remain calm and hopeful, reposing under the protection of the dearest and best of sovereigns.

"The wretched pretender, who called himself Duke of Brittany, has been seized, according to our prophecy: he was brought before the Prefect of Police yesterday, and his insanity being proved beyond a doubt, he has been consigned to a strait-waistcoat at Charenton. So may all incendiary enemies of our Government be overcome!

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Nemours is gone into the department of the Loire, where he will speedily put an end to the troubles in the disturbed districts of the Bocage and La Vendée. The foolish young Prince, who has there raised his standard, is followed, we hear, by a small number of wretched persons, of whose massacre we expect every moment to receive the news. He too

has issued his Proclamation, and our readers will smile at its contents :—

"'We, Henry, Fifth of the Name, King of France and Navarre, to all whom it may concern, greeting :

"'After years of exile we have once more unfurled in France the banner of the lilies. Once more the white plume of Henri IV. floats in the crest of his little son (*petit-fils*)! Gallant nobles! worthy burgesses! honest commons of my realm, I call upon you to rally round the oriflamme of France, and summon the *ban et arrière-ban* of my kingdoms. To my faithful Bretons I need not appeal. The country of Duguesclin has loyalty for an heirloom! To the rest of my subjects, my atheist misguided subjects, their father makes one last appeal. Come to me, my children! your errors shall be forgiven. Our Holy Father, the Pope, shall intercede for you. He promised it when, before my departure on this expedition, I kissed his inviolable toe!

"'Our afflicted country cries aloud for reforms. The infamous Universities shall be abolished. Education shall no longer be permitted. A sacred and wholesome inquisition shall be established. My faithful nobles shall pay no more taxes. All the venerable institutions of our country shall be restored as they existed before 1788. Convents and monasteries again shall ornament our country,—the calm nurseries of saints and holy women! Heresy shall be extirpated with paternal severity, and our country shall be free once more.

"'His Majesty the King of Ireland, my august ally, has sent, under the command of his Royal Highness Prince Daniel, his Majesty's youngest son, an irresistible Irish Brigade, to co-operate in the good work. His Grace the Lion of Judah, the canonised patriarch of Tuam, blessed their green banner before they set forth. Henceforth may the lilies and the harp be ever twined together. Together we will make a crusade against the infidels of Albion, and raze their heretic domes to the ground. Let our cry be, *Vive la France!* down with England! Montjoie St. Denis!

"'By the King.

"'The Secretary of State and Grand Inquisitor...	La Roue.
The Marshal of France...	Pompadour de l'Aile de Pigeon
The General Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Brigade in the service of His Most Christian Majesty.	Daniel, Prince of Ballybunion

"'Henri.

"His Majesty reviewed the admirable Police force, and held a council of Ministers in the afternoon. Measures were concerted for the instant putting down of the disturbances in the departments of the Rhine and Loire, and it is arranged that on the capture of the pretenders, they shall be lodged in separate cells in the prison of the Luxembourg: the apartments are already prepared, and the officers at their posts.

"The grand banquet that was to be given at the palace to-day to the diplomatic body, has been put off; all the ambassadors being attacked with illness, which compels them to stay at home."

"The ambassadors despatched couriers to their various Governments."

"His Majesty the King of the Belgians left the palace of the Tuileries."

CHAPTER III

THE ADVANCE OF THE PRETENDERS—HISTORICAL REVIEW

WE will now resume the narrative, and endeavour to compress, in a few comprehensive pages, the facts which are more diffusely described in the print from which we have quoted.

It was manifest, then, that the troubles in the departments were of a serious nature, and that the forces gathered round the two pretenders to the crown were considerable. They had their supporters too in Paris,—as what party indeed has not?—and the venerable occupant of the throne was in a state of considerable anxiety, and found his declining years by no means so comfortable as his virtues and great age might have warranted.

His paternal heart was the more grieved when he thought of the fate reserved to his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, now sprung up around him in vast numbers. The King's grandson, the Prince Royal, married to a princess of the house of Schlippen-Schloppen, was the father of fourteen children, all handsomely endowed with pensions by the State. His brother, the Count D'Eu, was similarly blessed with a multitudinous offspring. The Duke of Nemours had no children; but the Princes of Joinville, Aumale,

and Montpensier (married to the Princesses Januaria and Februaria, of Brazil, and the Princess of the United States of America, erected into a monarchy, 4th July 1856, under the Emperor Duff Green I.) were the happy fathers of immense families—all liberally apportioned by the Chambers, which had long been entirely subservient to his Majesty Louis Philippe.

The Duke of Aumale was King of Algeria, having married (in the first instance) the Princess Badroulboudour, a daughter of his Highness Abd-el-Kader. The Prince of Joinville was adored by the nation, on account of his famous victory over the English fleet under the command of Admiral the Prince of Wales, whose ship, the *Richard Cobden*, of 120 guns, was taken by the *Belle-Poule* frigate of 36: on which occasion forty-five other ships of war and seventy-nine steam-frigates struck their colours to about one-fourth the number of the heroic French navy. The victory was mainly owing to the gallantry of the celebrated French horse-marines, who executed several brilliant charges under the orders of the intrepid Joinville: and though the Irish Brigade, with their ordinary modesty, claimed the honours of the day, yet, as only three of that nation were present in the action, impartial history must award the palm to the intrepid sons of Gaul.

With so numerous a family quartered on the nation, the solicitude of the admirable King may be conceived, lest a revolution should ensue, and fling them on the world once more. How could he support so numerous a family? Considerable as his wealth was (for he was known to have amassed about a hundred and thirteen billions, which were lying in the caves of the Tuileries), yet such a sum was quite insignificant when divided among his progeny; and, besides, he naturally preferred getting from the nation as much as his faithful people could possibly afford.

Seeing the imminency of the danger, and that money, well applied, is often more efficacious than the conqueror's sword, the King's Ministers were anxious that he should devote a part of his savings to the carrying on of the war. But, with the cautiousness of age, the monarch declined this offer; he preferred, he said, throwing himself upon his faithful people, who, he was sure, would meet, as became them, the coming exigency. The Chambers met his appeal with their usual devotion. At a solemn convocation of those legislative bodies, the King, surrounded by his family, explained the circumstances and the danger. His Majesty, his family, his Ministers, and the two Chambers, then burst into tears, according to immemorial usage, and raising their hands to the ceiling, swore eternal fidelity to the dynasty and to France, and embraced each other affectingly all round.

It need not be said that in the course of that evening two hundred Deputies of the Left left Paris, and joined the Prince John Thomas Napoleon, who was now advanced as far as Dijon: two hundred and fifty-three (of the Right, the Centre, and Round the Corner) similarly quitted the capital to pay their homage to the Duke of Bordeaux. They were followed, according to their several political predilections, by the various Ministers and dignitaries of State. The only Minister who remained in Paris was Marshal Thiers, Prince of Waterloo (he had defeated the English in the very field where they had obtained formerly a success, though the victory was as usual claimed by the Irish Brigade); but age had ruined the health and diminished the immense strength of that gigantic leader, and it is said his only reason for remaining in Paris was because a fit of the gout kept him in bed.

The capital was entirely tranquil. The theatres and cafés were open as usual, and the masked balls attended with great enthusiasm: confiding in their hundred and twenty-four forts, the light-minded people had nothing to fear.

Except in the way of money, the King left nothing undone to conciliate his people. He even went among them with his umbrella; but they were little touched with that mark of confidence. He shook hands with everybody; he distributed crosses of the Legion of Honour in such multitudes, that red riband rose two hundred per cent. in the market (by which his Majesty, who speculated in the article, cleared a tolerable sum of money). But these blandishments and honours had little effect upon an apathetic people; and the enemy of the Orleans dynasty, the fashionable young nobles of the Henriquinquiste party, wore gloves perpetually, for fear (they said) that they should be obliged to shake hands with the best of kings; while the Republicans adopted coats without button-holes, lest they should be forced to hang red ribbons in them. The funds did not fluctuate in the least.

The proclamations of the several pretenders had had their effect. The young men of the schools and the estaminets (celebrated places of public education), allured by the noble words of Prince Napoleon, "Liberty, equality, war all over the world!" flocked to his standard in considerable numbers: while the noblesse naturally hastened to offer their allegiance to the legitimate descendant of Saint Louis.

And truly, never was there seen a more brilliant chivalry than that collected round the gallant Prince Henry! There was not a man in his army but had lacquered boots and fresh white kid-gloves at morning and evening parade. The fantastic and effeminate but brave and faithful troops were numbered off into different legions: there was the Fleur-d'Orange regiment; the Eau-de-Rose battalion;

the Violet-Pomatum volunteers; the Eau-de-Cologne cavalry—according to the different scents which they affected. Most of the warriors wore lace ruffles; all powder and pigtails, as in the real days of chivalry. A band of heavy dragoons under the command of Count Alfred de Horsay made themselves conspicuous for their discipline, cruelty, and the admirable cut of their coats; and with these celebrated horsemen came from England the illustrious Duke of Jenkins with his superb footmen. They were all six feet high. They all wore bouquets of the richest flowers: they wore bags, their hair slightly powdered, brilliant shoulder-knots, and cocked-hats laced with gold. They wore the tight knee-pantaloon of velveteen peculiar to this portion of the British infantry; and their legs were so superb, that the Duke of Bordeaux, embracing with tears their admirable leader on parade, said, "Jenkins, France never saw such calves until now." The weapon of this tremendous militia was an immense club or cane, reaching from the sole of the foot to the nose, and heavily mounted with gold. Nothing could stand before this terrific weapon, and the breastplates and plumed morions of the French cuirassiers would have been undoubtedly crushed beneath them, had they ever met in mortal combat. Between this part of the Prince's forces and the Irish auxiliaries there was a deadly animosity. Alas, there always is such in camps! The sons of Albion had not forgotten the day when the children of Erin had been subject to their devastating sway.

The uniform of the latter was various—the rich stuff called *corps-du-roy* (worn by Cœur de Lion at Agincourt) formed their lower habiliments for the most part: the national frieze * yielded them tail-coats. The latter were generally torn in a fantastic manner at the elbows, skirts, and collars, and fastened with every variety of button, tape, and string. Their weapons were the caubeen, the alpeen, and the doodeen of the country—the latter a short but dreadful weapon of offence. At the demise of the venerable Theobald Mathew, the nation had laid aside its habit of temperance, and universal intoxication betokened their grief; it became afterwards their constant habit. Thus do men ever return to the haunts of their childhood: such a power has fond memory over us! The leaders of this host seem to have been, however, an effeminate race; they are represented by contemporary historians as being passionately fond of *flying kites*. Others say they went into battle armed with "bills," no doubt rude weapons; for it is stated that foreigners could never be got to accept them in lieu of their own arms. The Princes of Mayo, Donegal, and Connemara,

* Were these in any way related to the *chevaux-de-frise* on which the French cavalry were mounted?

marched by the side of their young and Royal chieftain, the Prince of Ballybunion, fourth son of Daniel the First, King of the Emerald Isle.

Two hosts then, one under the Eagles, and surrounded by the Republican Imperialists, the other under the antique French Lilies, were marching on the French capital. The Duke of Brittany, too, confined in the lunatic asylum of Charenton, found means to issue a protest against his captivity, which caused only derision in the capital. Such was the state of the empire, and such the clouds that were gathering round the Sun of Orleans!

CHAPTER IV

THE BATTLE OF RHEIMS

IT was not the first time that the King had had to undergo misfortunes; and now, as then, he met them like a man. The Prince of Joinville was not successful in his campaign against the Imperial Pretender: and that bravery which had put the British fleet to flight, was found, as might be expected, insufficient against the irresistible courage of native Frenchmen. The Horse Marines, not being on their own element, could not act with their usual effect. Accustomed to the tumult of the swelling seas, they were easily unsaddled on *terra firma* and in the Champagne country.

It was literally in the Champagne country that the meeting between the troops under Joinville and Prince Napoleon took place! for both armies had reached Rheims, and a terrific battle was fought underneath the walls. For some time nothing could dislodge the army of Joinville, entrenched in the champagne cellars of Messrs. Ruinart, Moët, and others; but making too free with the fascinating liquor, the army at length became entirely drunk: on which the Imperialists, rushing into the cellars, had an easy victory over them; and, this done, proceeded to intoxicate themselves likewise.

The Prince of Joinville, seeing the *déroute* of his troops, was compelled with a few faithful followers to fly towards Paris, and Prince Napoleon remained master of the field of battle. It is needless to recapitulate the bulletin which he published the day after the occasion, so soon as he and his secretaries were in a condition to write: eagles, pyramids, rainbows, the sun of Austerlitz, &c., figured in the proclamation, in close imitation of his illustrious uncle. But the great benefit of the action was this: on arousing from their intoxication, the late soldiers of Joinville kissed and embraced their comrades of the Imperial army, and made common cause with them.

"Soldiers!" said the Prince, on reviewing them the second day after the action, "the Cock is a gallant bird; but he makes way for the Eagle! Your colours are not changed. Ours floated on the walls of Moscow—yours on the ramparts of Constantine; both are glorious. Soldiers of Joinville! we give you welcome, as we would welcome your illustrious leader, who destroyed the fleets of Albion. Let him join us! We will march together against that perfidious enemy.

"But, Soldiers! intoxication dimmed the laurels of yesterday's glorious day! Let us drink no more of the fascinating liquors of our native Champagne. Let us remember Hannibal and Capua; and, before we plunge into dissipation, that we have Rome still to conquer!

"Soldiers! Seltzer-water is good after too much drink. Wait awhile, and your Emperor will lead you into a Seltzer-water country. Frenchmen! it lies BEYOND THE RHINE!"

Deafening shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" saluted this allusion of the Prince, and the army knew that their natural boundary should be restored to them. The compliments to the gallantry of the Prince of Joinville likewise won all hearts, and immensely advanced the Prince's cause. The *Journal des Débats* did not know which way to turn. In one paragraph it called the Emperor "a sanguinary tyrant, murderer, and pickpocket;" in a second it owned he was "a magnanimous rebel, and worthy of forgiveness;" and, after proclaiming "the brilliant victory of the Prince of Joinville," presently denominated it a "*funeste journée.*"

The next day the Emperor, as we may now call him, was about to march on Paris, when Messrs. Ruinart and Moët were presented, and requested to be paid for three hundred thousand bottles of wine. "Send three hundred thousand more to the Tuileries," said the Prince sternly: "our soldiers will be thirsty when they reach Paris." And taking Moët with him as a hostage, and promising Ruinart that he would have him shot unless he obeyed, with trumpets playing and eagles glancing in the sun, the gallant Imperial army marched on their triumphant way

CHAPTER V

THE BATTLE OF TOURS

WE have now to record the expedition of the Prince of Nemours against his advancing cousin, Henry V. His Royal Highness could not march against the enemy with such a force as he would have desired to bring against them; for his Royal father, wisely remembering the vast amount of property

he had stowed away under the Tuileries, refused to allow a single soldier to quit the forts round the capital, which thus was defended by one hundred and forty-four thousand guns (eighty-four-pounders), and four hundred and thirty-two thousand men:—little enough, when one considers that there were but three men to a gun. To provision this immense army, and a population of double the amount within the walls, his Majesty caused the country to be scoured for fifty miles round, and left neither ox, nor ass, nor blade of grass. When appealed to by the inhabitants of the plundered district, the Royal Philip replied, with tears in his eyes, that his heart bled for them—that they were his children—that every cow taken from the meanest peasant was like a limb torn from his own body; but that duty must be done, that the interests of the country demanded the sacrifice, and that in fact they might go to the deuce. This the unfortunate creatures certainly did.

The theatres went on as usual within the walls. The *Journal des Débats* stated every day that the pretenders were taken; the Chambers sat—such as remained—and talked immensely about honour, dignity, and the glorious Revolution of July; and the King, as his power was now pretty nigh absolute over them, thought this a good opportunity to bring in a Bill for doubling his children's allowances all round.

Meanwhile the Duke of Nemours proceeded on his march; and as there was nothing left within fifty miles of Paris wherewith to support his famished troops, it may be imagined that he was forced to ransack the next fifty miles in order to maintain them. He did so. But the troops were not such as they should have been, considering the enemy with whom they had to engage.

The fact is, that most of the Duke's army consisted of the National Guard; who, in a fit of enthusiasm, and at the cry of "LA PATRIE EN DANGER" having been induced to volunteer, had been eagerly accepted by his Majesty, anxious to lessen as much as possible the number of food-consumers in his beleaguered capital. It is said even that he selected the most gormandising battalions of the civic force to send forth against the enemy: viz., the grocers, the rich bankers, the lawyers, &c. Their parting with their families was very affecting. They would have been very willing to recall their offer of marching, but companies of stern veterans closing round them, marched them to the city gates, which were closed upon them; and thus perforce they were compelled to move on. As long as he had a bottle of brandy and a couple of sausages in his holsters, the General of the National Guard, Odillon Barrot, talked with tremendous courage. Such was the power of his eloquence over the troops, that, could he have come up with the

enemy while his victuals lasted, the issue of the combat might have been very different. But in the course of the first day's march he finished both the sausages and the brandy, and became quite uneasy, silent, and crestfallen.

It was on the fair plains of Touraine, by the banks of silver Loire, that the armies sat down before each other, and the battle was to take place which had such an effect upon the fortunes of France. 'Twas a brisk day of March: the practised valour of Nemours showed him at once what use to make of the army under his orders, and having enfiladed his National Guard battalions, and placed his artillery in échelons, he formed his cavalry into hollow squares on the right and left of his line, flinging out a cloud of howitzers to fall back upon the main column. His veteran infantry he formed behind his National Guard—politely hinting to Odillon Barrot, who wished to retire under pretence of being exceedingly unwell, that the regular troops would bayonet the National Guard if they gave way an inch: on which their General, turning very pale, demurely went back to his post. His men were dreadfully discouraged; they had slept on the ground all night; they regretted their homes and their comfortable nightcaps in the Rue St. Honoré: they had luckily fallen in with a flock of sheep and a drove of oxen at Tours the day before; but what were these, compared to the delicacies of Chevet's or three courses at Véfour's? They mournfully cooked their steaks and cutlets on their ramrods, and passed a most wretched night.

The army of Henry was encamped opposite to them, for the most part in better order. The noble cavalry regiments found a village in which they made themselves pretty comfortable, Jenkins's Foot taking possession of the kitchens and garrets of the buildings. The Irish Brigade, accustomed to lie abroad, were quartered in some potato-fields, where they sang Moore's melodies all night. There were, besides the troops regular and irregular, about three thousand priests and abbés with the army, armed with scourging-whips, and chanting the most lugubrious canticles: these reverend men were found to be a hindrance rather than otherwise to the operations of the regular forces.

It was a touching sight, on the morning before the battle, to see the alacrity with which Jenkins's regiment sprung up at the *first réveille* of the bell, and engaged (the honest fellows!) in offices almost menial for the benefit of their French allies. The Duke himself set the example, and blacked to a nicety the boots of Henri. At half-past ten, after coffee, the brilliant warriors of the cavalry were ready; their clarions rung to horse, their banners were given to the wind, their shirt-collars were exquisitely starched, and the

whole air was scented with the odours of their pomatums and pocket-handkerchiefs.

Jenkins had the honour of holding the stirrup for Henri. "My faithful Duke!" said the Prince, pulling him by the shoulder-knot, "thou art always at *thy Post.*" "Here, as in Wellington Street, sire," said the hero, blushing. And the Prince made an appropriate speech to his chivalry, in which allusions to the lilies, Saint Louis, Bayard, and Henri Quatre, were, as may be imagined, not spared. "Ho! standard-bearer!" the Prince concluded, "fling out my oriflamme. Noble gents of France, your King is among you to-day!"

Then turning to the Prince of Ballybunion, who had been drinking whisky-punch all night with the Princes of Donegal and Connemara, "Prince," he said, "the Irish Brigade has won every battle in the French history—we will not deprive you of the honour of winning this. You will please to commence the attack with your brigade." Bending his head until the green plumes of his beaver mingled with the mane of the Shetland pony which he rode, the Prince of Ireland trotted off with his *aides-de-camp;* who rode the same horses, powerful greys, with which a dealer at Nantes had supplied them on their and the Prince's joint bill at three months.

The gallant sons of Erin had wisely slept until the last minute in their potato-trenches, but rose at once at the summons of their beloved Prince. Their toilet was the work of a moment—a single shake and it was done. Rapidly forming into a line, they advanced headed by their Generals—who, turning their steeds into a grass-field, wisely determined to fight on foot. Behind them came the line of British foot under the illustrious Jenkins, who marched in advance perfectly collected, and smoking a Manilla cigar. The cavalry were on the right and left of the infantry, prepared to act in *pontoon*, in *échelon*, or in *ricochet*, as occasion might demand. The Prince rode behind, supported by his Staff, who were almost all of them bishops, archdeacons, or abbés; and the body of ecclesiastics followed, singing to the sound, or rather howl, of serpents and trombones, the Latin canticles of the Reverend Franciscus O'Mahony, lately canonised under the name of Saint Francis of Cork.

The advanced lines of the two contending armies were now in presence—the National Guard of Orleans and the Irish Brigade. The white belts and fat paunches of the Guard presented a terrific appearance; but it might have been remarked by the close observer, that their faces were as white as their belts, and the long line of their bayonets might be seen to quiver. General Odillon Barrot, with a cockade as large as a pancake, endeavoured to make a speech: the words *honneur*, *patrie*, *Français*, *champ de bataille* might be

distinguished; but the General was dreadfully flustered, and was evidently more at home in the Chamber of Deputies than in the field of war.

The Prince of Ballybunion, for a wonder, did not make a speech. "Boys," said he, "we've enough talking at the Corn Exchange; bating's the word now." The Green-Islanders replied with a tremendous hurroo, which sent terror into the fat bosoms of the French.

"Gentlemen of the National Guard," said the Prince, taking off his hat and bowing to Odillon Barrot, "will ye be so igsthramely obleeging as to fire first?" This he said because it had been said at Fontenoy, but chiefly because his own men were only armed with shillelaghs, and therefore could not fire.

But this proposal was very unpalatable to the National Guardsmen: for though they understood the musket exercise pretty well, firing was the thing of all others they detested—the noise, and the kick of the gun, and the smell of the powder being very unpleasant to them. "We won't fire," said Odillon Barrot, turning round to Colonel Saugrenue and his regiment of the line—which, it may be remembered, was formed behind the National Guard.

"Then give them the bayonet," said the Colonel, with a terrific oath. "Charge, corbleu!"

At this moment, and with the most dreadful howl that ever was heard, the National Guard was seen to rush forwards wildly, and with immense velocity, towards the foe. The fact is, that the line regiment behind them, each selecting his man, gave a poke with his bayonet between the coat tails of the Nationalists, and those troops bounded forwards with an irresistible swiftness.

Nothing could withstand the tremendous impetus of that manœuvre. The Irish Brigade was scattered before it, as chaff before the wind. The Prince of Ballybunion had barely time to run Odillon Barrot through the body, when he too was borne away in the swift rout. They scattered tumultuously, and fled for twenty miles without stopping. The Princes of Donegal and Connemara were taken prisoners; but though they offered to give bills at three months, and for a hundred thousand pounds, for their ransom, the offer was refused, and they were sent to the rear; when the Duke of Nemours, hearing they were Irish Generals, and that they had been robbed of their ready money by his troops, who had taken them prisoners, caused a comfortable breakfast to be supplied to them, and lent them each a sum of money. How generous are men in success! the Prince of Orleans was charmed with the conduct of his National Guards, and thought his victory secure. He despatched a courier to Paris with the brief words, "We met

the enemy before Tours. The National Guard has done its duty. The troops of the Pretender are routed. *Vive le Roi!*" The note, you may be sure, appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, and the editor, who only that morning had called Henri V. "a great prince, an august exile," denominated him instantly a murderer, slave, thief, cut-throat, pickpocket, and burglar.

CHAPTER VI

THE ENGLISH UNDER JENKINS

BUT the Prince had not calculated that there was a line of British infantry behind the routed Irish Brigade. Borne on with the hurry of the *mêlée*, flushed with triumph, puffing and blowing with running, and forgetting, in the intoxication of victory, the trifling bayonet pricks which had impelled them to the charge, the conquering National Guardsmen found themselves suddenly in presence of Jenkins's Foot.

They halted all in a huddle, like a flock of sheep.

"*Up, Foot, and at them!*" were the memorable words of the Duke Jenkins, as, waving his bâton, he pointed towards the enemy, and with a tremendous shout the stalwart sons of England rushed on!—Down went plume and cocked-hat, down went corporal and captain, down went grocer and tailor, under the long staves of the indomitable English Footmen. "A Jenkins! a Jenkins!" roared the Duke, planting a blow which broke the aquiline nose of Major Arago, the celebrated astronomer. "St. George for Mayfair!" shouted his followers, strewing the plain with carcasses. Not a man of the Guard escaped; they fell like grass before the mower.

"They are gallant troops, those yellow-plushed Anglais," said the Duke of Nemours, surveying them with his opera-glass. "'Tis a pity they will all be cut up in half-an-hour. Concombre! take your dragoons and do it!" "Remember Waterloo, boys!" said Colonel Concombre, twirling his moustache, and a thousand sabres flashed in the sun, and the gallant hussars prepared to attack the Englishmen.

Jenkins, his gigantic form leaning on his staff, and surveying the havoc of the field, was instantly aware of the enemy's manœuvre. His people were employed rifling the pockets of the National Guard, and had made a tolerable booty, when the great Duke, taking a bell out of his pocket (it was used for signals in his battalion in place of fife or bugle), speedily called his scattered warriors together,

"Take the muskets of the Nationals," said he. They did so. "Form in square, and prepare to receive cavalry!" By the time Concombre's regiment arrived, he found a square of bristling bayonets with Britons behind them!

The Colonel did not care to attempt to break that tremendous body. "Halt!" said he to his men.

"Fire!" screamed Jenkins, with eagle swiftness; but the guns of the National Guard not being loaded, did not in consequence go off. The hussars gave a jeer of derision, but nevertheless did not return to the attack, and seeing some of the Legitimist cavalry at hand, prepared to charge upon them.

The fate of those carpet warriors was soon decided. The Millefleur regiment broke before Concombre's hussars instantaneously; the Eau-de-Rose dragoons stuck spurs into their blood horses, and galloped far out of reach of the opposing cavalry; the Eau-de-Cologne lancers fainted to a man, and the regiment of Concombre, pursuing its course, had actually reached the Prince and his aides-de-camp, when the clergymen coming up formed gallantly round the oriflamme, and the bassoons and serpents braying again, set up such a shout of canticles, and anathemas, and excommunications, that the horses of Concombre's dragoons in turn took fright, and those warriors in their turn broke and fled. As soon as they turned, the Vendéan riflemen fired amongst them and finished them: the gallant Concombre fell; the intrepid though diminutive Cornichon, his major, was cut down; Cardon was wounded *à la moëlle*, and the wife of the fiery Navet was that day a widow. Peace to the souls of the brave! In defeat or in victory, where can the soldier find a more fitting resting-place than the glorious field of carnage? Only a few disorderly and dispirited riders of Concombre's regiment reached Tours at night. They had left it but the day before, a thousand disciplined and high-spirited men!

Knowing how irresistible a weapon is the bayonet in British hands, the intrepid Jenkins determined to carry on his advantage, and charged the Saugrenue light infantry (now before him) with *cold steel*. The Frenchmen delivered a volley, of which a shot took effect in Jenkins's cockade, but did not abide the crossing of the weapons. "A Frenchman dies, but never surrenders," said Saugrenue, yielding up his sword, and his whole regiment were stabbed, trampled down, or made prisoners. The blood of the Englishmen rose in the hot encounter. Their curses were horrible; their courage tremendous. "On! on!" hoarsely screamed they; and a second regiment met them and was crushed, pounded in the hurtling, grinding encounter. "A Jenkins, a Jenkins!" still roared

the heroic Duke; "St. George for Mayfair!" The Footmen of England still yelled their terrific battle-cry, "Hurra, hurra!" On they went; regiment after regiment was annihilated, until, scared at the very trample of the advancing warriors, the dismayed troops of France screaming fled. Gathering his last warriors round about him, Nemours determined to make a last desperate effort. 'Twas vain: the ranks met; the next moment the truncheon of the Prince of Orleans was dashed from his hand by the irresistible mace of the Duke Jenkins; his horse's shins were broken by the same weapon. Screaming with agony the animal fell. Jenkins's hand was at the Duke's collar in a moment, and had he not gasped out, "Je me rends!" he would have been throttled in that dreadful grasp!

Three hundred and forty-two standards, seventy-nine regiments, their baggage, ammunition, and treasure-chests, fell into the hands of the victorious Duke. He had avenged the honour of Old England; and himself presenting the sword of the conquered Nemours to Prince Henri, who now came up, the Prince, bursting into tears, fell on his neck and said, "Duke, I owe my crown to my patron saint and you." It was indeed a glorious victory: but what will not British valour attain?

The Duke of Nemours, having despatched a brief note to Paris, saying, "Sire, all is lost except honour!" was sent off in confinement; and in spite of the entreaties of his captor, was hardly treated with decent politeness. The priests and the noble regiments who rode back when the affair was over, were for having the Prince shot at once, and murmured loudly against "cet Anglais brutal" who interposed in behalf of his prisoner. Henri V. granted the Prince his life; but, no doubt misguided by the advice of his noble and ecclesiastical counsellors, treated the illustrious English Duke with marked coldness, and did not even ask him to supper that night.

"Well!" said Jenkins, "I and my merry men can sup alone." And, indeed, having had the pick of the plunder of about 28,000 men, they had wherewithal to make themselves pretty comfortable. The prisoners (25,403) were all without difficulty induced to assume the white cockade. Most of them had those marks of loyalty ready sewn in their flannel-waistcoats, where they swore they had worn them ever since 1830. This we may believe, and we will; but the Prince Henri was too politic or too good-humoured in the moment of victory to doubt the sincerity of his new subjects' protestations, and received the Colonels and Generals affably at his table.

The next morning a proclamation was issued to the united armies:—

"Faithful soldiers of France and Navarre," said the Prince,

"the saints have won for us a great victory—the enemies of our religion have been overcome—the lilies are restored to their native soil. Yesterday morning at eleven o'clock the army under my command engaged that which was led by his *Serene* Highness the Duke de Nemours. Our forces were but a third in number when compared with those of the enemy. My faithful chivalry and nobles made the strength, however, equal.

"The regiments of Fleur-d'Orange, Millefleur, and Eau-de-Cologne covered themselves with glory: they sabred many thousands of the enemy's troops. Their valour was ably seconded by the gallantry of my ecclesiastical friends: at a moment of danger they rallied round my banner, and forsaking the crosier for the sword, showed that they were of the church militant indeed.

"My faithful Irish auxiliaries conducted themselves with becoming heroism—but why particularise when all did their duty? How remember individual acts when all were heroes?"

The Marshal of France, Sucre d'Orgeville, Commander of the Army of H.M. Christian Majesty, recommended about three thousand persons for promotion; and the indignation of Jenkins and his brave companions may be imagined when it is stated that they were not even mentioned in the despatch!

As for the Princes of Ballybunion, Donegal, and Connemara, they wrote off despatches to their Government, saying, "The Duke of Nemours is beaten, and a prisoner! The Irish Brigade has done it all!" On which his Majesty, the King of the Irish, convoking his Parliament at the Corn Exchange Palace, Dublin, made a speech, in which he called Louis Philippe an "old miscreant," and paid the highest compliments to his son and his troops. The King on this occasion knighted Sir Henry Sheehan, Sir Gavan Duffy (whose journals had published the news), and was so delighted with the valour of his son, that he despatched him his Order of the Pig and Whistle (1st class), and a munificent present of five hundred thousand pounds—in a bill at three months. All Dublin was illuminated; and at a ball at the Castle the Lord Chancellor Smith (Earl of Smithereens) getting extremely intoxicated, called out the Lord Bishop of Galway (the Dove), and they fought in the Phœnix Park. Having shot the Right Reverend Bishop through the body, Smithereens apologised. He was the same practitioner who had rendered himself so celebrated in the memorable trial of the King—before the Act of Independence.

Meanwhile, the army of Prince Henri advanced with rapid strides towards Paris, whither the History likewise must hasten; for extraordinary were the events preparing in that capital.

CHAPTER VII

THE LEAGUER OF PARIS

BY a singular coincidence, on the very same day when the armies of Henri V. appeared before Paris from the Western Road, those of the Emperor John Thomas Napoleon arrived from the North. Skirmishes took place between the advanced guards of the two parties, and much slaughter ensued.

"Bon!" thought King Louis Philippe, who examined them from his tower; "they will kill each other. This is by far the most economical way of getting rid of them." The astute monarch's calculations were admirably exposed by a clever remark of the Prince of Ballybunion. "Faix, Harry," says he (with a familiarity which the punctilious son of Saint Louis resented), "you and him yandther—the Emperor, I mane—are like the Kilkenny cats, dear."

"Et que font-ils ces chats de Kilkigny, Monsieur le Prince de Ballybunion?" asked the Most Christian King haughtily.

Prince Daniel replied by narrating the well-known apologue of the animals "ating each other all up but their *teels;* and that's what you and Imparial Pop yondther will do, blazing away as ye are," added the jocose and Royal boy.

"Je prie votre Altesse Royale de vaguer à ses propres affaires," answered Prince Henri sternly: for he was an enemy to anything like a joke; but there is always wisdom in real wit, and it would have been well for his Most Christian Majesty had he followed the acetious counsels of his Irish ally.

The fact is, the King, Henri, had an understanding with the garrisons of some of the forts, and expected all would declare for him. However, of the twenty-four forts which we have described, eight only—and by the means of Marshal Soult, who had grown extremely devout of late years—declared for Henri, and raised the white flag: while eight others, seeing Prince John Thomas Napoleon before them in the costume of his revered predecessor, at once flung open their gates to him, and mounted the tricolour with the eagle. The remaining eight, into which the Princes of the blood of Orleans had thrown themselves, remained constant to Louis Philippe. Nothing could induce that Prince to quit the Tuileries. His money was there, and he swore he would remain by it. In vain his sons offered to bring him into one of the forts—he would not stir without his treasure. They said they would transport it thither; but no, no: the patriarchal monarch, putting his finger to his aged nose,

and winking archly, said "he knew a trick worth two of that," and resolved to abide by his bags.

The theatres and cafés remained open as usual: the funds rose three centimes. The *Journal des Débats* published three editions of different tones of politics: one, the *Journal de l'Empire*, for the Napoleonites; the *Journal de la Légitimité* another, very complimentary to the Legitimate monarch; and finally, the original edition, bound heart and soul to the dynasty of July. The poor editor, who had to write all three, complained not a little that his salary was not raised: but the truth is, that, by altering the names, one article did indifferently for either paper. The Duke of Brittany, under the title of Louis XVII., was always issuing manifestoes from Charenton, but of these the Parisians took little heed: the *Charivari* proclaimed itself his Gazette, and was allowed to be very witty at the expense of the three pretenders.

As the country had been ravaged for a hundred miles round, the respective Princes of course were for throwing themselves into the forts, where there was plenty of provision; and, when once there, they speedily began to turn out such of the garrison as were disagreeable to them, or had an inconvenient appetite, or were of a doubtful fidelity. These poor fellows, turned into the road, had no choice but starvation; as to getting into Paris, that was impossible: a mouse could not have got into the place, so admirably were the forts guarded, without having his head taken off by a cannon-ball. Thus the three conflicting parties stood, close to each other, hating each other, "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike"—the victuals in the forts, from the prodigious increase of the garrisons, getting smaller every day. As for Louis Philippe in his palace, in the centre of the twenty-four forts, knowing that a spark from one might set them all blazing away, and that he and his money-bags might be blown into eternity in ten minutes, you may fancy his situation was not very comfortable.

But his safety lay in his treasure. Neither the Imperialists nor the Bourbonites were willing to relinquish the two hundred and fifty billions in gold; nor would the Princes of Orleans dare to fire upon that considerable sum of money, and its possessor, their revered father. How was this state of things to end? The Emperor sent a note to his Most Christian Majesty (for they always styled each other in this manner in their communications), proposing that they should turn out and decide the quarrel sword in hand; to which proposition Henri would have acceded, but that the priests, his ghostly counsellors, threatened to excommunicate him should he do so. Hence this simple way of settling the dispute was impossible.

The presence of the holy fathers caused considerable annoyance

in the forts. Especially the poor English, as Protestants, were subject to much petty persecution, to the no small anger of Jenkins, their commander. And it must be confessed that these intrepid Footmen were not so amenable to discipline as they might have been. Remembering the usages of merry England, they clubbed together, and swore they would have four meals of meat a day, wax candles in the casemates, and their porter. These demands were laughed at: the priests even called upon them to fast on Fridays; on which a general mutiny broke out in the regiment; and they would have had a *fourth* standard raised before Paris—viz., that of England—but the garrison proving too strong for them, they were compelled to lay down their sticks; and in consideration of past services, were permitted to leave the forts. 'Twas well for them! as you shall hear.

The Prince of Ballybunion and the Irish force were quartered in the fort which, in compliment to them, was called Fort Potato, and where they made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The Princes had as much brandy as they liked, and passed their time on the ramparts playing at dice, or pitch-and-toss (with the halfpenny that one of them somehow had) for vast sums of money, for which they gave their notes-of-hand. The warriors of their legion would stand round delighted; and it was, "Musha, Master Dan, but that's a good throw!" "Good luck to you, Misther Pat, and throw thirteen this time!" and so forth. But this sort of inaction could not last long. They had heard of the treasures amassed in the palace of the Tuileries: they sighed when they thought of the lack of bullion in their green and beautiful country. They panted for war! They formed their plan.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BATTLE OF THE FORTS

ON the morning of the 26th October 1884, as his Majesty Louis Philippe was at breakfast reading the *Débats* newspaper, and wishing that what the journal said about "Cholera Morbus in the Camp of the Pretender Henri,"—"Chickenpox raging in the Forts of the Traitor Bonaparte,"—might be true, what was his surprise to hear the report of a gun; and at the same instant—whizz! came an eighty-four pound ball through the window, and took off the head of the faithful Monsieur de Montalivet, who was coming in with a plate of muffins.

"Three francs for the window," said the monarch; "and the muffins of course spoiled!" and he sat down to breakfast very peevishly. Ah, King Louis Philippe, that shot cost thee more than a window-pane—more than a plate of muffins—it cost thee a fair kingdom and fifty millions of taxpayers.

The shot had been fired from Fort Potato. "Gracious heavens!" said the commander of the place to the Irish Prince, in a fury, "What has your Highness done?" "Faix," replied the other, "Donegal and I saw a sparrow on the Tuileries, and we thought we'd have a shot at it, that's all." "Hurroo! look out for squalls," here cried the intrepid Hibernian; for at this moment one of Paixhans' shells fell into the counterscarp of the demilune on which they were standing, and sent a ravelin and a couple of embrasures flying about their ears.

Fort Twenty-three, which held out for Louis Philippe, seeing Fort Twenty-four, or Potato, open a fire on the Tuileries, instantly replied by its guns, with which it blazed away at the Bourbonite fort. On seeing this, Fort Twenty-two, occupied by the Imperialists, began pummelling Twenty-three; Twenty-one began at Twenty-two; and in a quarter of an hour the whole of this vast line of fortification was in a blaze of flame, flashing, roaring, cannonading, rocketing, bombing, in the most tremendous manner. The world has never, perhaps, before or since, heard such an uproar. Fancy twenty-four thousand guns thundering at each other. Fancy the sky red with the fires of hundreds of thousands of blazing brazen meteors; the air thick with impenetrable smoke—the universe almost in a flame! for the noise of the cannonading was heard on the peaks of the Andes, and broke three windows in the English factory at Canton. Boom, boom, boom! for three days incessantly the gigantic—I may say, Cyclopean battle went on: boom, boom, boom, bong! The air was thick with cannon-balls: they hurtled, they jostled each other in the heavens, and fell whizzing, whirling, crashing back into the very forts from which they came. Boom, boom, boom, bong—brrwrrwrrr!

On the second day a band might have been seen (had the smoke permitted it) assembling at the sally-port of Fort Potato, and have been heard (if the tremendous clang of the cannonading had allowed it) giving mysterious signs and counter-signs. "Tom," was the word whispered, "Steele" was the sibilated response. (It is astonishing how, in the roar of elements, *the human whisper* hisses above all!) It was the Irish Brigade assembling. "Now or never, boys!" said their leaders; and sticking their doodeens into their mouths, they dropped stealthily into the trenches, heedless of the broken glass and sword-blades; rose from those trenches; formed

in silent order; and marched to Paris. They knew they could arrive there unobserved—nobody, indeed, remarked their absence.

The frivolous Parisians were, in the meanwhile, amusing themselves at their theatres and cafés as usual; and a new piece, in which Arnal performed, was the universal talk of the foyers: while a new *feuilleton* by Monsieur Eugène Sue kept the attention of the reader so fascinated to the journal, that they did not care in the least for the *vacarme* without the walls.

CHAPTER IX

LOUIS XVII.

THE tremendous cannonading, however, had a singular effect upon the inhabitants of the great public hospital of Charenton, in which it may be remembered Louis XVII. had been, as in mockery, confined. His majesty of demeanour, his calm deportment, the reasonableness of his pretensions, had not failed to strike with awe and respect his four thousand comrades of captivity. The Emperor of China, the Princess of the Moon, Julius Cæsar, Saint Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, the Pope of Rome, the Cacique of Mexico, and several singular and illustrious personages who happened to be confined there, all held a council with Louis XVII.; and all agreed that now or never was the time to support his legitimate pretensions to the Crown of France. As the cannons roared around them, they howled with furious delight in response. They took council together: Doctor Pinel and the infamous gaolers, who, under the name of keepers, held them in horrible captivity, were pounced upon and overcome in a twinkling. The strait-waistcoats were taken off from the wretched captives languishing in the dungeons; the guardians were invested in these shameful garments, and with triumphant laughter plunged under the *douches*. The gates of the prison were flung open, and they marched forth in the blackness of the storm!

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On the third day, the cannonading was observed to decrease; only a gun went off fitfully now and then.

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On the fourth day, the Parisians said to one another, "Tiens! ils sont fatigués, les canonniers des forts!"—and why? Because there was no more powder?—Ay, truly, there *was* no more powder.

There was no more powder, no more guns, no more gunners, no more forts, no more nothing. *The forts had blown each other up.* The battle-roar ceased. The battle-clouds rolled off. The silver moon, the twinkling stars, looked blandly down from the serene azure,—and all was peace—stillness—the stillness of death. Holy, holy silence!

Yes; the battle of Paris was over. And where were the combatants? All gone—not one left!—And where was Louis Philippe? The venerable Prince was a captive in the Tuileries; the Irish Brigade was encamped around it; they had reached the palace a little too late; it was already occupied by the partisans of his Majesty Louis XVII.

That respectable monarch and his followers better knew the way to the Tuileries than the ignorant sons of Erin. They burst through the feeble barriers of the guards; they rushed triumphant into the kingly halls of the palace; they seated the seventeenth Louis on the throne of his ancestors; and the Parisians read in the *Journal des Débats*, of the fifth of November, an important article, which proclaimed that the civil war was concluded:—

"The troubles which distracted the greatest empire in the world are at an end. Europe, which marked with sorrow the disturbances which agitated the bosom of the Queen of Nations, the great leader of Civilisation, may now rest in peace. That monarch whom we have long been sighing for; whose image has lain hidden, and yet oh! how passionately worshipped, in every French heart, is with us once more. Blessings be on him; blessings—a thousand blessings upon the happy country which is at length restored to his beneficent, his legitimate, his reasonable sway!

"His Most Christian Majesty Louis XVII. yesterday arrived at his palace of the Tuileries, accompanied by his august allies. His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans has resigned his post as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and will return speedily to take up his abode at the Palais Royal. It is a great mercy that the children of his Royal Highness, who happened to be in the late forts round Paris (before the bombardment which has so happily ended in their destruction), had returned to their father before the commencement of the cannonading. They will continue, as heretofore, to be the most loyal supporters of order and the throne.

"None can read without tears in their eyes our august monarch's proclamation.

"'Louis, by, &c.—

"'My children! After nine hundred and ninety-nine years of captivity, I am restored to you. The cycle of events predicted by

the ancient Magi, and the planetary convolutions mentioned in the lost Sibylline books, have fulfilled their respective idiosyncrasies, and ended (as always in the depths of my dungeons I confidently expected) in the triumph of the good Angel, and the utter discomfiture of the abominable Blue Dragon.

"'When the bombarding began, and the powers of darkness commenced their hellish gunpowder evolutions, I was close by—in my palace of Charenton, three hundred and thirty-three thousand miles off, in the ring of Saturn—I witnessed your misery. My heart was affected by it, and I said, "Is the multiplication-table a fiction? are the signs of the Zodiac mere astronomers' prattle?"

"'I clapped chains, shrieking and darkness, on my physician, Doctor Pinel. The keepers I shall cause to be roasted alive. I summoned my allies round about me. The high contracting Powers came to my bidding: monarchs from all parts of the earth; sovereigns from the Moon and other illumined orbits; the white necromancers, and the pale imprisoned genii. I whispered the mystic sign, and the doors flew open. We entered Paris in triumph, by the Charenton bridge. Our luggage was not examined at the Octroi. The bottle-green ones were scared at our shouts, and retreated, howling: they knew us, and trembled.

"'My faithful Peers and Deputies will rally around me. I have a friend in Turkey—the Grand Vizier of the Mussulmans: he was a Protestant once—Lord Brougham by name. I have sent to him to legislate for us: he is wise in the law, and astrology, and all sciences; he shall aid my Ministers in their councils. I have written to him by the post. There shall be no more infamous madhouses in France, where poor souls shiver in strait-waistcoats.

"'I recognised Louis Philippe, my good cousin. He was in his counting-house, counting out his money, as the old prophecy warned me. He gave me up the keys of his gold; I shall know well how to use it. Taught by adversity, I am not a spendthrift, neither am I a miser. I will endow the land with noble institutions instead of diabolical forts. I will have no more cannon founded. They are a curse, and shall be melted—the iron ones into railroads; the bronze ones into statues of beautiful saints, angels, and wise men; the copper ones into money, to be distributed among my poor. I was poor once, and I love them.

"'There shall be no more poverty; no more wars; no more avarice; no more passports; no more custom-houses; no more lying; no more physic.

"'My Chambers will put the seal to these reforms. I will it. I am the King. (Signed) "'Louis.'"

"Some alarm was created yesterday by the arrival of a body of the English Foot-Guard under the Duke of Jenkins; they were at first about to sack the city, but on hearing that the banner of the lilies was once more raised in France, the Duke hastened to the Tuileries, and offered his allegiance to his Majesty. It was accepted: and the Plush Guard has been established in place of the Swiss, who waited on former sovereigns."

"The Irish Brigade quartered in the Tuileries are to enter our service. Their commander states that they took every one of the forts round Paris, and having blown them up, were proceeding to release Louis XVII., when they found that august monarch, happily, free. News of their glorious victory has been conveyed to Dublin, to his Majesty the King of the Irish. It will be a new laurel to add to his green crown!"

And thus have we brought to a conclusion our history of the great French Revolution of 1884. It records the actions of great and various characters; the deeds of various valour; it narrates wonderful reverses of fortune; it affords the moralist scope for his philosophy; perhaps it gives amusement to the merely idle reader. Nor must the latter imagine, because there is not a precise moral affixed to the story, that its tendency is otherwise than good. He is a poor reader, for whom his author is obliged to supply a moral application. It is well in spelling-books and for children; it is needless for the reflecting spirit. The drama of *Punch* himself is not moral: but that drama has had audiences all over the world. Happy he, who in our dark times can cause a smile! Let us laugh then, and gladden in the sunshine, though it be but as the ray upon the pool, that flickers only over the cold black depths below!

LITTLE TRAVELS

AND

ROAD-SIDE SKETCHES

By TITMARSH

LITTLE TRAVELS

AND

ROAD-SIDE SKETCHES

I

FROM RICHMOND IN SURREY TO BRUSSELS IN BELGIUM

. . . . . .

I QUITTED the "Rose Cottage Hotel" at Richmond, one of the comfortablest, quietest, cheapest, neatest little inns in England, and a thousand times preferable, in my opinion, to the "Star and Garter," whither, if you go alone, a sneering waiter, with his hair curled, frightens you off the premises; and where, if you are bold enough to brave the sneering waiter, you have to pay ten shillings for a bottle of claret; and whence, if you look out of the window, you gaze on a view which is so rich that it seems to knock you down with its splendour—a view that has its hair curled like the swaggering waiter: I say, I quitted the "Rose Cottage Hotel" with deep regret, believing that I should see nothing so pleasant as its gardens, and its veal cutlets, and its dear little bowling-green elsewhere. But the time comes when people must go out of town, and so I got on the top of the omnibus, and the carpet-bag was put inside.

If I were a great prince and rode outside of coaches (as I should if I were a great prince), I would, whether I smoked or not, have a case of the best Havannahs in my pocket—not for my own smoking, but to give them to the snobs on the coach, who smoke the vilest cheroots. They poison the air with the odour of their filthy weeds. A man at all easy in his circumstances would spare himself much annoyance by taking the above simple precaution.

A gentleman sitting behind me tapped me on the back and asked for a light. He was a footman, or rather valet. He had no livery, but the three friends who accompanied him were tall men in pepper-and-salt undress jackets with a duke's coronet on their buttons.

After tapping me on the back, and when he had finished his cheroot, the gentleman produced another wind-instrument which he called a "kinopium," a sort of trumpet, on which he showed a great inclination to play. He began puffing out of the "kinopium" a most abominable air, which he said was the "Duke's March." It was played by particular request of one of the pepper-and-salt gentry.

The noise was so abominable that even the coachman objected (although my friend's brother footmen were ravished with it), and said that it was not allowed to play toons on *his* 'bus. "Very well," said the valet, "*we're only of the Duke of B——'s establishment*, THAT'S ALL." The coachman could not resist that appeal to his fashionable feelings. The valet was allowed to play his infernal kinopium, and the poor fellow (the coachman), who had lived in some private families, was quite anxious to conciliate the footmen "of the Duke of B——'s establishment, that's all," and told several stories of his having been groom in Captain Hoskins's family, *nephew of Governor Hoskins;* which stories the footmen received with great contempt.

The footmen were like the rest of the fashionable world in this respect. I felt for my part that I respected them. They were in daily communication with a duke! They were not the rose, but they had lived beside it. There is an odour in the English aristocracy which intoxicates plebeians. I am sure that any commoner in England, though he would die rather than confess it, would have a respect for those great big hulking Duke's footmen.

The day before, her Grace the Duchess had passed us alone in a chariot-and-four with two outriders. What better mark of innate superiority could man want? Here was a slim lady who required four—six horses to herself and four servants (kinopium was, no doubt, one of the number) to guard her.

We are sixteen inside and out, and had consequently an eighth of a horse apiece.

A duchess = 6, a commoner = $\frac{1}{8}$; that is to say,

1 duchess = 48 commoners.

If I were a duchess of the present day, I would say to the duke my noble husband, "My dearest Grace, I think, when I travel alone in my chariot from Hammersmith to London, I will not care for the outriders. In these days, when there is so much

poverty and so much disaffection in the country, we should not *éclabousser* the *canaille* with the sight of our preposterous prosperity."

But this is very likely only plebeian envy, and I dare say, if I were a lovely duchess of the realm, I would ride in a coach-and-six, with a coronet on the top of my bonnet and a robe of velvet and ermine even in the dog-days.

Alas! these are the dog-days. Many dogs are abroad—snarling dogs, biting dogs, envious dogs, mad dogs; beware of exciting the fury of such with your flaming red velvet and dazzling ermine. It makes ragged Lazarus doubly hungry to see Dives feasting in cloth-of-gold; and so if I were a beauteous duchess . . . Silence, vain man! Can the Queen herself make you a duchess? Be content, then, nor gibe at thy betters of "the Duke of B——'s establishment—that's all."

ON BOARD THE 'ANTWERPEN," OFF EVERYWHERE.

We have bidden adieu to Billingsgate, we have passed the Thames Tunnel; it is one o'clock, and of course people are thinking of being hungry. What a merry place a steamer is on a calm sunny summer forenoon, and what an appetite every one seems to have! We are, I assure you, no less than one hundred and seventy noblemen and gentlemen together, pacing up and down under the awning, or lolling on the sofas in the cabin, and hardly have we passed Greenwich when the feeding begins. The company was at the brandy and soda-water in an instant (there is a sort of legend that the beverage is a preservative against sea-sickness), and I admired the penetration of gentlemen who partook of the drink. In the first place, the steward *will* put so much brandy into the tumbler that it is fit to choke you; and, secondly, the soda-water, being kept as near as possible to the boiler of the engine, is of a fine wholesome heat when presented to the hot and thirsty traveller. Thus he is prevented from catching any sudden cold which might be dangerous to him.

The forepart of the vessel is crowded to the full as much as the genteeler quarter. There are four carriages, each with piles of imperials and aristocratic gimcracks of travel, under the wheels of which those personages have to clamber who have a mind to look at the bowsprit, and perhaps to smoke a cigar at ease. The carriages overcome, you find yourself confronted by a huge penful of Durham oxen, lying on hay and surrounded by a barricade of oars. Fifteen of these horned monsters maintain an incessant mooing and bellowing. Beyond the cows come a heap of cotton-bags, beyond the cotton-bags more carriages, more pyramids of travel-

ling trunks, and valets and couriers bustling and swearing round about them. And already, and in various corners and niches, lying on coils of rope, black tar-cloths, ragged cloaks, or hay, you see a score of those dubious fore-cabin passengers, who are never shaved, who always look unhappy, and appear getting ready to be sick.

At one, dinner begins in the after-cabin—boiled salmon, boiled beef, boiled mutton, boiled cabbage, boiled potatoes, and parboiled wine, for any gentlemen who like it, and two roast ducks between seventy. After this, knobs of cheese are handed round on a plate, and there is a talk of a tart somewhere at some end of the table. All this I saw peeping through a sort of meat-safe which ventilates the top of the cabin, and very happy and hot did the people seem below.

"How the deuce *can* people dine at such an hour?" say several genteel fellows who are watching the manœuvres. "I can't touch a morsel before seven."

But somehow at half-past three o'clock we had dropped a long way down the river. The air was delightfully fresh, the sky of a faultless cobalt, the river shining and flashing like quicksilver, and at this period steward runs against me bearing two great smoking dishes covered by two great glistening hemispheres of tin. "Fellow," says I, "what's that?"

He lifted up the cover: it was ducks and green peas, by jingo!

"What! haven't they done *yet*, the greedy creatures?" I asked. "Have the people been feeding for three hours?"

"Law bless you, sir, it's the second dinner. Make haste, or you won't get a place." At which words a genteel party, with whom I had been conversing, instantly tumbled down the hatchway, and I find myself one of the second relay of seventy who are attacking the boiled salmon, boiled beef, boiled cabbage, &c. As for the ducks, I certainly had some peas, very fine yellow stiff peas, that ought to have been split before they were boiled; but, with regard to the ducks, I saw the animals gobbled up before my eyes by an old widow lady and her party just as I was shrieking to the steward to bring a knife and fork to carve them. The fellow! (I mean the widow lady's whiskered companion)—I saw him eat peas with the very knife with which he had dissected the duck!

After dinner (as I need not tell the keen observer of human nature, who peruses this), the human mind, if the body be in a decent state, expands into gaiety and benevolence, and the intellect longs to measure itself in friendly converse with the divers intelligences around it. We ascend upon deck, and after eyeing each other for a brief space and with a friendly modest hesitation, we begin anon to converse about the weather and other profound and delightful themes of English discourse. We confide to each other our

respective opinions of the ladies round about us. Look at that charming creature in a pink bonnet and a dress of the pattern of a Kilmarnock snuff-box: a stalwart Irish gentleman in a green coat and bushy red whiskers is whispering something very agreeable into her ear, as is the wont of gentlemen of his nation; for her dark eyes kindle, her red lips open and give an opportunity to a dozen beautiful pearly teeth to display themselves, and glance brightly in the sun; while round the teeth and the lips a number of lovely dimples make their appearance, and her whole countenance assumes a look of perfect health and happiness. See her companion in shot silk and a dove-coloured parasol: in what a graceful Watteau-like attitude she reclines. The tall courier who has been bouncing about the deck in attendance upon these ladies (it is his first day of service, and he is eager to make a favourable impression on them and the lady's-maids too) has just brought them from the carriage a small paper of sweet cakes (nothing is prettier than to see a pretty woman eating sweet biscuits) and a bottle that evidently contains Malmsey madeira. How daintily they sip it; how happy they seem; how that lucky rogue of an Irishman prattles away! Yonder is a noble group indeed: an English gentleman and his family. Children, mother, grandmother, grown-up daughters, father, and domestics, twenty-two in all. They have a table to themselves on the deck, and the consumption of eatables among them is really endless. The nurses have been bustling to and fro, and bringing, first, slices of cake; then dinner; then tea with huge family jugs of milk; and the little people have been playing hide-and-seek round the deck, coquetting with the other children, and making friends of every soul on board. I love to see the kind eyes of women fondly watching them as they gambol about; a female face, be it ever so plain, when occupied in regarding children, becomes celestial almost, and a man can hardly fail to be good and happy while he is looking on at such sights. "Ah, sir!" says a great big man, whom you would not accuse of sentiment, "I have a couple of those little things at home;" and he stops and heaves a great big sigh and swallows down a half tumbler of cold something and water. We know what the honest fellow means well enough. He is saying to himself, "God bless my girls and their mother!" but, being a Briton, is too manly to speak out in a more intelligible way. Perhaps it is as well for him to be quiet, and not chatter and gesticulate like those Frenchmen a few yards from him, who are chirping over a bottle of champagne.

There is, as you may fancy, a number of such groups on the deck, and a pleasant occupation it is for a lonely man to watch them and build theories upon them, and examine those two person-

ages seated cheek by jowl. One is an English youth, travelling for the first time, who has been hard at his Guide-book during the whole journey. He has a "Manuel du Voyageur" in his pocket: a very pretty amusing little oblong work it is too, and might be very useful, if the foreign people in three languages, among whom you travel, would but give the answers set down in the book, or understand the questions you put to them out of it. The other honest gentleman in the fur cap, what can his occupation be? We know him at once for what he is. "Sir," says he, in a fine German accent, "I am a brofessor of languages, and will gif you lessons in Danish, Swedish, English, Bortuguese, Spanish, and Bersian." Thus occupied in meditations, the rapid hours and the rapid steamer pass quickly on. The sun is sinking, and, as he drops, the ingenious luminary sets the Thames on fire: several worthy gentlemen, watch in hand, are eagerly examining the phenomena attending his disappearance,—rich clouds of purple and gold, that form the curtains of his bed,—little barks that pass black across his disc, his disc every instant dropping nearer and nearer into the water. "There he goes!" says one sagacious observer. "No, he doesn't," cries another. Now he is gone, and the steward is already threading the deck, asking the passengers, right and left, if they will take a little supper. What a grand object is a sunset, and what a wonder is an appetite at sea! Lo! the horned moon shines pale over Margate, and the red beacon is gleaming from distant Ramsgate pier.

. . . . . .

A great rush is speedily made for the mattresses that lie in the boat at the ship's side; and as the night is delightfully calm, many fair ladies and worthy men determine to couch on deck for the night. The proceedings of the former, especially if they be young and pretty, the philosopher watches with indescribable emotion and interest. What a number of pretty coquetries do the ladies perform, and into what pretty attitudes do they take care to fall! All the little children have been gathered up by the nursery-maids, and are taken down to roost below. Balmy sleep seals the eyes of many tired wayfarers, as you see in the case of the Russian nobleman asleep among the portmanteaus; and Titmarsh, who has been walking the deck for some time with a great mattress on his shoulders, knowing full well that were he to relinquish it for an instant, some other person would seize on it, now stretches his bed upon the deck, wraps his cloak about his knees, draws his white cotton night-cap tight over his head and ears; and, as the smoke of his cigar rises calmly upwards to the deep sky and the cheerful twinkling stars, he feels himself exquisitely happy, and thinks of thee, my Juliana!

. . . . . .

Why people, because they are in a steamboat, should get up so deucedly early I cannot understand. Gentlemen have been walking over my legs ever since three o'clock this morning, and, no doubt, have been indulging in personalities (which I hate) regarding my appearance and manner of sleeping, lying, snoring. Let the wags laugh on; but a far pleasanter occupation is to sleep until breakfast-time or near it.

The tea, and ham and eggs, which, with a beefsteak or two, and three or four rounds of toast, form the component parts of the above-named elegant meal, are taken in the River Scheldt. Little neat plump-looking churches and villages are rising here and there among tufts of trees and pastures that are wonderfully green. To the right, as the "Guide-book" says, is Walcheren: and on the left Cadsand, memorable for the English expedition of 1809, when Lord Chatham, Sir Walter Manny, and Henry Earl of Derby, at the head of the English, gained a great victory over the Flemish mercenaries in the pay of Philippe of Valois. The clothyard shafts of the English archers did great execution. Flushing was taken, and Lord Chatham returned to England, where he distinguished himself greatly in the debates on the American war, which he called the brightest jewel of the British crown. You see, my love, that, though an artist by profession, my education has by no means been neglected; and what, indeed would be the pleasure of travel, unless these charming historical recollections were brought to bear upon it?

ANTWERP.

As many hundreds of thousands of English visit this city (I have met at least a hundred of them in this half-hour walking the streets, "Guide-book" in hand), and as the ubiquitous Murray has already depicted the place, there is no need to enter into a long description of it, its neatness, its beauty, and its stiff antique splendour. The tall pale houses have many of them crimped gables, that look like Queen Elizabeth's ruffs. There are as many people in the streets as in London at three o'clock in the morning; the market-women wear bonnets of a flower-pot shape, and have shining brazen milk-pots, which are delightful to the eyes of a painter. Along the quays of the lazy Scheldt are innumerable good-natured groups of beer-drinkers (small-beer is the most good-natured drink in the world); along the barriers outside of the town, and by the glistening canals, are more beer-shops and more beer-drinkers. The city is defended by the queerest fat military. The chief traffic is between the hotels and the railroad. The hotels give wonderful good dinners, and especially at the "Grand Laboureur" may be

mentioned a peculiar tart, which is the best of all tarts that ever a man ate since he was ten years old. A moonlight walk is delightful. At ten o'clock the whole city is quiet; and so little changed does it seem to be, that you may walk back three hundred years into time, and fancy yourself a majestical Spaniard, or an oppressed and patriotic Dutchman at your leisure. You enter the inn, and the old Quentin Durward courtyard, on which the old towers look down. There is a sound of singing—singing at midnight. Is it Don Sombrero, who is singing an Andalusian seguidilla under the window of the Flemish burgomaster's daughter? Ah, no! it is a fat Englishman in a zephyr coat: he is drinking cold gin-and-water in the moonlight, and warbling softly—

"Nix my dolly, pals, fake away,
N-ix my dolly, pals, fake a—a—way." *

I wish the good people would knock off the top part of Antwerp Cathedral spire. Nothing can be more gracious and elegant than the lines of the first two compartments; but near the top there bulges out a little round, ugly, vulgar Dutch monstrosity (for which the architects have, no doubt, a name) which offends the eye cruelly. Take the Apollo, and set upon him a bob-wig and a little cocked-hat; imagine "God Save the King" ending with a jig; fancy a polonaise, or procession of slim, stately, elegant Court beauties, headed by a buffoon dancing a hornpipe. Marshal Gérard should have discharged a bomb-shell at that abomination, and have given the noble steeple a chance to be finished in the grand style of the early fifteenth century, in which it was begun.

This style of criticism is base and mean, and quite contrary to the orders of the immortal Goethe, who was only for allowing the eye to recognise the beauties of a great work, but would have its defects passed over. It is an unhappy luckless organisation which will be perpetually fault-finding, and in the midst of a grand concert of music will persist only in hearing that unfortunate fiddle out of tune.

Within—except where the rococo architects have introduced their ornaments (here is the fiddle out of tune again)—the cathedral is noble. A rich tender sunshine is streaming in through the windows, and gilding the stately edifice with the purest light. The admirable stained-glass windows are not too brilliant in their colours. The organ is playing a rich solemn music; some two hundred of people are listening to the service; and there is scarce one of the women kneeling on her chair, enveloped in her full majestic black

* In 1844.

drapery, that is not a fine study for a painter. These large black mantles of heavy silk brought over the heads of women, and covering their persons, fall into such fine folds of drapery, that they cannot help being picturesque and noble. See, kneeling by the side of two of those fine devout-looking figures, is a lady in a little twiddling Parisian hat and feather, in a little lace mantelet, in a tight gown and a bustle. She is almost as monstrous as yonder figure of the Virgin, in a hoop, and with a huge crown and a ball and a sceptre; and a bambino dressed in a little hoop, and in a little crown, round which are clustered flowers and pots of orange trees, and before which many of the faithful are at prayer. Gentle clouds of incense come wafting through the vast edifice; and in the lulls of the music you hear the faint chant of the priest, and the silver tinkle of the bell.

Six Englishmen, with the commissionaires, and the "Murray's Guide-books" in their hands, are looking at the "Descent from the Cross." Of this picture the "Guide-book" gives you orders how to judge. If it is the end of religious painting to express the religious sentiment, a hundred of inferior pictures must rank before Rubens. Who was ever piously affected by any picture of the master? He can depict a livid thief writhing upon the cross, sometimes a blonde Magdalen weeping below it; but it is a Magdalen a very short time indeed after her repentance: her yellow brocades and flaring satins are still those which she wore when she was of the world; her body has not yet lost the marks of the feasting and voluptuousness in which she used to indulge, according to the legend. Not one of the Rubens pictures, among all the scores that decorate chapels and churches here, has the least tendency to purify, to touch the affections, or to awaken the feelings of religious respect and wonder. The "Descent from the Cross" is vast, gloomy, and awful; but the awe inspired by it is, as I take it, altogether material. He might have painted a picture of any criminal broken on the wheel, and the sensation inspired by it would have been precisely similar. Nor in a religious picture do you want the *savoir-faire* of the master to be always protruding itself; it detracts from the feeling of reverence, just as the thumping of cushion and the spouting of tawdry oratory does from a sermon: meek Religion disappears, shouldered out of the desk by the pompous, stalwart, big-chested, fresh-coloured, bushy-whiskered pulpiteer. Rubens's piety has always struck us as of this sort. If he takes a pious subject, it is to show you in what a fine way he, Peter Paul Rubens, can treat it. He never seems to doubt but that he is doing it a great honour. His "Descent from the Cross," and its accompanying wings and cover, are a set of puns upon the word Christopher,

of which the taste is more odious than that of the hooped-petticoated Virgin yonder, with her artificial flowers, and her rings and brooches. The people who made an offering of that hooped petticoat did their best, at any rate; they knew no better. There is humility in that simple quaint present; trustfulness and kind intention. Looking about at other altars, you see (much to the horror of pious Protestants) all sorts of queer little emblems hanging up under little pyramids of penny candles that are sputtering and flaring there. Here you have a silver arm, or a little gold toe, or a wax leg, or a gilt eye, signifying and commemorating cures that have been performed by the supposed intercession of the saint over whose chapel they hang. Well, although they are abominable superstitions, yet these queer little offerings seem to me to be a great deal more pious than Rubens's big pictures; just as is the widow with her poor little mite compared to the swelling Pharisee who flings his purse of gold into the plate.

A couple of days of Rubens and his church pictures makes one thoroughly and entirely sick of him. His very genius and splendour pall upon one, even taking the pictures as worldly pictures. One grows weary of being perpetually feasted with this rich, coarse, steaming food. Considering them as church pictures, I don't want to go to church to hear however splendid an organ play the "British Grenadiers."

The Antwerpians have set up a clumsy bronze statue of their divinity in a square of the town; and those who have not enough of Rubens in the churches may study him, and indeed to much greater advantage, in a good well-lighted museum. Here, there is one picture, a dying saint taking the communion, a large piece ten or eleven feet high, and painted in an incredibly short space of time, which is extremely curious indeed for the painter's study. The picture is scarcely more than an immense magnificent sketch; but it tells the secret of the artist's manner, which, in the midst of its dash and splendour, is curiously methodical. Where the shadows are warm the lights are cold, and *vice versâ;* and the picture has been so rapidly painted, that the tints lie raw by the side of one another, the artist not having taken the trouble to blend them.

There are two exquisite Vandykes (whatever Sir Joshua may say of them), and in which the very management of the grey tones which the President abuses forms the principal excellence and charm. Why, after all, are we not to have our opinion? Sir Joshua is not the Pope. The colour of one of those Vandykes is as fine as *fine* Paul Veronese, and the sentiment beautifully tender and graceful.

I saw, too, an exhibition of the modern Belgian artists (1843), the remembrance of whose pictures after a month's absence has almost entirely vanished. Wappers's hand, as I thought, seemed to have grown old and feeble, Verboeckhoven's cattle-pieces are almost as good as Paul Potter's, and Keyser has dwindled down into namby-pamby prettiness, pitiful to see in the gallant young painter who astonished the Louvre artists ten years ago by a hand almost as dashing and ready as that of Rubens himself. There were besides many caricatures of the new German school, which are in themselves caricatures of the masters before Raphael.

An instance of honesty may be mentioned here with applause. The writer lost a pocket-book containing a passport and a couple of modest ten-pound notes. The person who found the portfolio ingeniously put it into the box of the post-office, and it was faithfully restored to the owner: but somehow the two ten-pound notes were absent. It was, however, a great comfort to get the passport, and the pocket-book, which must be worth about ninepence.

BRUSSELS.

It was night when we arrived by the railroad from Antwerp at Brussels; the route is very pretty and interesting, and the flat countries through which the road passes in the highest state of peaceful smiling cultivation. The fields by the roadside are enclosed by hedges as in England, the harvest was in part down, and an English country gentleman who was of our party pronounced the crops to be as fine as any he had ever seen. Of this matter a cockney cannot judge accurately, but any man can see with what extraordinary neatness and care all these little plots of ground are tilled, and admire the richness and brilliancy of the vegetation. Outside of the moat of Antwerp, and at every village by which we passed, it was pleasant to see the happy congregations of well-clad people that basked in the evening sunshine, and soberly smoked their pipes and drank their Flemish beer. Men who love this drink must, as I fancy, have something essentially peaceful in their composition, and must be more easily satisfied than folks on our side of the water. The excitement of Flemish beer is, indeed, not great. I have tried both the white beer and the brown; they are both of the kind which schoolboys denominate "swipes," very sour and thin to the taste, but served, to be sure, in quaint Flemish jugs that do not seem to have changed their form since the days of Rubens, and must please the lovers of antiquarian nicknacks. Numbers of comfortable-looking women and children sat beside the

head of the family upon the tavern-benches, and it was amusing to see one little fellow of eight years old smoking, with much gravity, his father's cigar. How the worship of the sacred plant of tobacco has spread through all Europe! I am sure that the persons who cry out against the use of it are guilty of superstition and unreason, and that it would be a proper and easy task for scientific persons to write an encomium upon the weed. In solitude it is the pleasantest companion possible, and in company never *de trop*. To a student it suggests all sorts of agreeable thoughts, it refreshes the brain when weary, and every sedentary cigar-smoker will tell you how much good he has had from it, and how he has been able to return to his labour, after a quarter of an hour's mild interval of the delightful leaf of Havannah. Drinking has gone from among us since smoking came in. It is a wicked error to say that smokers are drunkards: drink they do, but of gentle diluents mostly, for fierce stimulants of wine or strong liquors are abhorrent to the real lover of the Indian weed. Ah! my Juliana, join not in the vulgar cry that is raised against us. Cigars and cool drinks beget quiet conversations, good-humour, meditation; not hot blood such as mounts into the head of drinkers of apoplectic port or dangerous claret. Are we not more moral and reasonable than our forefathers? Indeed I think so somewhat; and many improvements of social life and converse must date with the introduction of the pipe.

We were a dozen tobacco-consumers in the waggon of the train that brought us from Antwerp; nor did the women of the party (sensible women!) make a single objection to the fumigation. But enough of this: only let me add, in conclusion, that an excellent Israelitish gentleman, Mr. Hartog of Antwerp, supplies cigars for a penny apiece, such as are not to be procured in London for four times the sum.

Through smiling cornfields, then, and by little woods from which rose here and there the quaint peaked towers of some old-fashioned *châteaux*, our train went smoking along at thirty miles an hour. We caught a glimpse of Mechlin steeple, at first dark against the sunset, and afterwards bright as we came to the other side of it, and admired long glistening canals or moats that surrounded the queer old town, and were lighted up in that wonderful way which the sun only understands, and not even Mr. Turner, with all his vermilion and gamboge, can put down on canvas. The verdure was everywhere astonishing, and we fancied we saw many golden Cuyps as we passed by these quiet pastures.

Steam-engines and their accompaniments, blazing forges, gaunt manufactories, with numberless windows and long black chimneys, of course take away from the romance of the place; but, as we

whirled into Brussels, even these engines had a fine appearance. Three or four of the snorting, galloping monsters had just finished their journey, and there was a quantity of flaming ashes lying under the brazen bellies of each that looked properly lurid and demoniacal. The men at the station came out with flaming torches—awful-looking fellows indeed! Presently the different baggage was handed out, and in the very worst vehicle I ever entered, and at the very slowest pace, we were borne to the "Hôtel de Suède," from which house of entertainment this letter is written.

We strolled into the town, but, though the night was excessively fine and it was not yet eleven o'clock, the streets of the little capital were deserted, and the handsome blazing *cafés* round about the theatres contained no inmates. Ah, what a pretty sight is the Parisian Boulevard on a night like this! how many pleasant hours has one passed in watching the lights, and the hum, and the stir, and the laughter of those happy idle people. There was none of this gaiety here; nor was there a person to be found, except a skulking commissioner or two (whose real name in French is that of a fish that is eaten with fennel-sauce), and who offered to conduct us to certain curiosities in the town. What must we English not have done, that in every town in Europe we are to be fixed upon by scoundrels of this sort; and what a pretty reflection it is on our country that such rascals find the means of living on us!

Early the next morning we walked through a number of streets in the place, and saw certain sights. The Park is very pretty, and all the buildings round about it have an air of neatness—almost of stateliness. The houses are tall, the streets spacious, and the roads extremely clean. In the park is a little theatre, a *café* somewhat ruinous, a little palace for the king of this little kingdom, some smart public buildings (with S. P. Q. B. emblazoned on them, at which pompous inscription one cannot help laughing), and other rows of houses, somewhat resembling a little Rue de Rivoli. Whether from my own natural greatness and magnanimity, or from that handsome share of national conceit that every Englishman possesses, my impressions of this city are certainly anything but respectful. It has an absurd kind of Lilliput look with it. There are soldiers, just as in Paris, better dressed, and doing a vast deal of drumming and bustle; and yet, somehow, far from being frightened at them, I feel inclined to laugh in their faces. There are little Ministers, who work at their little bureaux; and to read the journals, how fierce they are! A great thundering *Times* could hardly talk more big. One reads about the rascally Ministers, the

miserable Opposition, the designs of tyrants, the eyes of Europe, &c., just as one would in real journals. The *Moniteur* of Ghent belabours the *Indépendent* of Brussels; the *Indépendent* falls foul of the *Lynx;* and really it is difficult not to suppose sometimes that these worthy people are in earnest. And yet how happy were they *sua si bona nôrint!* Think what a comfort it would be to belong to a little State like this; not to abuse their privilege, but philosophically to use it. If I were a Belgian, I would not care one single fig about politics. I would not read thundering leading articles. I would not have an opinion. What's the use of an opinion here? Happy fellows! do not the French, the English, and the Prussians spare them the trouble of thinking, and make all their opinions for them. Think of living in a country free, easy, respectable, wealthy, and with the nuisance of talking politics removed from out of it. All this might the Belgians have, and a part do they enjoy, but not the best part: no, these people will be brawling and by the ears, and parties run as high here as at Stoke Pogis or Little Pedlington.

These sentiments were elicited by the reading of a paper at the *café* in the Park, where we sat under the trees for a while and sipped our cool lemonade. Numbers of statues decorate the place, the very worst I ever saw. These Cupids must have been erected in the time of the Dutch dynasty, as I judge from the immense posterior developments. Indeed, the arts of the country are very low. The statues here, and the lions before the Prince of Orange's palace, would disgrace almost the figure-head of a ship.

Of course we paid our visit to this little lion of Brussels (the Prince's palace, I mean). The architecture of the building is admirably simple and firm; and you remark about it, and all other works here, a high finish in doors, woodwork, paintings, &c., that one does not see in France, where the buildings are often rather sketched than completed, and the artist seems to neglect the limbs, as it were, and extremities of his figures.

The finish of this little place is exquisite. We went through some dozen of state-rooms, paddling along over the slippery floors of inlaid wood in great slippers, without which we must have come to the ground. How did his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, manage when he lived here, and her Imperial Highness the Princess, and their excellencies the chamberlains and the footmen? They must have been on their tails many times a day, that's certain, and must have cut queer figures.

The ballroom is beautiful—all marble, and yet with a comfortable cheerful look; the other apartments are not less agreeable, and the people looked with intense satisfaction at some great lapis-

lazuli tables, which the guide informed us were worth four millions, more or less; adding, with a very knowing look, that they were *un peu plus cher que l'or*. This speech has a tremendous effect on visitors, and when we met some of our steamboat companions in the Park or elsewhere—in so small a place as this one falls in with them a dozen times a day—"Have you seen the tables?" was the general question. Prodigious tables are they, indeed! Fancy a table, my dear—a table four feet wide—a table with legs. Ye heavens! the mind can hardly picture to itself anything so beautiful and so tremendous!

There are some good pictures in the palace, too, but not so extraordinarily good as the guide-books and the guide would have us to think. The latter, like most men of his class, is an ignoramus, who showed us an Andrea del Sarto (copy or original), and called it a Correggio, and made other blunders of a like nature. As is the case in England, you are hurried through the rooms without being allowed time to look at the pictures, and, consequently, to pronounce a satisfactory judgment on them.

In the Museum more time was granted me, and I spent some hours with pleasure there. It is an absurd little gallery, absurdly imitating the Louvre, with just such compartments and pillars as you see in the noble Paris gallery; only here the pillars and capitals are stucco and white in place of marble and gold, and plaster-of-Paris busts of great Belgians are placed between the pillars. An artist of the country has made a picture containing them, and you will be ashamed of your ignorance when you hear many of their names. Old Tilly of Magdeburg figures in one corner; Rubens, the endless Rubens, stands in the midst. What a noble countenance it is, and what a manly swaggering consciousness of power!

The picture to see here is a portrait, by the great Peter Paul, of one of the governesses of the Netherlands. It is just the finest portrait that ever was seen. Only a half-length, but such a majesty, such a force, such a splendour, such a simplicity about it! The woman is in a stiff black dress, with a ruff and a few pearls; a yellow curtain is behind her—the simplest arrangement that can be conceived; but this great man knew how to rise to his occasion; and no better proof can be shown of what a fine gentleman he was than this his homage to the vice-Queen. A common bungler would have painted her in her best clothes, with crown and sceptre, just as our Queen has been painted by—but comparisons are odious. Here stands this majestic woman in her every-day working-dress of black satin, *looking your hat off*, as it were. Another portrait of the same personage hangs elsewhere in the gallery, and it is curious

to observe the difference between the two, and see how a man of genius paints a portrait, and how a common limner executes it.

Many more pictures are there here by Rubens, or rather from Rubens's manufactory, —odious and vulgar most of them are: fat Magdalens, coarse Saints, vulgar Virgins, with the scene-painter's tricks far too evident upon the canvas. By the side of one of the most astonishing colour-pieces in the world, the "Worshipping of the Magi," is a famous picture of Paul Veronese that cannot be too much admired. As Rubens sought in the first picture to dazzle and astonish by gorgeous variety, Paul in his seems to wish to get his effect by simplicity, and has produced the most noble harmony that can be conceived. Many more works are there that merit notice, — a singularly clever, brilliant, and odious Jordaens, for example; some curious costume-pieces; one or two works by the Belgian Raphael, who was a very Belgian Raphael indeed; and a long gallery of pictures of the very oldest school, that, doubtless, afford much pleasure to the amateurs of ancient art. I confess that I am inclined to believe in very little that existed before the time of Raphael. There is, for instance, the Prince of Orange's picture by Perugino, very pretty indeed, up to a certain point, but all the heads are repeated, all the drawing is bad and affected; and this very badness and affectation is what the so-called Catholic school is always anxious to imitate. Nothing can be more juvenile or paltry than the works of the native Belgians here exhibited. Tin crowns are suspended over many of them, showing that the pictures are prize compositions: and pretty things, indeed, they are! Have you ever read an Oxford prize poem? Well, these pictures are worse even than the Oxford poems—an awful assertion to make.

In the matter of eating, dear sir, which is the next subject of the fine arts, a subject that, after many hours' walking, attracts a gentleman very much, let me attempt to recall the transactions of this very day at the *table-d'hôte*. 1, green peasoup; 2, boiled salmon; 3, mussels; 4, crimped skate; 5, roast-meat; 6, patties; 7, melon; 8, carp, stewed with mushrooms and onions; 9, roast-turkey; 10, cauliflower and butter; 11, fillets of venison *piqués*, with asafœtida sauce; 12, stewed calf's-ear; 13, roast-veal; 14, roast-lamb; 15, stewed cherries; 16, rice-pudding; 17, Gruyère cheese, and about twenty-four cakes of different kinds. Except 5, 13, and 14, I give you my word I ate of all written down here, with three rolls of bread and a score of potatoes. What is the meaning of it? How is the stomach of man brought to desire and to receive all this quantity? Do not gastronomists complain of heaviness in London after eating a couple of mutton-chops? Do not respectable gentlemen fall asleep in their arm-chairs? Are they fit for mental labour?

Far from it. But look at the difference here: after dinner here one is as light as a gossamer. One walks with pleasure, reads with pleasure, writes with pleasure—nay, there is the supper-bell going at ten o'clock, and plenty of eaters, too. Let lord mayors and aldermen look to it, this fact of the extraordinary increase of appetite in Belgium, and instead of steaming to Blackwall, come a little farther to Antwerp.

Of ancient architectures in the place, there is a fine old Port de Halle, which has a tall, gloomy, bastille look; a most magnificent town-hall, that has been sketched a thousand of times, and opposite it, a building that I think would be the very model for a Conservative club-house in London. Oh! how charming it would be to be a great painter, and give the character of the building, and the numberless groups round about it. The booths lighted up by the sun, the market-women in their gowns of brilliant hue, each group having a character and telling its little story, the troops of men lolling in all sorts of admirable attitudes of ease round the great lamp. Half-a-dozen light-blue dragoons are lounging about, and peeping over the artist as the drawing is made, and the sky is more bright and blue than one sees it in a hundred years in London.

The priests of the country are a remarkably well-fed and respectable race, without that scowling hangdog look which one has remarked among reverend gentlemen in the neighbouring country of France. Their reverences wear buckles to their shoes, light-blue neckcloths, and huge three-cornered hats in good condition. To-day, strolling by the cathedral, I heard the tinkling of a bell in the street, and beheld certain persons, male and female, suddenly plump down on their knees before a little procession that was passing. Two men in black held a tawdry red canopy, a priest walked beneath it holding the sacrament covered with a cloth, and before him marched a couple of little altar-boys in short white surplices, such as you see in Rubens, and holding lacquered lamps. A small train of street-boys followed the procession, cap in hand, and the clergyman finally entered a hospital for old women, near the church, the canopy and the lamp-bearers remaining without.

It was a touching scene, and as I stayed to watch it, I could not but think of the poor old soul who was dying within, listening to the last words of prayer, led by the hand of the priest to the brink of the black fathomless grave. How bright the sun was shining without all the time, and how happy and careless everything around us looked!

The Duke d'Arenberg has a picture-gallery worthy of his princely house. It does not contain great pieces, but titbits of

pictures, such as suit an aristocratic epicure. For such persons a great huge canvas is too much, it is like sitting down alone to a roasted ox; and they do wisely, I think, to patronise small, high-flavoured, delicate *morceaux*, such as the Duke has here.

Among them may be mentioned, with special praise, a magnificent small Rembrandt, a Paul Potter of exceeding minuteness and beauty, an Ostade, which reminds one of Wilkie's early performances, and a Dusart quite as good as the Ostade. There is a Berghem, much more unaffected than that artist's works generally are; and, what is more, precious in the eyes of many ladies as an object of art, there is, in one of the grand saloons, some needlework done by the Duke's own grandmother, which is looked at with awe by those admitted to see the palace.

The chief curiosity, if not the chief ornament, of a very elegant library, filled with vases and bronzes, is a marble head, supposed to be the original head of the Laocoon. It is, unquestionably, a finer head than that which at present figures upon the shoulders of the famous statue. The expression of woe is more manly and intense; in the group as we know it, the head of the principal figure has always seemed to me to be a grimace of grief, as are the two accompanying young gentlemen with their pretty attitudes, and their little silly open-mouthed despondency. It has always had upon me the effect of a trick, that statue, and not of a piece of true art. It would look well in the vista of a garden; it is not august enough for a temple, with all its jerks, and twirls, and polite convulsions. But who knows what susceptibilities such a confession may offend? Let us say no more about the Laocoon, nor its head, nor its tail. The Duke was offered its weight in gold, they say, for this head, and refused. It would be a shame to speak ill of such a treasure, but I have my opinion of the man who made the offer.

In the matter of sculpture almost all the Brussels churches are decorated with the most laborious wooden pulpits, which may be worth their weight in gold, too, for what I know, including his reverence preaching inside. At St. Gudule the preacher mounts into no less a place than the garden of Eden, being supported by Adam and Eve, by Sin and Death, and numberless other animals; he walks up to his desk by a rustic railing of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, with wooden peacocks, paroquets, monkeys biting apples, and many more of the birds and beasts of the field. In another church the clergyman speaks from out a hermitage; in a third from a carved palm tree, which supports a set of oak clouds that form the canopy of the pulpit, and are, indeed, not much heavier in appearance than so many huge sponges. A priest, however tall or

stout, must be lost in the midst of all these queer gimcracks; in order to be consistent, they ought to dress him up, too, in some odd fantastical suit. I can fancy the Curé of Meudon preaching out of such a place, or the Rev. Sydney Smith, or that famous clergyman of the time of the League, who brought all Paris to laugh and listen to him.

But let us not be too supercilious and ready to sneer. It is only bad taste. It may have been very true devotion which erected these strange edifices.

II

GHENT—BRUGES

GHENT (1840)

THE Béguine College or Village is one of the most extraordinary sights that all Europe can show. On the confines of the town of Ghent you come upon an old-fashioned brick gate, that seems as if it were one of the city barriers; but, on passing it, one of the prettiest sights possible meets the eye: At the porter's lodge you see an old lady, in black and a white hood, occupied over her book; before you is a red church with a tall roof and fantastical Dutch pinnacles, and all around it rows upon rows of small houses, the queerest, neatest, nicest that ever were seen (a doll's house is hardly smaller or prettier). Right and left, on each side of little alleys, these little mansions rise; they have a courtlet before them, in which some green plants or hollyhocks are growing; and to each house is a gate, that has mostly a picture or queer-carved ornament upon or about it, and bears the name, not of the Béguine who inhabits it, but of the saint to whom she may have devoted it—the house of St. Stephen, the house of St. Donatus, the English or Angel Convent, and so on. Old ladies in black are pacing in the quiet alleys here and there, and drop the stranger a curtsey as he passes them and takes off his hat. Never were such patterns of neatness seen as these old ladies and their houses. I peeped into one or two of the chambers, of which the windows were open to the pleasant evening sun, and saw beds scrupulously plain, a quaint old chair or two, and little pictures of favourite saints decorating the spotless white walls. The old ladies kept up a quick cheerful clatter, as they paused to gossip at the

gates of their little domiciles; and with a great deal of artifice, and lurking behind walls, and looking at the church as if I intended to design that, I managed to get a sketch of a couple of them.

But what white paper can render the whiteness of their linen; what black ink can do justice to the lustre of their gowns and shoes? Both of the ladies had a neat ankle and a tight stocking; and I fancy that Heaven is quite as well served in this costume as in the dress of a scowling stockingless friar, whom I had seen passing just before. The look and dress of the man made me shudder. His great red feet were bound up in a shoe open at the toes, a kind of compromise for a sandal. I had just seen him and his brethren at the Dominican Church, where a mass of music was sung, and orange trees, flags, and banners decked the aisle of the church.

One begins to grow sick of these churches, and the hideous exhibitions of bodily agonies that are depicted on the sides of all the chapels. Into one wherein we went this morning was what they called a Calvary: a horrible ghastly image of a Christ in a tomb, the figure of the natural size, and of the livid colour of death; gaping red wounds on the body and round the brows: the whole piece enough to turn one sick, and fit only to brutalise the beholder of it. The Virgin is commonly represented with a dozen swords stuck in her heart; bleeding throats of headless John Baptists are perpetually thrust before your eyes. At the Cathedral gate was a papier-mâché church-ornament shop—most of the carvings and reliefs of the same dismal character: one, for instance, represented a heart with a great gash in it, and a double row of large blood-drops dribbling from it; nails and a knife were thrust into the heart; round the whole was a crown of thorns. Such things are dreadful to think of. The same gloomy spirit which made a religion of them, and worked upon the people by the grossest of all means, terror, distracted the natural feelings of man to maintain its power—shut gentle women into lonely pitiless convents—frightened poor peasants with tales of torment—taught that the end and labour of life was silence, wretchedness, and the scourge—murdered those by fagot and prison who thought otherwise. How has the blind and furious bigotry of man perverted that which God gave us as our greatest boon, and bid us hate where God bade us love! Thank Heaven that monk has gone out of sight! It is pleasant to look at the smiling cheerful old Béguine, and think no more of yonder livid face.

One of the many convents in this little religious city seems to be the specimen house which is shown to strangers, for all the guides conduct you thither, and I saw in a book kept for the purpose the names of innumerable Smiths and Joneses registered.

A very kind, sweet-voiced, smiling nun (I wonder, do they always choose the most agreeable and best-humoured sister of the house to show it to strangers?) came tripping down the steps and across the flags of the little garden court, and welcomed us with much courtesy into the neat little old-fashioned, red-bricked, gable-ended, shining-windowed Convent of the Angels. First she showed us a white-washed parlour, decorated with a grim picture or two and some crucifixes and other religious emblems, where, upon stiff old chairs, the sisters sit and work. Three or four of them were still there, pattering over their laces and bobbins; but the chief part of the sisterhood were engaged in an apartment hard by, from which issued a certain odour which I must say resembled onions: it was in fact the kitchen of the establishment.

Every Béguine cooks her own little dinner in her own little pipkin; and there were half-a-score of them, sure enough, busy over their pots and crockery, cooking a repast which, when ready, was carried off to a neighbouring room, the refectory, where, at a ledge-table which is drawn out from under her own particular cupboard, each nun sits down and eats her meal in silence. More religious emblems ornamented the carved cupboard doors, and within, everything was as neat as neat could be; shining pewter ewers and glasses, snug baskets of eggs and pats of butter, and little bowls with about a farthing's-worth of green tea in them—for some great day of fête, doubtless. The old ladies sat round as we examined these things, each eating soberly at her ledge, and never looking round. There was a bell ringing in the chapel hard by. "Hark!" said our guide, "that is one of the sisters dying. Will you come up and see the cells?"

The cells, it need not be said, are the snuggest little nests in the world, with serge-curtained beds and snowy linen, and saints and martyrs pinned against the wall. "We may sit up till twelve o'clock, if we like," said the nun; "but we have no fire and candle, and so what's the use of sitting up? When we have said our prayers we are glad enough to go to sleep."

I forget, although the good soul told us, how many times in the day, in public and in private, these devotions are made, but fancy that the morning service in the chapel takes place at too early an hour for most easy travellers. We did not fail to attend in the evening, when likewise is a general muster of the seven hundred, minus the absent and sick, and the sight is not a little curious and striking to a stranger.

The chapel is a very big whitewashed place of worship, supported by half-a-dozen columns on either side, over each of which stands the statue of an Apostle, with his emblem of martyrdom.

Nobody was as yet at the distant altar, which was too far off to see very distinctly; but I could perceive two statues over it, one of which (St. Laurence, no doubt) was leaning upon a huge gilt gridiron that the sun lighted up in a blaze—a painful but not a romantic instrument of death. A couple of old ladies in white hoods were tugging and swaying about at two bell-ropes that came down into the middle of the church, and at least five hundred others in white veils were seated all round about us in mute contemplation until the service began, looking very solemn, and white, and ghastly, like an army of tombstones by moonlight.

The service commenced as the clock finished striking seven: the organ pealed out, a very cracked and old one, and presently some weak old voice from the choir overhead quavered out a canticle; which done, a thin old voice of a priest at the altar far off (and which had now become quite gloomy in the sunset) chanted feebly another part of the service; then the nuns warbled once more overhead; and it was curious to hear, in the intervals of the most lugubrious chants, how the organ went off with some extremely cheerful military or profane air. At one time was a march, at another a quick tune; which ceasing, the old nuns began again, and so sang until the service was ended.

In the midst of it one of the white-veiled sisters approached us with a very mysterious air, and put down her white veil close to our ears and whispered. Were we doing anything wrong, I wondered? Were they come to that part of the service where heretics and infidels ought to quit the church? What have you to ask, O sacred white-veiled maid?

All she said was, "Deux centimes pour les suisses," which sum was paid; and presently the old ladies, rising from their chairs one by one, came in face of the altar, where they knelt down and said a short prayer; then, rising, unpinned their veils, and folded them up all exactly in the same folds and fashion, and laid them square like napkins on their heads, and tucked up their long black outer dresses and trudged off to their convents.

The novices wear black veils, under one of which I saw a young, sad, handsome face; it was the only thing in the establishment that was the least romantic or gloomy: and, for the sake of any reader of a sentimental turn, let us hope that the poor soul has been crossed in love, and that over some soul-stirring tragedy that black curtain has fallen.

Ghent has, I believe, been called a vulgar Venice. It contains dirty canals and old houses that must satisfy the most eager antiquary, though the buildings are not quite in so good preservation as others that may be seen in the Netherlands. The com-

mercial bustle of the place seems considerable, and it contains more beershops than any city I ever saw.

These beershops seem the only amusement of the inhabitants, until, at least, the theatre shall be built, of which the elevation is now complete, a very handsome and extensive pile. There are beershops in the cellars of the houses, which are frequented, it is to be presumed, by the lower sort; there are beershops at the barriers, where the citizens and their families repair: and beershops in the town, glaring with gas, with long gauze blinds, however, to hide what I hear is a rather questionable reputation.

Our inn, the "Hotel of the Post," a spacious and comfortable residence, is on a little place planted round with trees, and that seems to be the Palais Royal of the town. Three clubs, which look from without to be very comfortable, ornament this square with their gas-lamps. Here stands, too, the theatre that is to be; there is a café, and on evenings a military band plays the very worst music I ever remember to have heard. I went out to-night to take a quiet walk upon this place, and the horrid brazen discord of these trumpeters sent me half mad.

I went to the café for refuge, passing on the way a subterraneous beershop, where men and women were drinking to the sweet music of a cracked barrel-organ. They take in a couple of French papers at this café, and the same number of Belgian journals. You may imagine how well the latter are informed, when you hear that the battle of Boulogne, fought by the immortal Louis Napoleon, was not known here until some gentlemen out of Norfolk brought the news from London, and until it had travelled to Paris, and from Paris to Brussels. For a whole hour I could not get a newspaper at the café. The horrible brass band in the meantime had quitted the place, and now, to amuse the Ghent citizens, a couple of little boys came to the café and set up a small concert: one played ill on the guitar, but sang, very sweetly, plaintive French ballads; the other was the comic singer; he carried about with him a queer, long, damp-looking, mouldy white hat, with no brim. "Ecoutez," said the waiter to me, "il va faire l'Anglais; c'est très-drôle!" The little rogue mounted his immense brimless hat, and thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, began to *faire l'Anglais*, with a song in which swearing was the principal joke. We all laughed at this, and indeed the little rascal seemed to have a good deal of humour.

How they hate us, these foreigners, in Belgium as much as in France! What lies they tell of us; how gladly they would see us humiliated! Honest folks at home over their port-wine say, "Ay, ay, and very good reason they have too. National vanity, sir, wounded—we have beaten them so often." My dear sir, there is

not a greater error in the world than this. They hate you because you are stupid, hard to please, and intolerably insolent and air-giving. I walked with an Englishman yesterday, who asked the way to a street of which he pronounced the name very badly to a little Flemish boy: the Flemish boy did not answer; and there was my Englishman quite in a rage, shrieking in the child's ear as if he must answer. He seemed to think that it was the duty of "the snob," as he called him, to obey the gentleman. This is why we are hated—for pride. In our free country a tradesman, a lacquey, or a waiter will submit to almost any given insult from a gentleman: in these benighted lands one man is as good as another; and pray God it may soon be so with us! Of all European people, which is the nation that has the most haughtiness, the strongest prejudices, the greatest reserve, the greatest dulness? I say an Englishman of the genteel classes. An honest groom jokes and hobs-and-nobs and makes his way with the kitchen-maids, for there is good social nature in the man; his master dare not unbend. Look at him, how he scowls at you on your entering an inn-room; think how you scowl yourself to meet his scowl. To-day, as we were walking and staring about the place, a worthy old gentleman in a carriage, seeing a pair of strangers, took off his hat and bowed very gravely with his old powdered head out of the window: I am sorry to say that our first impulse was to burst out laughing—it seemed so supremely ridiculous that a stranger should notice and welcome another.

As for the notion that foreigners hate us because we have beaten them so often, my dear sir, this is the greatest error in the world: well-educated Frenchmen *do not believe that we have beaten them.* A man was once ready to call me out in Paris because I said that we had beaten the French in Spain; and here before me is a French paper, with a London correspondent discoursing about Louis Buonaparte and his jackass expedition to Boulogne. "He was received at Eglintoun, it is true," says the correspondent, "but what do you think was the reason? Because the English nobility were anxious *to revenge upon his person* (with some *coups de lance*) *the checks which the 'grand homme' his uncle had inflicted on them in Spain.*"

This opinion is so general among the French, that they would laugh at you with scornful incredulity if you ventured to assert any other. Foy's history of the Spanish War does not, unluckily, go far enough. I have read a French history which hardly mentions the war in Spain, and calls the battle of Salamanca a French victory. You know how the other day, and in the teeth of all evidence, the French swore to their victory of Toulouse: and so it is with the rest; and you may set it down as pretty certain, 1st, That only a

few people know the real state of things in France, as to the matter in dispute between us; 2nd, That those who do, keep the truth to themselves, and so it is as if it had never been.

These Belgians have caught up, and quite naturally, the French tone. We are *perfide Albion* with them still. Here is the Ghent paper, which declares that it is beyond a doubt that Louis Napoleon was sent by the English and Lord Palmerston; and though it states in another part of the journal (from English authority) that the Prince had never seen Lord Palmerston, yet the lie will remain uppermost—the people and the editor will believe it to the end of time. . . . See to what a digression yonder little fellow in the tall hat has given rise! Let us make his picture, and have done with him.

I could not understand, in my walks about this place, which is certainly picturesque enough, and contains extraordinary charms in the shape of old gables, quaint spires, and broad shining canals—I could not at first comprehend why, for all this, the town was especially disagreeable to me, and have only just hit on the reason why. Sweetest Juliana, you will never guess it: it is simply this, that I have not seen a single decent-looking woman in the whole place; they all look ugly, with coarse mouths, vulgar figures, mean mercantile faces; and so the traveller walking among them finds the pleasure of his walk excessively damped, and the impressions made upon him disagreeable.

In the Academy there are no pictures of merit; but sometimes a second-rate picture is as pleasing as the best, and one may pass an hour here very pleasantly. There is a room appropriated to Belgian artists, of which I never saw the like: they are, like all the rest of the things in this country, miserable imitations of the French school —great nude Venuses, and Junos *à la* David, with the drawing left out.

BRUGES

THE change from vulgar Ghent, with its ugly women and coarse bustle, to this quiet, old, half-deserted, cleanly Bruges was very pleasant. I have seen old men at Versailles, with shabby coats and pigtails, sunning themselves on the benches in the walls; they had seen better days, to be sure, but they were gentlemen still: and so we found, this morning, old dowager Bruges basking in the pleasant August sun, and looking, if not prosperous,

at least cheerful and well bred. It is the quaintest and prettiest of all the quaint and pretty towns I have seen. A painter might spend months here, and wander from church to church, and admire old towers and pinnacles, tall gables, bright canals, and pretty little patches of green garden and moss-grown wall, that reflect in the clear quiet water. Before the inn window is a garden, from which in the early morning issues a most wonderful odour of stocks and wallflowers; next comes a road with trees of admirable green; numbers of little children are playing in this road (the place is so clean that they may roll in it all day without soiling their pinafores), and on the other side of the trees are little old-fashioned, dumpy, whitewashed, red-tiled houses. A poorer landscape to draw never was known, nor a pleasanter to see—the children especially, who are inordinately fat and rosy. Let it be remembered, too, that here we are out of the country of ugly women: the expression of the face is almost uniformly gentle and pleasing, and the figures of the women, wrapped in long black monk-like cloaks and hoods, very picturesque. No wonder there are so many children: the "Guide-book" (omniscient Mr. Murray!) says there are fifteen thousand paupers in the town, and we know how such multiply. How the deuce do their children look so fat and rosy? By eating dirt-pies, I suppose. I saw a couple making a very nice savoury one, and another employed in gravely sticking strips of stick betwixt the pebbles at the house door, and so making for herself a stately garden. The men and women don't seem to have much more to do. There are a couple of tall chimneys at either suburb of the town, where no doubt manufactories are at work, but within the walls everybody seems decently idle.

We have been, of course, abroad to visit the lions. The tower in the Grand Place is very fine, and the bricks of which it is built do not yield a whit in colour to the best stone. The great building round this tower is very like the pictures of the Ducal Palace at Venice; and there is a long market area, with columns down the middle, from which hung shreds of rather lean-looking meat, that would do wonders under the hands of Cattermole or Haghe. In the tower there is a chime of bells that keep ringing perpetually. They not only play tunes of themselves, and every quarter of an hour, but an individual performs selections from popular operas on them at certain periods of the morning, afternoon, and evening. I have heard to-day "Suoni la Tromba," "Son Vergin vezzosa," from the "Puritani," and other airs, and very badly they were played too; for such a great monster as a tower-bell cannot be expected to imitate Madame Grisi or even Signor Lablache. Other churches indulge in the same amusement, so that one may come here and

live in melody all day or night, like the young woman in Moore's "Lalla Rookh."

In the matter of art, the chief attractions of Bruges are the pictures of Hemling, that are to be seen in the churches, the hospital, and the picture-gallery of the place. There are no more pictures of Rubens to be seen, and, indeed, in the course of a fortnight, one has had quite enough of the great man and his magnificent swaggering canvases. What a difference is here with simple Hemling and the extraordinary creations of his pencil! The hospital is particularly rich in them; and the legend there is that the painter, who had served Charles the Bold in his war against the Swiss, and his last battle and defeat, wandered back wounded and penniless to Bruges, and here found cure and shelter.

This hospital is a noble and curious sight. The great hall is almost as it was in the twelfth century; it is spanned by Saxon arches, and lighted by a multiplicity of Gothic windows of all sizes; it is very lofty, clean, and perfectly well ventilated; a screen runs across the middle of the room, to divide the male from the female patients, and we were taken to examine each ward where the poor people seemed happier than possibly they would have been in health and starvation without it. Great yellow blankets were on the iron beds, the linen was scrupulously clean, glittering pewter jugs and goblets stood by the side of each patient, and they were provided with godly books (to judge from the binding), in which several were reading at leisure. Honest old comfortable nuns, in queer dresses of blue, black, white, and flannel, were bustling through the room attending to the wants of the sick. I saw about a dozen of these kind women's faces: one was young —all were healthy and cheerful. One came with bare blue arms and a great pile of linen from an outhouse—such a grange as Cedric the Saxon might have given to a guest for the night. A couple were in a laboratory, a tall bright clean room, five hundred years old at least. "We saw you were not very religious," said one of the old ladies with a red wrinkled good-humoured face, "by your behaviour yesterday in chapel." And yet we did not laugh and talk as we used at college, but were profoundly affected by the scene that we saw there. It was a fête-day: a mass of Mozart was sung in the evening—not well sung, and yet so exquisitely tender and melodious, that it brought tears into our eyes. There were not above twenty people in the church: all, save three or four, were women in long black cloaks. I took them for nuns at first. They were, however, the common people of the town, very poor indeed, doubtless, for the priest's box that was brought round was not added to by most of them, and their contributions were

but two-cent pieces,—five of these go to a penny; but we know the value of such, and can tell the exact worth of a poor woman's mite! The box-bearer did not seem at first willing to accept our donation—we were strangers and heretics; however, I held out my hand, and he came perforce as it were. Indeed it had only a franc in it: but *que voulez vous?* I had been drinking a bottle of Rhine wine that day, and how was I to afford more? The Rhine wine is dear in this country, and costs four francs a bottle.

Well the service proceeded. Twenty poor women, two Englishmen, four ragged beggars cowering on the steps; and there was the priest at the altar, in a great robe of gold and damask, two little boys in white surplices serving him, holding his robe as he rose and bowed, and the money-gatherer swinging his censer, and filling the little chapel with smoke. The music pealed with wonderful sweetness; you could see the prim white heads of the nuns in their gallery. The evening light streamed down upon old statues of saints and carved brown stalls, and lighted up the head of the golden-haired Magdalen in a picture of the entombment of Christ. Over the gallery, and, as it were, a kind protectress to the poor below, stood the statue of the Virgin.

III

WATERLOO

IT is, my dear, the happy privilege of your sex in England to quit the dinner-table after the wine-bottles have once or twice gone round it, and you are thereby saved (though, to be sure, I can't tell what the ladies do upstairs)—you are saved two or three hours' excessive dulness, which the men are obliged to go through.

I ask any gentleman who reads this—the letters to my Juliana being written with an eye to publication—to remember especially how many times, how many hundred times, how many thousand times, in his hearing, the battle of Waterloo has been discussed after dinner, and to call to mind how cruelly he has been bored by the discussion. "Ah, it was lucky for us that the Prussians came up!" says one little gentleman, looking particularly wise and ominous. "Hang the Prussians!" (or, perhaps, something stronger "the Prussians!") says a stout old major on half-pay. "We beat the French without them, sir, as beaten them we always have! We were thundering down the hill of Belle Alliance, sir, at the backs of

them, and the French were crying 'Sauve qui peut' long before the Prussians ever touched them!" And so the battle opens, and for many mortal hours, amid rounds of claret, rages over and over again.

I thought to myself, considering the above things, what a fine thing it will be in after-days to say that I have been to Brussels and never seen the field of Waterloo; indeed, that I am such a philosopher as not to care a fig about the battle—nay, to regret, rather, that when Napoleon came back, the British Government had not spared their men and left him alone.

But this pitch of philosophy was unattainable. This morning, after having seen the Park, the fashionable boulevard, the pictures, the cafés —having sipped, I say, the sweets of every flower that grows in this paradise of Brussels, quite weary of the place, we mounted on a Namur diligence, and jingled off at four miles an hour for Waterloo.

The road is very neat and agreeable: the Forest of Soignies here and there interposes pleasantly to give your vehicle a shade; the country, as usual, is vastly fertile and well cultivated. A farmer and the conducteur were my companions in the imperial, and could I have understood their conversation, my dear, you should have had certainly a report of it. The jargon which they talked was, indeed, most queer and puzzling—French, I believe, strangely hashed up and pronounced, for here and there one could catch a few words of it. Now and anon, however, they condescended to speak in the purest French they could muster; and, indeed, nothing is more curious than to hear the French of the country. You can't understand why all the people insist upon speaking it so badly. I asked the conductor if he had been at the battle; he burst out laughing, like a philosopher as he was, and said, "Pas si bête." I asked the farmer whether his contributions were lighter now than in King William's time, and lighter than those in the time of the Emperor? He vowed that in war-time he had not more to pay than in time of peace (and this strange fact is vouched for by every person of every nation), and being asked wherefore the King of Holland had been ousted from his throne, replied at once, "Parce que c'était un voleur:" for which accusation I believe there is some show of reason, his Majesty having laid hands on much Belgian property before the lamented outbreak which cost him his crown. A vast deal of laughing and roaring passed between these two worthy people and the postillion, whom they called "Baron," and I thought no doubt that this talk was one of the many jokes that my companions were in the habit of making. But not so: the postillion was an actual baron, the bearer of an ancient name, the descendant of gallant gentlemen. Good heavens! what would Mrs. Trollope say to see his Lordship here? His father the old baron had dissipated the

family fortune, and here was this young nobleman, at about five-and-forty, compelled to bestride a clattering Flemish stallion, and bump over dusty pavements at the rate of five miles an hour. But see the beauty of high blood: with what a calm grace the man of family accommodates himself to fortune. Far from being cast down, his Lordship met his fate like a man: he swore and laughed the whole of the journey, and as we changed horses condescended to partake of half-a-pint of Louvain beer, to which the farmer treated him—indeed the worthy rustic treated me to a glass too.

Much delight and instruction have I had in the course of the journey from my guide, philosopher, and friend, the author of "Murray's Handbook." He has gathered together, indeed, a store of information, and must, to make his single volume, have gutted many hundreds of guide-books. How the Continental ciceroni must hate him, whoever he is! Every English party I saw had this infallible red book in their hands, and gained a vast deal of historical and general information from it. Thus I heard, in confidence, many remarkable anecdotes of Charles V., the Duke of Alva, Count Egmont, all of which I had before perceived, with much satisfaction, not only in the "Handbook," but even in other works.

The Laureate is among the English poets evidently the great favourite of our guide: the choice does honour to his head and heart. A man must have a very strong bent for poetry, indeed, who carries Southey's works in his portmanteau, and quotes them in proper time and occasion. Of course at Waterloo a spirit like our guide's cannot fail to be deeply moved, and to turn to his favourite poet for sympathy. Hark how the laureated bard sings about the tombstones at Waterloo:—

"That temple to our hearts was hallow'd now,
For many a wounded Briton there was laid,
With such for help as time might then allow,
From the fresh carnage of the field conveyed.
And they whom human succour could not save,
Here, in its precincts, found a hasty grave.
And here, on marble tablets, set on high,
In English lines by foreign workmen traced,
The names familiar to an English eye,
Their brethren here the fit memorial placed;
Whose unadorned inscriptions briefly tell
Their gallant comrades' rank, and where they fell.
The stateliest monument of human pride,
Enriched with all magnificence of art,
To honour chieftains who in victory died
Would wake no stronger feeling in the heart
Than these plain tablets by the soldier's hand
Raised to his comrades in a foreign land."

There are lines for you! wonderful for justice, rich in thought and novel ideas. The passage concerning their gallant comrades' rank should be specially remarked. There indeed they lie, sure enough: the Honourable Colonel This of the Guards, Captain That of the Hussars, Major So-and-so of the Dragoons, brave men and good, who did their duty by their country on that day, and died in the performance of it.

Amen. But I confess fairly that, in looking at these tablets, I felt very much disappointed at not seeing the names of the *men* as well as the officers. Are they to be counted for nought? A few more inches of marble to each monument would have given space for all the names of the men; and the men of that day were the winners of the battle. We have a right to be as grateful individually to any given private as to any given officer: their duties were very much the same. Why should the country reserve its gratitude for the genteel occupiers of the Army List, and forget the gallant fellows whose humble names were written in the regimental books? In reading of the Wellington wars, and the conduct of the men engaged in them, I don't know whether to respect them or to wonder at them most. They have death, wounds, and poverty in contemplation; in possession, poverty, hard labour, hard fare, and small thanks. If they do wrong, they are handed over to the inevitable provost-marshal; if they are heroes, heroes they may be, but they remain privates still, handling the old brown Bess, starving on the old twopence a day. They grow grey in battle and victory, and after thirty years of bloody service, a young gentleman of fifteen, fresh from a preparatory school, who can scarcely read, and came but yesterday with a pinafore in to papa's dessert—such a young gentleman, I say, arrives in a spick-and-span red coat, and calmly takes the command over our veteran, who obeys him as if God and nature had ordained that so throughout time it should be.

That privates should obey, and that they should be smartly punished if they disobey, this one can understand very well. But to say obey for ever and ever—to say that Private John Styles is, by some physical disproportion, hopelessly inferior to Cornet Snooks—to say that Snooks shall have honours, epaulets, and a marble tablet if he dies, and that Styles shall fight his fight, and have his twopence a day, and when shot down shall be shovelled into a hole with other Styleses, and so forgotten; and to think that we had in the course of the last war some 400,000 of these Styleses, and some 10,000, say, of the Snooks sort—Styles being by nature exactly as honest, clever, and brave as Snooks—and to think that the 400,000 should bear this, is the wonder!

Suppose Snooks makes a speech. "Look at these Frenchmen,

British soldiers," says he, "and remember who they are. Two-and-twenty years since they hurled their King from his throne and murdered him" (groans). "They flung out of their country their ancient and famous nobility—they published the audacious doctrine of equality —they made a cadet of artillery, a beggarly lawyer's son, into an Emperor, and took ignoramuses from the ranks—drummers and privates, by Jove! —of whom they made kings, generals, and marshals! Is this to be borne?" (Cries of "No! no!") "Upon them, my boys! down with these godless revolutionists, and rally round the British lion!"

So saying, Ensign Snooks (whose flag, which he can't carry, is held by a huge grizzly colour-sergeant) draws a little sword, and pipes out a feeble huzza. The men of his company, roaring curses at the Frenchmen, prepare to receive and repel a thundering charge of French cuirassiers. The men fight, and Snooks is knighted because the men fought so well.

But live or die, win or lose, what do *they* get? English glory is too genteel to meddle with those humble fellows. She does not condescend to ask the names of the poor devils whom she kills in her service. Why was not every private man's name written upon the stones in Waterloo Church as well as every officer's? Five hundred pounds to the stone-cutters would have served to carve the whole catalogue, and paid the poor compliment of recognition to men who died in doing their duty. If the officers deserved a stone, the men did. But come, let us away and drop a tear over the Marquis of Anglesey's leg!

As for Waterloo, has it not been talked of enough after dinner? Here are some oats that were plucked before Hougoumont, where grow not only oats, but flourishing crops of grape-shot, bayonets, and legion-of-honour crosses, in amazing profusion.

Well, though I made a vow not to talk about Waterloo either here or after dinner, there is one little secret admission that one must make after seeing it. Let an Englishman go and see that field, and he *never forgets it*. The sight is an event in his life; and though it has been seen by millions of peaceable *gents*—grocers from Bond Street, meek attorneys from Chancery Lane, and timid tailors from Piccadilly—I will wager that there is not one of them but feels a glow as he looks at the place, and remembers that he, too, is an Englishman.

It is a wrong, egotistical, savage, unchristian feeling, and that's the truth of it. A man of peace has no right to be dazzled by that red-coated glory, and to intoxicate his vanity with those remembrances of carnage and triumph. The same sentence which tells us that on earth there ought to be peace and good-will amongst men, tells us to whom GLORY belongs.

THE BOOK OF SNOBS

ADVERTISEMENT

THE genus "Snob" formed the subject of the earliest of Mr. Thackeray's studies of character. When he was an undergraduate of Cambridge, in 1829, there appeared an unpretending little weekly periodical entitled "The Snob: a Literary and Scientific Journal," NOT "conducted by members of the University," to which Mr. Thackeray was a contributor; and it probably owed its name and existence to him. Each number contained only six pages, of a small octavo size, printed on tinted paper of different colours, green, pink, and yellow; and, as if to complete the eccentricity of the periodical, its price was twopence-halfpenny. "The Snob" had but a short life, only eleven numbers having been published; the first being dated April 9, 1829, and the last, June 18, of the same year.

In those contributions which appear to have been written by Mr. Thackeray, indications are discernible of the fine satiric humour with which he ridiculed vulgarity and pretension in "The Book of Snobs." But as the Publishers believe that the Author would not himself have wished such fugitive papers, hastily thrown off in sport for his own amusement, at an early period of his life, to be republished, none of them have been included in this volume.

THE BOOK OF SNOBS

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES

PREFATORY REMARKS

[*The necessity of a Work on Snobs, demonstrated from History, and proved by felicitous illustrations:—I am the individual destined to write that work—My vocation is announced in terms of great eloquence—I show that the world has been gradually preparing itself for the* WORK *and the* MAN*—Snobs are to be studied like other objects of Natural Science, and are a part of the Beautiful (with a large B)—They pervade all classes—Affecting instance of Colonel Snobley.*]

WE have all read a statement (the authenticity of which I take leave to doubt entirely, for upon what calculations I should like to know is it founded?)—we have all, I say, been favoured by perusing a remark, that when the times and necessities of the world call for a Man, that individual is found. Thus at the French Revolution (which the reader will be pleased to have introduced so early), when it was requisite to administer a corrective dose to the nation, Robespierre was found; a most foul and nauseous dose indeed, and swallowed eagerly by the patient, greatly to the latter's ultimate advantage: thus, when it became necessary to kick John Bull out of America, Mr. Washington stepped forward, and performed that job to satisfaction: thus, when the Earl of Aldborough was unwell, Professor Holloway appeared with his pills, and cured his lordship, as per advertisement, &c. &c. Numberless instances might be adduced to show that when a nation is in great want, the relief is at hand; just as in the Pantomime (that microcosm), where when *Clown* wants anything—a warming-pan, a pump-handle, a goose, or a lady's tippet—a fellow comes sauntering out from behind the side-scenes with the very article in question.

Again, when men commence an undertaking, they always are prepared to show that the absolute necessities of the world demanded its completion.—Say it is a railroad: the directors begin by stating that "A more intimate communication between Bathershins and Derrynane Beg is necessary for the advancement of civilisation, and demanded by the multitudinous acclamations of the great Irish people." Or suppose it is a newspaper: the prospectus states that "At a time when the Church is in danger, threatened from without by savage fanaticism and miscreant unbelief, and undermined from within by dangerous Jesuitism, and suicidal Schism, a Want has been universally felt—a suffering people has looked abroad—for an Ecclesiastical Champion and Guardian. A body of Prelates and Gentlemen have therefore stepped forward in this our hour of danger, and determined on establishing the *Beadle* newspaper," &c. &c. One or other of these points at least is incontrovertible; the public wants a thing, therefore it is supplied with it; or the public is supplied with a thing, therefore it wants it.

I have long gone about with a conviction on my mind that I had a work to do—a Work, if you like, with a great W; a Purpose to fulfil; a chasm to leap into, like Curtius, horse and foot; a Great Social Evil to Discover and to Remedy. That Conviction Has Pursued me for Years. It has Dogged me in the Busy Street; Seated Itself By Me in The Lonely Study; Jogged My Elbow as it Lifted the Wine-cup at The Festive Board; Pursued me through the Maze of Rotten Row; Followed me in Far Lands. On Brighton's Shingly Beach, or Margate's Sand, the Voice Outpiped the Roaring of the Sea; it Nestles in my Night-cap, and It Whispers, "Wake, Slumberer, thy Work Is Not Yet Done." Last Year, By Moonlight, in the Colosseum, the Little Sedulous Voice Came To Me and Said, "Smith or Jones" (The Writer's Name is Neither Here nor There), "Smith or Jones, my fine fellow, this is all very well, but you ought to be at home writing your great work on SNOBS."

When a man has this sort of vocation it is all nonsense attempting to elude it. He must speak out to the nations; he must *unbusm* himself, as Jeames would say, or choke and die. "Mark to yourself," I have often mentally exclaimed to your humble servant, "the gradual, way in which you have been prepared for, and are now led by an irresistible necessity to enter upon your great labour. First, the World was made: then, as a matter of course, Snobs; they existed for years and years, and were no more known than America. But presently,—*ingens patebat tellus*,—the people became darkly aware that there was such a race. Not above five-and-twenty years since, a name, an expressive monosyllable, arose to designate that race. That name has spread

over England like railroads subsequently; Snobs are known and recognised throughout an Empire on which I am given to understand the Sun never sets. *Punch* appears at the ripe season, to chronicle their history: and the individual comes forth to write that history in *Punch*.*

I have (and for this gift I congratulate myself with a Deep and Abiding Thankfulness) an eye for a Snob. If the Truthful is the Beautiful, it is Beautiful to study even the Snobbish; to track Snobs through history, as certain little dogs in Hampshire hunt out truffles; to sink shafts in society and come upon rich veins of Snob-ore. Snobbishness is like Death in a quotation from Horace, which I hope you never have heard, "beating with equal foot at poor men's doors, and kicking at the gates of Emperors." It is a great mistake to judge of Snobs lightly, and think they exist among the lower classes merely. An immense percentage of Snobs, I believe, is to be found in every rank of this mortal life. You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of Snobs: to do so shows that you are yourself a Snob. I myself have been taken for one.

When I was taking the waters at Bagnigge Wells, and living at the "Imperial Hotel" there, there used to sit opposite me at breakfast, for a short time, a Snob so insufferable that I felt I should never get any benefit of the waters so long as he remained. His name was Lieutenant-Colonel Snobley, of a certain dragoon regiment. He wore japanned boots and moustaches: he lisped, drawled, and left the "r's" out of his words: he was always flourishing about, and smoothing his lacquered whiskers with a huge flaming bandanna, that filled the room with an odour of musk so stifling that I determined to do battle with that Snob, and that either he or I should quit the Inn. I first began harmless conversations with him; frightening him exceedingly, for he did not know what to do when so attacked, and had never the slightest notion that anybody would take such a liberty with him as to speak *first:* then I handed him the paper: then, as he would take no notice of these advances, I used to look him in the face steadily and—and use my fork in the light of a toothpick. After two mornings of this practice, he could bear it no longer, and fairly quitted the place.

Should the Colonel see this, will he remember the Gent who asked him if he thought Publicoaler was a fine writer, and drove him from the Hotel with a four-pronged fork?

* These papers were originally published in that popular periodical.

CHAPTER I

THE SNOB PLAYFULLY DEALT WITH

THERE are relative and positive Snobs. I mean by positive, such persons as are Snobs everywhere, in all companies, from morning till night, from youth to the grave, being by Nature endowed with Snobbishness; and others who are Snobs only in certain circumstances and relations of life.

For instance: I once knew a man who committed before me an act as atrocious as that which I have indicated in the last chapter as performed by me for the purpose of disgusting Colonel Snobley; viz., the using the fork in the guise of a toothpick. I once, I say, knew a man who, dining in my company at the "Europa Coffee-house" (opposite the Grand Opera, and, as everybody knows, the only decent place for dining at Naples), ate peas with the assistance of his knife. He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first—indeed, we had met in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and were subsequently robbed and held to ransom by brigands in Calabria, which is nothing to the purpose—a man of great powers, excellent heart, and varied information; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me—to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the Honourable Poly Anthus) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances—in nowise affecting Mr. Marrowfat's honour, or my esteem for him—had occurred, which obliged me to forego my intimacy with him; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct that night at the Duchess of Monte Fiasco's ball.

Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the Damon and Pythias—indeed, Marrowfat had saved my life more than once—but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do?

My dear friend was, in this instance, the Snob *relative*. It is not snobbish of persons of rank of any other nation to employ their knife in the manner alluded to. I have seen Monte Fiasco clean his trencher with his knife and every Principe in company doing like-

wise. I have seen, at the hospitable board of H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden—(who, if these humble lines should come under her Imperial eyes, is besought to remember graciously the most devoted of her servants)—I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely-beautiful woman) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely Amalia! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! long long may the knife carry food to those lips! the reddest and loveliest in the world!

The cause of my quarrel with Marrowfat I never breathed to mortal soul for four years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy —our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board; but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable, until the fourth of June, last year.

We met at Sir George Golloper's. We were placed, he on the right, your humble servant on the left, of the admirable Lady G. Peas formed part of the banquet—ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw Marrowfat helped, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

What was my astonishment, what my delight, when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed back upon me—the remembrance of old services—his rescuing me from the brigands—his gallant conduct in the affair with the Countess Dei Spinachi—his lending me the £1700. I almost burst into tears with joy—my voice trembled with emotion. "George, my boy!" I exclaimed; "George Marrowfat, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!"

Blushing—deeply moved—almost as tremulous as I was myself, George answered, "*Frank, shall it be Hock or Madeira?*" I could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company. Little did Lady Golloper know what was the cause of the emotion which sent the duckling I was carving into her Ladyship's pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

We have been the closest friends ever since, nor, of course, has George repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas and only used two-pronged forks, and it was only by living on the Continent, where the usage of the four-prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom.

In this point—and in this only—I confess myself a member of the Silver-Fork School; and if this tale but induce one of my readers

to pause, to examine in his own mind solemnly, and ask, "Do I or do I not eat peas with a knife?"—to see the ruin which may fall upon himself by continuing the practice, or his family by beholding the example, these lines will not have been written in vain. And now, whatever other authors may be, I flatter myself, it will be allowed that *I*, at least, am a moral man.

By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this history is. The moral is this—Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders.

If I should go to the British and Foreign Institute (and Heaven forbid I should go under any pretext or in any costume whatever)—if I should go to one of the tea-parties in a dressing-gown and slippers, and not in the usual attire of a gentleman, viz., pumps, a gold waistcoat, a crush hat, a sham frill, and a white choker—I should be insulting society, and *eating peas with my knife*. Let the porters of the Institute hustle out the individual who shall so offend. Such an offender is, as regards society, a most emphatical and refractory Snob. It has its code and police as well as governments, and he must conform who would profit by the decrees set forth for their common comfort.

I am naturally averse to egotism, and hate self-laudation consumedly; but I can't help relating here a circumstance illustrative of the point in question, in which I must think I acted with considerable prudence.

Being at Constantinople a few years since—(on a delicate mission),—the Russians were playing a double game, between ourselves, and it became necessary on our part to employ an *extra negotiator*—Leckerbiss Pasha of Roumelia, then Chief Galeongee of the Porte, gave a diplomatic banquet at his summer palace at Bujukdere. I was on the left of the Galeongee, and the Russian agent, Count de Diddloff, on his dexter side. Diddloff is a dandy who would die of a rose in aromatic pain: he had tried to have me assassinated three times in the course of the negotiation; but of course we were friends in public, and saluted each other in the most cordial and charming manner.

The Galeongee is—or was, alas! for a bowstring has done for him—a stanch supporter of the old school of Turkish politics. We dined with our fingers, and had flaps of bread for plates; the only innovation he admitted was the use of European liquors, in which he indulged with great gusto. He was an enormous eater. Amongst the dishes a very large one was placed before him of a lamb dressed in its wool, stuffed with prunes, garlic, assafœtida, capsicums, and other condiments the most abominable mixture that ever mortal

smelt or tasted. The Galeongee ate of this hugely; and, pursuing the Eastern fashion, insisted on helping his friends right and left, and when he came to a particularly spicy morsel, would push it with his own hands into his guests' very mouths.

I never shall forget the look of poor Diddloff, when his Excellency, rolling up a large quantity of this into a ball, and exclaiming, "Buk Buk" (it is very good), administered the horrible bolus to Diddloff. The Russian's eyes rolled dreadfully as he received it: he swallowed it with a grimace that I thought must precede a convulsion, and, seizing a bottle next him, which he thought was Sauterne, but which turned out to be French brandy, he drank off nearly a pint before he knew his error. It finished him: he was carried away from the dining-room almost dead, and laid out to cool in a summer-house on the Bosphorus.

When it came to my turn, I took down the condiment with a smile, said "Bismillah," licked my lips with easy gratification, and when the next dish was served, made up a ball myself so dexterously, and popped it down the old Galeongee's mouth with so much grace, that his heart was won. Russia was put out of court at once, *and the Treaty of* Kabobanople *was signed.* As for Diddloff, all was over with *him*: he was recalled to St. Petersburg, and Sir Roderick Murchison saw him, under the No. 3967, working in the Ural mines.

The moral of this tale, I need not say, is, that there are many disagreeable things in society which you are bound to take down, and to do so with a smiling face.

CHAPTER II

THE SNOB ROYAL

LONG since, at the commencement of the reign of her present Gracious Majesty, it chanced "on a fair summer evening," as Mr. James would say, that three or four young cavaliers were drinking a cup of wine after dinner at the hostelry called the "King's Arms," kept by Mistress Anderson, in the Royal village of Kensington. 'Twas a balmy evening, and the wayfarers looked out on a cheerful scene. The tall elms of the ancient gardens were in full leaf, and countless chariots of the nobility of England whirled by to the neighbouring palace, where princely Sussex (whose income latterly only allowed him to give tea-parties) entertained his Royal niece at a State banquet. When the caroches of the nobles had set down their owners at the banquet-hall, their varlets and servitors came to quaff a flagon of nut-brown ale in the "King's Arms" gardens hard by. We watched these fellows from our lattice. By Saint Boniface 'twas a rare sight!

The tulips in Mynheer Van Dunck's gardens were not more gorgeous than the liveries of these pie-coated retainers. All the flowers of the field bloomed in their ruffled bosoms, all the hues of the rainbow gleamed in their plush breeches, and the long-caned ones walked up and down the garden with that charming solemnity that delightful quivering swagger of the calves, which has always had a frantic fascination for us. The walk was not wide enough for them as the shoulder-knots strutted up and down it in canary, and crimson, and light blue.

Suddenly, in the midst of their pride, a little bell was rung, a side door opened, and (after setting down their Royal Mistress) her Majesty's own crimson footmen, with epaulets and black plushes came in.

It was pitiable to see the other poor Johns slink off at this arrival! Not one of the honest private Plushes could stand up before the Royal Flunkeys. They left the walk: they sneaked into dark holes and drank their beer in silence. The Royal Plush kept possession of the garden until the Royal Plush dinner was announced when it retired, and we heard from the pavilion where they dined

conservative cheers, and speeches, and Kentish fires. The other Flunkeys we never saw more.

My dear Flunkeys, so absurdly conceited at one moment and so abject at the next, are but the types of their masters in this world. *He who meanly admires mean things is a Snob*—perhaps that is a safe definition of the character.

And this is why I have, with the utmost respect, ventured to place the Snob Royal at the head of my list, causing all others to give way before him, as the Flunkeys before the Royal representative in Kensington Gardens. To say of such and such a Gracious Sovereign that he is a Snob, is but to say that his Majesty is a man. Kings, too, are men and Snobs. In a country where Snobs are in the majority, a prime one, surely, cannot be unfit to govern. With us they have succeeded to admiration.

For instance, James I. was a Snob, and a Scotch Snob, than which the world contains no more offensive creature. He appears to have had not one of the good qualities of a man—neither courage, nor generosity, nor honesty, nor brains; but read what the great Divines and Doctors of England said about him! Charles II., his grandson, was a rogue, but not a Snob; whilst Louis XIV., his old squaretoes of a contemporary, the great worshipper of Bigwiggery—has always struck me as a most undoubted and Royal Snob.

I will not, however, take instances from our own country of Royal Snobs, but refer to a neighbouring kingdom, that of Brentford—and its monarch, the late great and lamented Gorgius IV. With the same humility with which the footmen at the "King's Arms" gave way before the Plush Royal, the aristocracy of the Brentford nation bent down and truckled before Gorgius, and proclaimed him the first gentleman in Europe. And it's a wonder to think what is the gentlefolks' opinion of a gentleman, when they gave Gorgius such a title.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to be decent—his bills to be paid—his tastes to be high and elegant—his aims in life lofty and noble? In a word, ought not the Biography of a First Gentleman in Europe to be of such a nature that it might be read in Young Ladies' Schools with advantage, and studied with profit in the Seminaries of Young Gentlemen? I put this question to all instructors of youth—to Mrs. Ellis and the Women of England; to all schoolmasters, from Doctor Hawtrey down to Mr. Squeers. I conjure up

before me an awful tribunal of youth and innocence, attended by its venerable instructors (like the ten thousand red-cheeked charity-children in Saint Paul's), sitting in judgment, and Gorgius pleading his cause in the midst. Out of Court, out of Court, fat old Florizel! Beadles, turn out that bloated pimple-faced man!——If Gorgius *must* have a statue in the new Palace which the Brentford nation is building, it ought to be set up in the Flunkeys' Hall. He should be represented cutting out a coat, in which art he is said to have excelled. He also invented Maraschino punch, a shoe-buckle (this was in the vigour of his youth, and the prime force of his invention), and a Chinese pavilion, the most hideous building in the world. He could drive a four-in-hand very nearly as well as the Brighton coachman, could fence elegantly, and, it is said, played the fiddle well. And he smiled with such irresistible fascination, that persons who were introduced into his august presence became his victims, body and soul, as a rabbit becomes the prey of a great big boa-constrictor.

I would wager that if Mr. Widdicomb were, by a revolution, placed on the throne of Brentford, people would be equally fascinated by his irresistibly majestic smile, and tremble as they knelt down to kiss his hand. If he went to Dublin they would erect an obelisk on the spot where he first landed, as the Paddylanders did when Gorgius visited them. We have all of us read with delight that story of the King's voyage to Haggisland, where his presence inspired such a fury of loyalty; and where the most famous man of the country—the Baron of Bradwardine—coming on board the Royal yacht, and finding a glass out of which Gorgius had drunk, put it into his coat-pocket as an inestimable relic, and went ashore in his boat again. But the Baron sat down upon the glass and broke it, and cut his coat-tails very much; and the inestimable relic was lost to the world for ever. O noble Bradwardine! what old-world superstition could set you on your knees before such an idol as that?

If you want to moralise upon the mutability of human affairs, go and see the figure of Gorgius in his real identical robes, at the waxwork.—Admittance one shilling. Children and flunkeys sixpence. Go, and pay sixpence.

CHAPTER III

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY ON SNOBS

LAST Sunday week, being at church in this city, and the service just ended, I heard two Snobs conversing about the Parson. One was asking the other who the clergyman was? "He is Mr. So-and-so," the second Snob answered, "domestic chaplain to the Earl of What-d'ye-call-'im." "Oh, is he?" said the first Snob, with a tone of indescribable satisfaction.—The Parson's orthodoxy and identity were at once settled in this Snob's mind. He knew no more about the Earl than about the Chaplain, but he took the latter's character upon the authority of the former; and went home quite contented with his Reverence, like a little truckling Snob.

This incident gave me more matter for reflection even than the sermon: and wonderment at the extent and prevalence of Lord-olatry in this country. What could it matter to Snob whether his Reverence were chaplain to his Lordship or not? What Peerage-worship there is all through this free country! How we are all implicated in it, and more or less down on our knees.—And with regard to the great subject on hand, I think that the influence of the Peerage upon Snobbishness has been more remarkable than that of any other institution. The increase, encouragement, and maintenance of Snobs are among the "priceless services," as Lord John Russell says, which we owe to the nobility.

It can't be otherwise. A man becomes enormously rich, or he jobs successfully in the aid of a Minister, or he wins a great battle, or executes a treaty, or is a clever lawyer who makes a multitude of fees and ascends the bench; and the country rewards him for ever with a gold coronet (with more or less balls or leaves) and a title, and a rank as legislator. "Your merits are so great," says the nation, "that your children shall be allowed to reign over us, in a manner. It does not in the least matter that your eldest son be a fool: we think your services so remarkable, that he shall have the reversion of your honours when death vacates your noble shoes. If you are poor, we will give you such a sum of money as shall enable you and the eldest-born of your race for ever to live in fat and splendour. It is our wish that there should be a race set apart in

this happy country, who shall hold the first rank, have the first prizes and chances in all Government jobs and patronages. We cannot make all your dear children Peers—that would make Peerage common and crowd the House of Lords uncomfortably—but the young ones shall have everything a Government can give: they shall get the pick of all the places: they shall be Captains and Lieutenant-Colonels at nineteen, when hoary-headed old Lieutenants are spending thirty years at drill: they shall command ships at one-and-twenty, and veterans who fought before they were born. And as we are eminently a free people, and in order to encourage all men to do their duty, we say to any man of any rank—get enormously rich, make immense fees as a lawyer, or great speeches, or distinguish yourself and win battles—and you, even you, shall come into the privileged class, and your children shall reign naturally over ours."

How can we help Snobbishness with such a prodigious national institution erected for its worship? How can we help cringing to Lords? Flesh and blood can't do otherwise. What man can withstand this prodigious temptation? Inspired by what is called a noble emulation, some people grasp at honours and win them; others, too weak or mean, blindly admire and grovel before those who have gained them; others, not being able to acquire them, furiously hate, abuse, and envy. There are only a few bland and not-in-the-least-conceited philosophers, who can behold the state of society, viz., Toadyism, organised:—base Man-and-Mammon worship, instituted by command of law:—Snobbishness, in a word, perpetuated,—and mark the phenomenon calmly. And of these calm moralists, is there one, I wonder, whose heart would not throb with pleasure if he could be seen walking arm-in-arm with a couple of dukes down Pall Mall? No; it is impossible, in our condition of society, not to be sometimes a Snob.

On one side it encourages the commoner to be snobbishly mean, and the noble to be snobbishly arrogant. When a noble marchioness writes in her travels about the hard necessity under which steamboat travellers labour of being brought into contact "with all sorts and conditions of people": implying that a fellowship with God's creatures is disagreeable to her Ladyship, who is their superior:—when, I say, the Marchioness of —— writes in this fashion, we must consider that out of her natural heart it would have been impossible for any woman to have had such a sentiment; but that the habit of truckling and cringing, which all who surround her have adopted towards this beautiful and magnificent lady,—this proprietor of so many black and other diamonds,—has really induced her to believe that she is the superior of the world in general: and

that people are not to associate with her except awfully at a distance. I recollect being once at the city of Grand Cairo, through which a European Royal Prince was passing India-wards. One night at the inn there was a great disturbance: a man had drowned himself in the well hard by: all the inhabitants of the hotel came bustling into the court, and amongst others your humble servant, who asked of a certain young man the reason of the disturbance. How was I to know that this young gent was a prince? He had not his crown and sceptre on: he was dressed in a white jacket and felt hat: but he looked surprised at anybody speaking to him: answered an unintelligible monosyllable, and—*beckoned his aide-de-camp to come and speak to me.* It is our fault, not that of the great, that they should fancy themselves so far above us. If you *will* fling yourself under the wheels, Juggernaut will go over you, depend upon it: and if you and I, my dear friend, had Kotow performed before us every day,—found people whenever we appeared grovelling in slavish adoration, we should drop into the airs of superiority quite naturally, and accept the greatness with which the world insisted upon endowing us.

Here is an instance, out of Lord L——'s travels, of that calm, good-natured, undoubting way in which a great man accepts the homage of his inferiors. After making some profound and ingenious remarks about the town of Brussels, his Lordship says: "Staying some days at the Hôtel de Belle Vue—a greatly overrated establishment, and not nearly so comfortable as the Hôtel de France—I made acquaintance with Dr. L——, the physician of the Mission. He was desirous of doing the honour of the place to me, and he ordered for us a *dîner en gourmand* at the chief restaurateur's, maintaining it surpassed the Rocher at Paris. Six or eight partook of the entertainment, and we all agreed it was infinitely inferior to the Paris display, and much more extravagant. So much for the copy."

And so much for the gentleman who gave the dinner. Dr. L——, desirous to do his Lordship "the honour of the place," feasts him with the best victuals money can procure—and my Lord finds the entertainment extravagant and inferior. Extravagant! it was not extravagant to *him*. Inferior! Mr. L—— did his best to satisfy those noble jaws, and my Lord receives the entertainment, and dismisses the giver with a rebuke. It is like a three-tailed Pasha grumbling about an unsatisfactory backsheesh.

But how should it be otherwise in a country where Lordolatry is part of our creed, and where our children are brought up to respect the "Peerage" as the Englishman's second Bible?

CHAPTER IV

"THE COURT CIRCULAR," AND ITS INFLUENCE ON SNOBS

EXAMPLE is the best of precepts; so let us begin with a true and authentic story, showing how young aristocratic snobs are reared, and how early their Snobbishness may be made to bloom. A beautiful and fashionable lady —(pardon, gracious madam, that your story should be made public; but it is so moral that it ought to be known to the universal world)—told me that in her early youth she had a little acquaintance, who is now indeed a beautiful and fashionable lady too. In mentioning Miss Snobky, daughter of Sir Snobby Snobky, whose presentation at Court caused such a sensation, need I say more?

When Miss Snobky was so very young as to be in the nursery regions, and to walk of early mornings in St. James's Park, protected by a French governess and followed by a huge hirsute flunkey in the canary-coloured livery of the Snobkys, she used occasionally in these promenades to meet with young Lord Claude Lollipop, the Marquis of Sillabub's younger son. In the very height of the season, from some unexplained cause, the Snobkys suddenly determined upon leaving town. Miss Snobky spoke to her female friend and confidante. "What will poor Claude Lollipop say when he hears of my absence?" asked the tender-hearted child.

"Oh, perhaps he won't hear of it," answers the confidante.

"*My dear, he will read it in the papers*," replied the dear little fashionable rogue of seven years old. She knew already her importance, and how all the world of England, how all the would-be genteel people, how all the silver-fork worshippers, how all the tattle-mongers, how all the grocers' ladies, the tailors' ladies, the attorneys' and merchants' ladies, and the people living at Clapham and Brunswick Square,—who have no more chance of consorting with a Snobky than my beloved reader has of dining with the Emperor of China—yet watched the movements of the Snobkys with interest, and were glad to know when they came to London, and left it.

Here is the account of Miss Snobky's dress, and that of her mother, Lady Snobky, from the papers:—

"MISS SNOBKY.

"Habit de Cour, composed of a yellow nankeen illusion dress over a slip of rich pea-green corduroy, trimmed en tablier, with bouquets of Brussels sprouts: the body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with calimanco, and festooned with a pink train and white radishes. Head-dress, carrots and lappets.

"LADY SNOBKY.

"Costume de Cour, composed of a train of the most superb Pekin bandannas, elegantly trimmed with spangles, tinfoil, and red-tape. Bodice and under-dress of sky-blue velveteen, trimmed with bouffants and nœuds of bell-pulls. Stomacher, a muffin. Head-dress, a bird's nest, with a bird of paradise, over a rich brass knocker en ferronnière. This splendid costume, by Madame Crinoline, of Regent Street, was the object of universal admiration."

This is what you read. Oh, Mrs. Ellis! Oh, mothers, daughters, aunts, grandmothers of England, this is the sort of writing which is put in the newspapers for you! How can you help being the mothers, daughters, &c. of Snobs, so long as this balderdash is set before you?

You stuff the little rosy foot of a Chinese young lady of fashion into a slipper that is about the size of a salt-cruet, and keep the poor little toes there imprisoned and twisted up so long that the dwarfishness becomes irremediable. Later, the foot would not expand to the natural size were you to give her a washing-tub for a shoe, and for all her life she has little feet, and is a cripple. Oh, my dear Miss Wiggins, thank your stars that those beautiful feet of yours—though I declare when you walk they are so small as to be almost invisible—thank your stars that society never so practised upon them; but look around and see how many friends of ours in the highest circles have had their *brains* so prematurely and hopelessly pinched and distorted.

How can you expect that those poor creatures are to move naturally when the world and their parents have mutilated them so cruelly? As long as a *Court Circular* exists, how the deuce are people whose names are chronicled in it ever to believe themselves the equals of the cringing race which daily reads that abominable trash? I believe that ours is the only country in the world now where the *Court Circular* remains in full flourish—where you read, "This day his Royal Highness Prince Pattypan was taken an

airing in his go-cart." "The Princess Pimminy was taken a drive, attended by her ladies of honour, and accompanied by her doll," &c. We laugh at the solemnity with which Saint Simon announces that *Sa Majesté se médicamente aujourd'hui.* Under our very noses the same folly is daily going on. That wonderful and mysterious man, the author of the *Court Circular*, drops in with his budget at the newspaper offices every night. I once asked the editor of a paper to allow me to lie in wait and see him.

I am told that in a kingdom where there is a German King-Consort (Portugal it must be, for the Queen of that country married a German Prince, who is greatly admired and respected by the natives), whenever the Consort takes the diversion of shooting among the rabbit-warrens of Cintra, or the pheasant-preserves of Mafra, he has a keeper to load his guns, as a matter of course, and then they are handed to the nobleman, his equerry, and the nobleman hands them to the Prince, who blazes away—gives back the discharged gun to the nobleman, who gives it to the keeper, and so on. But the Prince *won't take the gun from the hands of the loader.*

As long as this unnatural and monstrous etiquette continues, Snobs there must be. The three persons engaged in this transaction are, for the time being, Snobs.

1. The keeper—the least Snob of all, because he is discharging his daily duty; but he appears here as a Snob, that is to say, in a position of debasement, before another human being (the Prince), with whom he is only allowed to communicate through another party. A free Portuguese gamekeeper, who professes himself to be unworthy to communicate directly with any person, confesses himself to be a Snob.

2. The nobleman in waiting is a Snob. If it degrades the Prince to receive the gun from the gamekeeper, it is degrading to the nobleman in waiting to execute that service. He acts as a Snob towards the keeper, whom he keeps from communication with the Prince—a Snob towards the Prince, to whom he pays a degrading homage.

3. The King-Consort of Portugal is a Snob for insulting fellow-men in this way. There's no harm in his accepting the services of the keeper directly; but indirectly he insults the service performed, and the two servants who perform it; and therefore, I say, respectfully, is a most undoubted, though Royal Sn–b.

And then you read in the *Diario do Goberno*—"Yesterday, his Majesty the King took the diversion of shooting in the woods of

Cintra, attended by Colonel the Honourable Whiskerando Sombrero. His Majesty returned to the Necessidades to lunch, at," &c. &c.

Oh that *Court Circular!* once more, I exclaim. Down with the *Court Circular*—that engine and propagator of Snobbishness! I promise to subscribe for a year to any daily paper that shall come out without a *Court Circular*—were it the *Morning Herald* itself. When I read that trash, I rise in my wrath; I feel myself disloyal, a regicide, a member of the Calf's Head Club. The only *Court Circular* story which ever pleased me, was that of the King of Spain, who in great part was roasted, because there was not time for the Prime Minister to command the Lord Chamberlain to desire the Grand Gold Stick to order the first page in waiting to bid the chief of the flunkeys to request the Housemaid of Honour to bring up a pail of water to put his Majesty out.

I am like the Pasha of three tails, to whom the Sultan sends *his Court Circular*, the bowstring.

It *chokes* me. May its usage be abolished for ever.

CHAPTER V

WHAT SNOBS ADMIRE

NOW let us consider how difficult it is even for great men to escape from being Snobs. It is very well for the reader, whose fine feelings are disgusted by the assertion that Kings, Princes, Lords, are Snobs, to say, "You are confessedly a Snob yourself. In professing to depict Snobs, it is only your own ugly mug which you are copying with a Narcissus-like conceit and fatuity." But I shall pardon this explosion of ill-temper on the part of my constant reader, reflecting upon the misfortune of his birth and country. It is impossible for *any* Briton, perhaps, not to be a Snob in some degree. If people can be convinced of this fact, an immense point is gained, surely. If I have pointed out the disease, let us hope that other scientific characters may discover the remedy.

If you, who are a person of the middle ranks of life, are a Snob, —you whom nobody flatters particularly; you who have no toadies; you whom no cringing flunkeys or shopmen bow out of doors; you whom the policeman tells to move on; you who are jostled in the crowd of this world, and amongst the Snobs our brethren: consider how much harder it is for a man to escape who has not your advantages, and is all his life long subject to adulation; the butt of meanness: consider how difficult it is for the Snob's idol not to be a Snob.

As I was discoursing with my friend Eugenio in this impressive way, Lord Buckram passed us, the son of the Marquis of Bagwig, and knocked at the door of the family mansion in Red Lion Square. His noble father and mother occupied, as everybody knows, distinguished posts in the Courts of late Sovereigns. The Marquis was Lord of the Pantry, and her Ladyship, Lady of the Powder Closet to Queen Charlotte. Buck (as I call him, for we are very familiar) gave me a nod as he passed, and I proceeded to show Eugenio how it was impossible that this nobleman should not be one of ourselves, having been practised upon by Snobs all his life.

His parents resolved to give him a public education, and sent him to school at the earliest possible period. The Reverend Otto

Rose, D.D., Principal of the Preparatory Academy for young noblemen and gentlemen, Richmond Lodge, took this little Lord in hand, and fell down and worshipped him. He always introduced him to fathers and mothers who came to visit their children at the school. He referred with pride and pleasure to the most noble the Marquis of Bagwig, as one of the kind friends and patrons of his Seminary. He made Lord Buckram a bait for such a multiplicity of pupils, that a new wing was built to Richmond Lodge, and thirty-five new little white dimity beds were added to the establishment. Mrs. Rose used to take out the little Lord in the one-horse chaise with her when she paid visits, until the Rector's lady and the Surgeon's wife almost died with envy. His own son and Lord Buckram having been discovered robbing an orchard together, the Doctor flogged his own flesh and blood most unmercifully for leading the young Lord astray. He parted from him with tears. There was always a letter directed to the Most Noble the Marquis of Bagwig, on the Doctor's study table, when any visitors were received by him.

At Eton, a great deal of Snobbishness was thrashed out of Lord Buckram, and he was birched with perfect impartiality. Even there, however, a select band of sucking tuft-hunters followed him. Young Crœsus lent him three-and-twenty brand-new sovereigns out of his father's bank. Young Snaily did his exercises for him, and tried "to know him at home"; but Young Bull licked him in a fight of fifty-five minutes, and he was caned several times with great advantage for not sufficiently polishing his master Smith's shoes. Boys are not *all* toadies in the morning of life.

But when he went to the University, crowds of toadies sprawled over him. The tutors toadied him. The fellows in hall paid him great clumsy compliments. The Dean never remarked his absence from Chapel, or heard any noise issuing from his rooms. A number of respectable young fellows (it is among the respectable, the Baker Street class, that Snobbishness flourishes, more than among any set of people in England)—a number of these clung to him like leeches. There was no end now to Crœsus's loans of money; and Buckram couldn't ride out with the hounds, but Snaily (a timid creature by nature) was in the field, and would take any leap at which his friend chose to ride. Young Rose came up to the same college, having been kept back for that express purpose by his father. He spent a quarter's allowance in giving Buckram a single dinner; but he knew there was always pardon for him for extravagance in such a cause; and a ten-pound note always came to him from home when he mentioned Buckram's name in a letter. What wild visions entered the brains of Mrs. Podge and Miss

Podge, the wife and daughter of the Principal of Lord Buckram's College, I don't know, but that reverend old gentleman was too profound a flunkey by nature ever for one minute to think that a child of his could marry a nobleman. He therefore hastened on his daughter's union with Professor Crab.

When Lord Buckram, after taking his honorary degree (for Alma Mater is a Snob, too, and truckles to a Lord like the rest)—when Lord Buckram went abroad to finish his education, you all know what dangers he ran, and what numbers of caps were set at him. Lady Leach and her daughters followed him from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Baden-Baden; Miss Leggitt burst into tears before his face when he announced his determination to quit Naples, and fainted on the neck of her mamma; Captain Macdragon, of Mac dragonstown, county Tipperary, called upon him to "explene his intintions with respect to his sisther, Miss Amalia Macdragon, of Macdragonstown," and proposed to shoot him unless he married that spotless and beautiful young creature, who was afterwards led to the altar by Mr. Muff, at Cheltenham. If perseverance and forty thousand pounds down could have tempted him, Miss Lydia Crœsus would certainly have been Lady Buckram. Count Towrowski was glad to take her with half the money, as all the genteel world knows.

And now, perhaps, the reader is anxious to know what sort of a man this is who wounded so many ladies' hearts, and who has been such a prodigious favourite with men. If we were to describe him it would be personal. Besides, it really does not matter in the least what sort of a man he is, or what his personal qualities are.

Suppose he is a young nobleman of a literary turn, and that he published poems ever so foolish and feeble, the Snobs would purchase thousands of his volumes: the publishers (who refused my Passion-Flowers, and my grand Epic at any price) would give him his own. Suppose he is a nobleman of a jovial turn, and has a fancy for wrenching off knockers, frequenting gin-shops, and half murdering policemen: the public will sympathise good-naturedly with his amusements, and say he is a hearty honest fellow. Suppose he is fond of play and the turf, and has a fancy to be a blackleg, and occasionally condescends to pluck a pigeon at cards: the public will pardon him, and many honest people will court him, as they would court a housebreaker if he happened to be a Lord. Suppose he is an idiot: yet, by the glorious constitution, he is good enough to govern *us*. Suppose he is an honest high-minded gentleman: so much the better for himself. But he may be an ass, and yet respected; or a ruffian, and yet be exceedingly popular; or a rogue, and yet excuses will be found for him. Snobs will still worship him. Male Snobs will do him honour, and females look kindly upon him, however hideous he may be.

CHAPTER VI

ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS

HAVING received a great deal of obloquy for dragging monarchs, princes, and the respected nobility into the Snob category, I trust to please everybody in the present chapter, by stating my firm opinion that it is among the *respectable* classes of this vast and happy empire that the greatest profusion of Snobs is to be found. I pace down my beloved Baker Street (I am engaged on a life of Baker, founder of this celebrated street), I walk in Harley Street (where every other house has a hatchment), Wimpole Street, that is as cheerful as the Catacombs—a dingy Mausoleum of the genteel: —I rove round Regent's Park, where the plaster is patching off the house walls; where Methodist preachers are holding forth to three little children in the green enclosures, and puffy valetudinarians are cantering in the solitary mud: I thread the doubtful zigzags of Mayfair, where Mrs. Kitty Lorimer's brougham may be seen drawn up next door to old Lady Lollipop's belozenged family coach;—I roam through Belgravia, that pale and polite district, where all the inhabitants look prim and correct, and the mansions are painted a faint whity-brown; I lose myself in the new squares and terraces of the brilliant brand-new Bayswater-and-Tyburn-Junction line; and in one and all of these districts the same truth comes across me. I stop before any house at hazard, and say, "O house, you are inhabited—O knocker, you are knocked at—O undressed flunkey, sunning your lazy calves as you lean against the iron railings, you are paid—by Snobs." It is a tremendous thought that; and it is almost sufficient to drive a benevolent mind to madness to think that perhaps there is not one in ten of those houses where the "Peerage" does not lie on the drawing-room table. Considering the harm that foolish lying book does, I would have all the copies of it burned, as the barber burned all Quixote's books of humbugging chivalry.

Look at this grand house in the middle of the square. The Earl of Loughcorrib lives there: he has fifty thousand a year. A *déjeuner dansant* given at his house last week cost, who knows how much? The mere flowers for the room and bouquets for the ladies cost four hundred pounds. That man in drab trousers, coming

crying down the steps, is a dun: Lord Loughcorrib has ruined him, and won't see him: that is his Lordship peeping through the blind of his study at him now. Go thy ways, Loughcorrib: thou art a Snob, a heartless pretender, a hypocrite of hospitality; a rogue who passes forged notes upon society;—but I am growing too eloquent.

You see that fine house, No. 23, where a butcher's boy is ringing the area-bell. He has three mutton-chops in his tray. They are for the dinner of a very different and very respectable family; for Lady Susan Scraper, and her daughters, Miss Scraper and Miss Emily Scraper. The domestics, luckily for them, are on board wages—two huge footmen in light blue and canary, a fat steady coachman who is a Methodist, and a butler who would never have stayed in the family but that he was orderly to General Scraper when the General distinguished himself at Walcheren. His widow sent his portrait to the United Service Club, and it is hung up in one of the back dressing-closets there. He is represented at a parlour window with red curtains; in the distance is a whirlwind, in which cannon are firing off; and he is pointing to a chart, on which are written the words "Walcheren, Tobago."

Lady Susan is, as everybody knows by referring to the "British Bible," a daughter of the great and good Earl Bagwig before mentioned. She thinks everything belonging to her the greatest and best in the world. The first of men naturally are the Buckrams, her own race: then follow in rank the Scrapers. The General was the greatest general: his eldest son, Scraper Buckram Scraper, is at present the greatest and best; his second son the next greatest and best; and herself the paragon of women.

Indeed, she is a most respectable and honourable lady. She goes to church of course: she would fancy the Church in danger if she did not. She subscribes to the church and parish charities; and is a directress of many meritorious charitable institutions—of Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, the Washerwomen's Asylum, the British Drummers' Daughters' Home, &c. &c. She is a model of a matron.

The tradesman never lived who could say that his bill was not paid on the quarter-day. The beggars of her neighbourhood avoid her like a pestilence; for while she walks out, protected by John, that domestic has always two or three mendicity tickets ready for deserving objects. Ten guineas a year will pay all her charities. There is no respectable lady in all London who gets her name more often printed for such a sum of money.

Those three mutton-chops which you see entering at the kitchen-door will be served on the family-plate at seven o'clock this evening, the huge footman being present, and the butler in black, and the

crest and coat-of-arms of the Scrapers blazing everywhere. I pity Miss Emily Scraper—she is still young—young and hungry. Is it a fact that she spends her pocket-money in buns? Malicious tongues say so; but she has very little to spare for buns, the poor little hungry soul! For the fact is, that when the footmen, and the ladies'-maids, and the fat coach-horses, which are jobbed, and the six dinner-parties in the season, and the two great solemn evening-parties, and the rent of the big house, and the journey to an English or foreign watering-place for the autumn, are paid, my Lady's income has dwindled away to a very small sum, and she is as poor as you or I.

You would not think it when you saw her big carriage rattling up to the drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of her plumes, lappets, and diamonds, waving over her Ladyship's sandy hair and majestical hooked nose;—you would not think it when you hear "Lady Susan Scraper's carriage" bawled out at midnight so as to disturb all Belgravia:—you would not think it when she comes rustling into church, the obsequious John behind with the bag of Prayer-books. Is it possible, you would say, that so grand and awful a personage as that can be hard-up for money? Alas! so it is.

She never heard such a word as Snob, I will engage, in this wicked and vulgar world. And, O stars and garters! how she would start if she heard that she—she, as solemn as Minerva—she, as chaste as Diana (without that heathen goddess's unladylike propensity for field-sports)—that she too was a Snob!

A Snob she is, as long as she sets that prodigious value upon herself, upon her name, upon her outward appearance, and indulges in that intolerable pomposity; as long as she goes parading abroad, like Solomon in all his glory; as long as she goes to bed—as I believe she does—with a turban and a bird of paradise in it, and a Court train to her night-gown; as long as she is so insufferably virtuous and condescending; as long as she does not cut at least one of those footmen down into mutton-chops for the benefit of the young ladies.

I had my notions of her from my old schoolfellow—her son Sydney Scraper—a Chancery barrister without any practice—the most placid, polite, and genteel of Snobs, who never exceeded his allowance of two hundred a year, and who may be seen any evening at the "Oxford and Cambridge Club," simpering over the *Quarterly Review*, in the blameless enjoyment of his half-pint of port.

CHAPTER VII

ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS

LOOK at the next house to Lady Susan Scraper's. The first mansion with the awning over the door: that canopy will be let down this evening for the comfort of the friends of Sir Alured and Lady S. de Mogyns, whose parties are so much admired by the public, and the givers themselves.

Peach-coloured liveries laced with silver, and pea-green plush inexpressibles, render the De Mogyns' flunkeys the pride of the ring when they appear in Hyde Park, where Lady de Mogyns, as she sits upon her satin cushions, with her dwarf spaniel in her arms, only bows to the very selectest of the genteel. Times are altered now with Mary Anne, or, as she calls herself, Marian de Mogyns.

She was the daughter of Captain Flack of the Rathdrum Fencibles, who crossed with his regiment over from Ireland to Caermarthenshire ever so many years ago, and defended Wales from the Corsican invader. The Rathdrums were quartered at Pontydwdlm, where Marian wooed and won her De Mogyns, a young banker in the place. His attentions to Miss Flack at a race ball were such that her father said De Mogyns must either die on the field of honour, or become his son-in-law. He preferred marriage. His name was Muggins then, and his father—a flourishing banker, army contractor, smuggler, and general jobber—almost disinherited him on account of this connection. There is a story that Muggins the Elder was made a baronet for having lent money to a R–y–l p–rs–n–ge. I do not believe it. The R–y–l Family always paid their debts, from the Prince of Wales downwards.

Howbeit, to his life's end he remained simple Sir Thomas Muggins, representing Pontydwdlm in Parliament for many years after the war. The old banker died in course of time, and, to use the affectionate phrase common on such occasions, "cut up" prodigiously well. His son, Alfred Smith Mogyns, succeeded to the main portion of his wealth, and to his titles and the bloody hand of his scutcheon. It was not for many years after that he appeared as Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth de Mogyns, with a genealogy found

out for him by the Editor of "Fluke's Peerage," and which appears as follows in that work :—

"De Mogyns.—Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth, 2nd Baronet. This gentleman is a representative of one of the most ancient families of Wales, who trace their descent until it is lost in the mists of antiquity. A genealogical tree beginning with Shem is in the possession of the family, and is stated by a legend of many thousand years' date to have been drawn on papyrus by a grandson of the patriarch himself. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt of the immense antiquity of the race of Mogyns.

"In the time of Boadicea, Hogyn Mogyn, of the hundred Beeves, was a suitor and a rival of Caractacus for the hand of that Princess. He was a person gigantic in stature, and was slain by Suetonius in the battle which terminated the liberties of Britain. From him descended directly the Princes of Pontydwdlm, Mogyn of the Golden Harp (see the 'Mabinogion' of Lady Charlotte Guest), Bogyn-Merodac-ap-Mogyn (the black fiend son of Mogyn), and a long list of bards and warriors, celebrated both in Wales and Armorica. The independent Princes of Mogyn long held out against the ruthless Kings of England, until finally Gam Mogyns made his submission to Prince Henry, son of Henry IV., and, under the name of Sir David Gam de Mogyns, was distinguished at the battle of Agincourt. From him the present Baronet is descended. (And here the descent follows in order until it comes to) Thomas Muggins, first Baronet of Pontydwdlm Castle, for 23 years Member of Parliament for that borough, who had issue, Alured Mogyns Smyth, the present Baronet, who married Marian, daughter of the late General P. Flack, of Ballyflack, in the Kingdom of Ireland, of the Counts Flack of the H. R. Empire. Sir Alured has issue, Alured Caradoc, born 1819, Marian, 1811, Blanche Adeliza, Emily Doria, Adelaide Obleans, Katinka Rostopchin, Patrick Flack, died 1809.

Arms—a mullion garbled, gules, on a saltire reversed of the second. *Crest*—a tomtit rampant regardant. Motto—*Ung Roy, Ung Mogyns.*"

It was long before Lady de Mogyns shone as a star in the fashionable world. At first, poor Muggins was in the hands of the Flacks, the Clancys, the Tooles, the Shanahans, his wife's Irish relations; and whilst he was yet but heir-apparent, his house overflowed with claret and the national nectar, for the benefit of his Hibernian relatives. Tom Tufto absolutely left the street in which they lived in London, because he said "it was infected with such a confounded smell of whisky from the house of those *Iwish* people."

It was abroad that they learned to be genteel. They pushed into all foreign Courts, and elbowed their way into the halls of Ambassadors. They pounced upon the stray nobility, and seized young lords travelling with their bear-leaders. They gave parties at Naples, Rome, and Paris. They got a royal Prince to attend their *soirées* at the latter place, and it was here that they first appeared under the name of De Mogyns, which they bear with such splendour to this day.

All sorts of stories are told of the desperate efforts made by the indomitable Lady de Mogyns to gain the place she now occupies, and those of my beloved readers who live in middle life, and are unacquainted with the frantic struggles, the wicked feuds, the intrigues, cabals, and disappointments which, as I am given to understand, reign in the fashionable world, may bless their stars that they at least are not *fashionable* Snobs. The intrigues set afoot by the De Mogyns to get the Duchess of Buckskin to her parties, would strike a Talleyrand with admiration. She had a brain fever after being disappointed of an invitation to Lady Aldermanbury's *thé dansant*, and would have committed suicide but for a ball at Windsor. I have the following story from my noble friend Lady Clapperclaw herself, –Lady Kathleen O'Shaughnessy that was, and daughter of the Earl of Turfanthunder :—

"When that ojous disguised Irishwoman, Lady Muggins, was struggling to take her place in the world, and was bringing out her hidjous daughter Blanche," said old Lady Clapperclaw—"(Marian has a hump-back and doesn't show, but she's the only lady in the family) — when that wretched Polly Muggins was bringing out Blanche, with her radish of a nose, and her carrots of ringlets, and her turnip for a face, she was most anxious—as her father had been a cowboy on my father's land—to be patronised by us, and asked me point-blank, in the midst of a silence at Count Volauvent's, the French Ambassador's dinner, why I had not sent her a card for my ball?

"'Because my rooms are already too full, and your Ladyship would be crowded inconveniently,' says I; indeed, she takes up as much room as an elephant: besides, I wouldn't have her, and that was flat.

"I thought my answer was a settler to her: but the next day she comes weeping to my arms—'Dear Lady Clapperclaw,' says she, 'it's not for *me;* I ask it for my blessed Blanche! a young creature in her first season, and not at your ball! My tender child will pine and die of vexation. *I* don't want to come. *I* will stay at home to nurse Sir Alured in the gout. Mrs. Bolster is going, I know; she will be Blanche's chaperon.'

"'You wouldn't subscribe for the Rathdrum blanket and potato

fund; you, who come out of the parish,' says I, 'and whose grandfather, honest man, kept cows there.'

"'Will twenty guineas be enough, dearest Lady Clapperclaw?'

"'Twenty guineas is sufficient,' says I, and she paid them; so I said, 'Blanche may come, but not you, mind:' and she left me with a world of thanks.

"Would you believe it?—when my ball came, the horrid woman made her appearance with her daughter! 'Didn't I tell you not to come?' said I, in a mighty passion. 'What would the world have said?' cries my Lady Muggins: 'my carriage is gone for Sir Alured to the Club; let me stay only ten minutes, dearest Lady Clapperclaw.'

"'Well, as you are here, madam, you may stay and get your supper,' I answered, and so left her, and never spoke a word more to her all night.

"And now," screamed out old Lady Clapperclaw, clapping her hands, and speaking with more brogue than ever, "what do you think, after all my kindness to her, the wicked, vulgar, odious, impudent upstart of a cowboy's granddaughter, has done?—she cut me yesterday in Hy' Park, and hasn't sent me a ticket for her ball to-night, though they say Prince George is to be there."

Yes, such is the fact. In the race of fashion the resolute and active De Mogyns has passed the poor old Clapperclaw. Her progress in gentility may be traced by the sets of friends whom she has courted, and made, and cut, and left behind her. She has struggled so gallantly for polite reputation that she has won it: pitilessly kicking down the ladder as she advanced degree by degree.

Her Irish relations were first sacrificed; she made her father dine in the steward's room, to his perfect contentment; and would send Sir Alured thither likewise, but that he is a peg on which she hopes to hang her future honours; and is, after all, paymaster of her daughters' fortunes. He is meek and content. He has been so long a gentleman that he is used to it, and acts the part of governor very well. In the day-time he goes from the "Union" to "Arthur's," and from "Arthur's" to the "Union." He is a dead hand at piquet, and loses a very comfortable maintenance to some young fellows, at whist, at the "Travellers'."

His son has taken his father's seat in Parliament, and has of course joined Young England. He is the only man in the country who believes in the De Mogynses, and sighs for the days when a De Mogyns led the van of battle. He has written a little volume of spoony puny poems. He wears a lock of the hair of Laud, the Confessor and Martyr, and fainted when he kissed the Pope's toe at Rome. He sleeps in white kid-gloves, and commits dangerous excesses upon green tea.

CHAPTER VIII

GREAT CITY SNOBS

THERE is no disguising the fact that this series of papers is making a prodigious sensation among all classes in this Empire. Notes of admiration (!), of interrogation (?), of remonstrance, approval, or abuse, come pouring into *Mr. Punch's* box. We have been called to task for betraying the secrets of three different families of De Mogyns; no less than four Lady Susan Scrapers have been discovered; and young gentlemen are quite shy of ordering half-a-pint of port and simpering over the *Quarterly Review* at the Club, lest they should be mistaken for Sydney Scraper, Esq. "What *can* be your antipathy to Baker Street?" asks some fair remonstrant, evidently writing from that quarter.

"Why only attack the aristocratic Snobs?" says one estimable correspondent: "are not the snobbish Snobs to have their turn?"—"Pitch into the University Snobs!" writes an indignant gentleman (who spelt *elegant* with two *l*'s).—"Show up the Clerical Snob," suggests another.—"Being at Meurice's Hotel, Paris, some time since," some wag hints, "I saw Lord B. leaning out of the window with his boots in his hand, and bawling out, 'Garçon, cirez-moi ces bottes.' Oughtn't he to be brought in among the Snobs?"

No; far from it. If his Lordship's boots are dirty, it is because he is Lord B., and walks. There is nothing snobbish in having only one pair of boots, or a favourite pair; and certainly nothing snobbish in desiring to have them cleaned. Lord B., in so doing, performed a perfectly natural and gentlemanlike action; for which I am so pleased with him that I should like to have him designed in a favourable and elegant attitude, and put at the head of this Chapter in the place of honour. No, we are not personal in these candid remarks. As Phidias took the pick of a score of beauties before he completed a Venus, so have we to examine, perhaps, a thousand Snobs, before one is expressed upon paper.

Great City Snobs are the next in the hierarchy, and ought to be considered. But here is a difficulty. The great City Snob is commonly most difficult of access. Unless you are a capitalist, you cannot visit him in the recesses of his bank parlour in Lombard

Street. Unless you are a sprig of nobility there is little hope of seeing him at home. In a great City Snob firm there is generally one partner whose name is down for charities, and who frequents Exeter Hall; you may catch a glimpse of another (a scientific City Snob) at my Lord N——'s *soirées*, or the lectures of the London Institution; of a third (a City Snob of taste) at picture-auctions, at private views of exhibitions, or at the Opera or the Philharmonic. But intimacy is impossible, in most cases, with this grave, pompous, and awful being.

A mere gentleman may hope to sit at almost anybody's table—to take his place at my Lord Duke's in the country—to dance a quadrille at Buckingham Palace itself—(beloved Lady Wilhelmina Wagglewiggle! do you recollect the sensation we made at the ball of our late adored Sovereign Queen Caroline, at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith?) but the City Snob's doors are, for the most part, closed to him; and hence all that one knows of this great class is mostly from hearsay.

In other countries of Europe, the Banking Snob is more expansive and communicative than with us, and receives all the world into his circle. For instance, everybody knows the princely hospitalities of the Scharlaschild family at Paris, Naples, Frankfort, &c. They entertain all the world, even the poor, at their *fêtes*. Prince Polonia, at Rome, and his brother, the Duke of Strachino, are also remarkable for their hospitalities. I like the spirit of the first-named nobleman. Titles not costing much in the Roman territory, he has had the head clerk of the banking-house made a Marquis, and his lordship will screw a *bajocco* out of you in exchange as dexterously as any commoner could do. It is a comfort to be able to gratify such grandees with a farthing or two; it makes the poorest man feel that he can do good. The Polonias have intermarried with the greatest and most ancient families of Rome, and you see their heraldic cognisance (a mushroom *or* on an azure field quartered in a hundred places in the city with the arms of the Colonnas and Dorias.

Our City Snobs have the same mania for aristocratic marriages. I like to see such. I am of a savage and envious nature,—I like to see these two humbugs which, dividing, as they do, the social empire of this kingdom between them, hate each other naturally, making truce and uniting, for the sordid interests of either. I like to see an old aristocrat, swelling with pride of race, the descendant of illustrious Norman robbers, whose blood has been pure for centuries, and who looks down upon common Englishmen as a free-born American does on a nigger,—I like to see old Stiffneck obliged to bow down his head and swallow his infernal pride, and drink the cup

of humiliation poured out by Pump and Aldgate's butler. "Pump and Aldgate," says he, "your grandfather was a bricklayer, and his hod is still kept in the bank. Your pedigree begins in a workhouse; mine can be dated from all the Royal palaces of Europe. I came over with the Conqueror; I am own cousin to Charles Martel, Orlando Furioso, Philip Augustus, Peter the Cruel, and Frederick Barbarossa. I quarter the Royal Arms of Brentford in my coat. I despise you, but I want money; and I will sell you my beloved daughter, Blanche Stiffneck, for a hundred thousand pounds, to pay off my mortgages. Let your son marry her, and she shall become Lady Blanche Pump and Aldgate."

Old Pump and Aldgate clutches at the bargain. And a comfortable thing it is to think that birth can be bought for money. So you learn to value it. Why should we, who don't possess it, set a higher store on it than those who do? Perhaps the best use of that book, the "Peerage," is to look down the list, and see how many have bought and sold birth,—how poor sprigs of nobility somehow sell themselves to rich City Snobs' daughters, how rich City Snobs purchase noble ladies—and so to admire the double baseness of the bargain.

Old Pump and Aldgate buys the article and pays the money. The sale of the girl's person is blessed by a Bishop at St. George's, Hanover Square, and next year you read, "At Roehampton, on Saturday, the Lady Blanche Pump, of a son and heir."

After this interesting event, some old acquaintance, who saw young Pump in the parlour at the bank in the City, said to him, familiarly, "How's your wife, Pump, my boy?"

Mr. Pump looked exceedingly puzzled and disgusted, and after a pause, said, "*Lady Blanche Pump* is pretty well, I thank you."

"*Oh, I thought she was your wife!*" said the familiar brute, Snooks, wishing him good-bye; and ten minutes after, the story was all over the Stock Exchange, where it is told, when young Pump appears, to this very day.

We can imagine the weary life this poor Pump, this martyr to Mammon, is compelled to undergo. Fancy the domestic enjoyments of a man who has a wife who scorns him; who cannot see his own friends in his own house; who having deserted the middle rank of life, is not yet admitted to the higher; but who is resigned to rebuffs and delay and humiliation, contented to think that his son will be more fortunate.

It used to be the custom of some very old-fashioned clubs in this city, when a gentleman asked for change for a guinea, always to bring it to him in *washed silver:* that which had passed immediately out of the hands of the vulgar being considered "as too

coarse to soil a gentleman's fingers." So, when the City Snob's money has been washed during a generation or so; has been washed into estates, and woods, and castles, and town-mansions, it is allowed to pass current as real aristocratic coin. Old Pump sweeps a shop, runs of messages, becomes a confidential clerk and partner. Pump the Second becomes chief of the house, spins more and more money, marries his son to an Earl's daughter. Pump Tertius goes on with the bank; but his chief business in life is to become the father of Pump Quartus, who comes out a full-blown aristocrat, and takes his seat as Baron Pumpington, and his race rules hereditarily over this nation of Snobs.

CHAPTER IX

ON SOME MILITARY SNOBS

AS no society in the world is more agreeable than that of well-bred and well-informed military gentlemen, so, likewise, none is more insufferable than that of Military Snobs. They are to be found of all grades, from the General Officer, whose padded old breast twinkles over with a score of stars, clasps, and decorations, to the budding cornet, who is shaving for a beard, and has just been appointed to the Saxe-Coburg Lancers.

I have always admired that dispensation of rank in our country, which sets up this last-named little creature (who was flogged only last week because he could not spell) to command great whiskered warriors, who have faced all dangers of climate and battle; which, because he has money to lodge at the agent's, will place him over the heads of men who have a thousand times more experience and desert: and which, in the course of time, will bring him all the honours of his profession, when the veteran soldier he commanded has got no other reward for his bravery than a berth in Chelsea Hospital, and the veteran officer he superseded has slunk into shabby retirement, and ends his disappointed life on a threadbare half-pay.

"When I read in the Gazette such announcements as "Lieutenant and Captain Grig, from the Bombardier Guards, to be Captain, vice Grizzle, who retires," I know what becomes of the Peninsular Grizzle; I follow him in spirit to the humble country town, where he takes up his quarters, and occupies himself with the most desperate attempts to live like a gentleman, on the stipend of half a tailor's foreman; and I picture to myself little Grig rising from rank to rank, skipping from one regiment to another, with an increased grade in each, avoiding disagreeable foreign service, and ranking as a colonel at thirty;—all because he has money, and Lord Grigsby is his father, who had the same luck before him. Grig must blush at first to give his orders to old men in every way his betters. And as it is very difficult for a spoiled child to escape being selfish and arrogant, so it is a very hard task indeed for this spoiled child of fortune not to be a Snob.

It must have often been a matter of wonder to the candid reader,

that the army, the most enormous job of all our political institutions, should yet work so well in the field; and we must cheerfully give Grig, and his like, the credit for courage which they display whenever occasion calls for it. The Duke's dandy regiments fought as well as any (they said better than any, but that is absurd). The great Duke himself was a dandy once, and jobbed on, as Marlborough did before him. But this only proves that dandies are brave as well as other Britons—as all Britons. Let us concede that the high-born Grig rode into the entrenchments at Sobraon as gallantly as Corporal Wallop, the ex-ploughboy.

The times of war are more favourable to him than the periods of peace. Think of Grig's life in the Bombardier Guards, or the Jack-boot Guards; his marches from Windsor to London, from London to Windsor, from Knightsbridge to Regent's Park; the idiotic services he has to perform, which consist in inspecting the pipeclay of his company, or the horses in the stable, or bellowing out "Shoulder humps! Carry humps!" all which duties the very smallest intellect that ever belonged to mortal man would suffice to comprehend. The professional duties of a footman are quite as difficult and various. The red-jackets who hold gentlemen's horses in St. James's Street could do the work just as well as those vacuous, good-natured, gentlemanlike, rickety little lieutenants, who may be seen sauntering about Pall Mall, in high-heeled little boots, or rallying round the standard of their regiment in the Palace Court, at eleven o'clock, when the band plays. Did the beloved reader ever see one of the young fellows staggering under the flag, or, above all, going through the operation of saluting it? It is worth a walk to the Palace to witness that magnificent piece of tomfoolery.

I have had the honour of meeting once or twice an old gentleman, whom I look upon to be a specimen of army-training, and who has served in crack regiments, or commanded them, all his life. I allude to Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir George Granby Tufto, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., &c. &c. His manners are irreproachable generally; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough Snob.

A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old, and Sir George is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere: his name is mentioned with praise in a score of Gazettes: he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses. He never read a book in his life, and, with his purple, old gouty fingers, still writes a schoolboy hand. He has reached old age and grey hairs

without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his old carcass as if he were still handsome George Tufto of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells filthy garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and his services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us, with a stupid and artless candour which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none: too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honourable and deserving beings in the world. About Waterloo Place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass by. When he dies of apoplexy, the *Times* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it.

Lest it should be imagined that I am of so obstinate a misanthropic nature as to be satisfied with nothing, I beg (for the comfort of the forces) to state my belief that the army is not composed of such persons as the above. He has only been selected for the study of civilians and the military, as a specimen of a prosperous and bloated Army Snob. No: when epaulets are not sold; when corporal punishments are abolished, and Corporal Smith has a chance to have his gallantry rewarded as well as that of Lieutenant Grig; when there is no such rank as ensign and lieutenant (the existence of which rank is an absurd anomaly, and an insult upon all the rest of the army), and should there be no war, I should not be disinclined to be a major-general myself.

I have a little sheaf of Army Snobs in my portfolio, but shall pause in my attack upon the forces till next week.

CHAPTER X

MILITARY SNOBS

WALKING in the Park yesterday, with my young friend Tagg, and discoursing with him upon the next number of the Snob, at the very nick of time who should pass us but two very good specimens of Military Snobs,—the sporting Military Snob, Captain Rag, and the "larking" or raffish Military Snob, Ensign Famish! Indeed you are fully sure to meet them lounging on horseback, about five o'clock, under the trees by the Serpentine, examining critically the inmates of the flashy broughams which parade up and down "the Lady's Mile."

Tagg and Rag are very well acquainted, and so the former, with that candour inseparable from intimate friendship, told me his dear friend's history. Captain Rag is a small dapper North-country man. He went when quite a boy into a crack light-cavalry regiment, and by the time he got his troop had cheated all his brother officers so completely, selling them lame horses for sound ones, and winning their money by all manner of strange and ingenious contrivances, that his Colonel advised him to retire; which he did without much reluctance, accommodating a youngster, who had just entered the regiment, with a glandered charger at an uncommonly stiff figure.

He has since devoted his time to billiards, steeple-chasing, and the turf. His head-quarters are "Rummer's," in Conduit Street, where he keeps his kit; but he is ever on the move in the exercise of his vocation as a gentleman-jockey and gentleman-leg.

According to *Bell's Life*, he is an invariable attendant at all races, and an actor in most of them. He rode the winner at Leamington; he was left for dead in a ditch a fortnight ago at Harrow; and yet there he was, last week, at the Croix de Berny, pale and determined as ever, astonishing the *badauds* of Paris by the elegance of his seat and the neatness of his rig, as he took a preliminary gallop on that vicious brute "The Disowned," before starting for "the French Grand National."

He is a regular attendant at the Corner, where he compiles a limited but comfortable libretto. During the season he rides

often in the Park, mounted on a clever, well-bred pony. He is to be seen escorting that celebrated horsewoman, Fanny Highflyer, or in confidential converse with Lord Thimblerig, the eminent handicapper.

He carefully avoids decent society, and would rather dine off a steak at the "One Tun" with Sam Snaffle the jockey, Captain O'Rourke, and two or three other notorious turf robbers, than with the choicest company in London. He likes to announce at "Rummer's" that he is going to run down and spend his Saturday and Sunday in a friendly way with Hocus, the leg, at his little box near Epsom: where, if report speak true, many "rummish plants" are concocted.

He does not play billiards often, and never in public: but when he does play, he always contrives to get hold of a good flat, and never leaves him till he has done him uncommonly brown. He has lately been playing a good deal with Famish.

When he makes his appearance in the drawing-room, which occasionally happens at a hunt-meeting or a race-ball, he enjoys himself extremely.

His young friend is Ensign Famish, who is not a little pleased to be seen with such a smart fellow as Rag, who bows to the best turf company in the Park. Rag lets Famish accompany him to Tattersall's, and sells him bargains in horse-flesh, and uses Famish's cab. That young gentleman's regiment is in India, and he is at home on sick leave. He recruits his health by being intoxicated every night, and fortifies his lungs, which are weak, by smoking cigars all day. The policemen about the Haymarket know the little creature, and the early cabmen salute him. The closed doors of fish and lobster shops open after service, and vomit out little Famish, who is either tipsy and quarrelsome—when he wants to fight the cabmen; or drunk and helpless—when some kind friend (in yellow satin) takes care of him. All the neighbourhood, the cabmen, the police, the early potato-men, and the friends in yellow satin, know the young fellow, and he is called Little Bobby by some of the very worst reprobates in Europe.

His mother, Lady Fanny Famish, believes devoutly that Robert is in London solely for the benefit of consulting the physician; is going to have him exchanged into a dragoon regiment, which doesn't go to that odious India; and has an idea that his chest is delicate, and that he takes gruel every evening, when he puts his feet in hot water. Her Ladyship resides at Cheltenham, and is of a serious turn.

Bobby frequents the "Union-Jack Club" of course; where he breakfasts on pale-ale and devilled kidneys at three o'clock; where

beardless young heroes of his own sort congregate, and make merry, and give each other dinners; where you may see half-a-dozen of young rakes of the fourth or fifth order lounging and smoking on the steps; where you behold Slapper's long-tailed leggy mare in the custody of a red-jacket until the Captain is primed for the Park with a glass of curaçoa; and where you see Hobby, of the Highland Buffs, driving up with Dobby, of the Madras Fusiliers, in the great banging, swinging cab which the latter hires from Rumble of Bond Street.

In fact, Military Snobs are of such number and variety, that a hundred weeks of *Punch* would not suffice to give an audience to them. There is, besides the disreputable old Military Snob who has seen service, the respectable old Military Snob who has seen none, and gives himself the most prodigious martinet airs. There is the Medical-Military Snob, who is generally more outrageously military in his conversation than the greatest *sabreur* in the army. There is the Heavy-Dragoon Snob, whom young ladies admire, with his great stupid pink face and yellow moustaches —a vacuous, solemn, foolish, but brave and honourable Snob. There is the Amateur-Military Snob, who writes Captain on his card because he is a Lieutenant in the Bungay Militia. There is the Lady-killing Military Snob; and more, who need not be named.

But let no man, we repeat, charge *Mr. Punch* with disrespect for the Army in general—that gallant and judicious Army, every man of which, from F.M. the Duke of Wellington, &c., downwards —(with the exception of H.R.H. Field-Marshal Prince Albert, who, however, can hardly count as a military man)—reads *Punch* in every quarter of the globe.

Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the Army read Sir Harry Smith's account of the Battle of Aliwal. A noble deed was never told in nobler language. And you who doubt if chivalry exists, or the age of heroism has passed by, think of Sir Henry Hardinge, with his son, "dear little Arthur," riding in front of the lines at Ferozeshah. I hope no English painter will endeavour to illustrate that scene; for who is there to do justice to it? The history of the world contains no more brilliant and heroic picture. No, no; the men who perform these deeds with such brilliant valour, and describe them with such modest manliness —*such* are not Snobs. Their country admires them, their Sovereign rewards them, and *Punch*, the universal railer, takes off his hat and says, Heaven save them!

CHAPTER XI

ON CLERICAL SNOBS

AFTER Snobs-Military, Snobs-Clerical suggest themselves quite naturally, and it is clear that, with every respect for the cloth, yet having a regard for truth, humanity, and the British public, such a vast and influential class must not be omitted from our notices of the great Snob world.

Of these Clerics there are some whose claim to snobbishness is undoubted, and yet it cannot be discussed here; for the same reason that *Punch* would not set up his show in a Cathedral, out of respect for the solemn service celebrated within. There are some places where he acknowledges himself not privileged to make a noise, and puts away his show, and silences his drum, and takes off his hat, and holds his peace.

And I know this, that if there are some Clerics who do wrong, there are straightway a thousand newspapers to haul up those unfortunates, and cry, "Fie upon them, fie upon them!" while, though the press is always ready to yell and bellow excommunication against these stray delinquent parsons, it somehow takes very little count of the many good ones—of the tens of thousands of honest men, who lead Christian lives, who give to the poor generously, who deny themselves rigidly, and live and die in their duty, without ever a newspaper paragraph in their favour. My beloved friend and reader, I wish you and I could do the same: and let me whisper my belief, *entre nous*, that of those eminent philosophers who cry out against parsons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the church by going thither often.

But you who have ever listened to village bells, or have walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the poor man's bedside; or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business;—do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him.

Every man can do that. When old Father Noah was overtaken in his cups, there was only one of his sons that dared to make merry

at his disaster, and he was not the most virtuous of the family. Let us too turn away silently, nor huzza like a parcel of schoolboys because some big young rebel suddenly starts up and whops the schoolmaster.

I confess, though, if I had by me the names of those seven or eight Irish bishops, the probates of whose wills were mentioned in last year's journals, and who died leaving behind them some two hundred thousand pounds apiece—I would like to put *them* up as patrons of my Clerical Snobs, and operate upon them as successfully as I see from the newspapers Mr. Eisenberg, Chiropodist, has lately done upon "His Grace the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Tapioca."

And I confess that when those Right Reverend Prelates come up to the gates of Paradise with their probates of wills in their hands, I think that their chance is. . . . But the gates of Paradise is a far way to follow their Lordships; so let us trip down again, lest awkward questions be asked there about our own favourite vices too.

And don't let us give way to the vulgar prejudice, that clergymen are an overpaid and luxurious body of men. When that eminent ascetic, the late Sydney Smith—(by the way, by what law of nature is it that so many Smiths in this world are called Sydney Smith?)—lauded the system of great prizes in the Church, —without which he said gentlemen would not be induced to follow the clerical profession, he admitted most pathetically that the clergy in general were by no means to be envied for their worldly prosperity. From reading the works of some modern writers of repute, you would fancy that a parson's life was passed in gorging himself with plum-pudding and port-wine; and that his Reverence's fat chaps were always greasy with the crackling of tithe pigs. Caricaturists delight to represent him so: round, short-necked, pimple-faced, apoplectic, bursting out of waistcoat, like a black-pudding, a shovel-hatted fuzz-wigged Silenus. Whereas, if you take the real man, the poor fellow's flesh-pots are very scantily furnished with meat. He labours commonly for a wage that a tailor's foreman would despise: he has, too, such claims upon his dismal income as most philosophers would rather grumble to meet; many tithes are levied upon *his* pocket, let it be remembered, by those who grudge him his means of livelihood. He has to dine with the Squire: and his wife must dress neatly; and he must "look like a gentleman," as they call it, and bring up his six great hungry sons as such. Add to this, if he does his duty, he has such temptations to spend his money as no mortal man could withstand. Yes;

you who can't resist purchasing a chest of cigars, because they are so good; or an ormolu clock at Howell and James's, because it is such a bargain; or a box at the Opera, because Lablache and Grisi are divine in the *Puritani:* fancy how difficult it is for a parson to resist spending a half-crown when John Breakstone's family are without a loaf; or "standing" a bottle of port for poor old Polly Rabbits, who has her thirteenth child; or treating himself to a suit of corduroys for little Bob Scarecrow, whose breeches are sadly out at elbows. Think of these temptations, brother moralists and philosophers, and don't be too hard on the parson.

But what is this? Instead of "showing up" the parsons, are we indulging in maudlin praises of that monstrous black-coated race? O saintly Francis, lying at rest under the turf; O Jimmy, and Johnny, and Willy, friends of my youth! O noble and dear old Elias! how should he who knows you not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again, if it ever casts ridicule upon either!

CHAPTER XII

ON CLERICAL SNOBS AND SNOBBISHNESS

DEAR MR. SNOB," an amiable young correspondent writes, who signs himself Snobling, "ought the clergyman who, at the request of a noble Duke, lately interrupted a marriage ceremony between two persons perfectly authorised to marry, to be ranked or not among the Clerical Snobs?"

This, my dear young friend, is not a fair question. One of the illustrated weekly papers has already seized hold of the clergyman, and blackened him most unmercifully, by representing him in his cassock performing the marriage service. Let that be sufficient punishment, and, if you please, do not press the query.

It is very likely that if Miss Smith had come with a licence to marry Jones, the parson in question, not seeing old Smith present, would have sent off the beadle in a cab to let the old gentleman know what was going on; and would have delayed the service until the arrival of Smith senior. He very likely thinks it his duty to ask *all* marriageable young ladies, who come without their papa, why their parent is absent; and, no doubt, *always* sends off the beadle for that missing governor.

Or, it is very possible that the Duke of Cœurdelion was Mr. What-d'ye-call-'im's most intimate friend, and has often said to him, "What d'ye-call-'im, my boy, my daughter must never marry the Capting. If ever they try at your church, I beseech you, considering the terms of intimacy on which we are, to send off Rattan in a hack-cab to fetch me."

In either of which cases, you see, dear Snobling, that though the parson would not have been authorised, yet he might have been excused from interfering. He has no more right to stop my marriage than to stop my dinner, to both of which, as a free-born Briton, I am entitled by law, if I can pay for them. But, consider pastoral solicitude, a deep sense of the duties of his office, and pardon this inconvenient, but genuine zeal.

But if the clergyman did in the Duke's case what he would *not* do in Smith's; if he has no more acquaintance with the Cœurdelion family than I have with the Royal and Serene House of Saxe-Coburg-

Gotha,—*then*, I confess, my dear Snobling, your question might elicit a disagreeable reply, and one which I respectfully decline to give. I wonder what Sir George Tufto would say, if a sentry left his post because a noble lord (not in the least connected with the service) begged the sentinel not to do his duty!

Alas! that the beadle who canes little boys and drives them out, cannot drive worldliness out too; and what is worldliness but snobbishness? When, for instance, I read in the newspapers that the Right Reverend the Lord Charles James administered the rite of confirmation to *a party of the juvenile nobility* at the Chapel Royal,—as if the Chapel Royal were a sort of ecclesiastical Almack's, and young people were to get ready for the next world in little exclusive genteel knots of the aristocracy, who were not to be disturbed in their journey thither by the company of the vulgar:—when I read such a paragraph as that (and one or two such generally appear during the present fashionable season), it seems to me to be the most odious, mean, and disgusting part of that odious, mean, and disgusting publication, the *Court Circular;* and that snobbishness is therein carried to quite an awful pitch. What, gentlemen, can't we even in the Church acknowledge a republic? There, at least, the Heralds' College itself might allow that we all of us have the same pedigree, and are direct descendants of Eve and Adam, whose inheritance is divided amongst us.

I hereby call upon all Dukes, Earls, Baronets, and other potentates, not to lend themselves to this shameful scandal and error, and beseech all Bishops who read this publication to take the matter into consideration, and to protest against the continuance of the practice, and to declare, "We *won't* confirm or christen Lord Tomnoddy, or Sir Carnaby Jenks, to the exclusion of any other young Christian;" the which declaration if their Lordships are induced to make, a great *lapis offensionis* will be removed, and the Snob Papers will not have been written in vain.

A story is current of a celebrated *nouveau-riche*, who having had occasion to oblige that excellent prelate the Bishop of Bullocksmithy, asked his Lordship, in return, to confirm his children privately in his Lordship's own chapel; which ceremony the grateful prelate accordingly performed. Can satire go farther than this? Is there, even in this most amusing of prints, any more *naïve* absurdity? It is as if a man wouldn't go to heaven unless he went in a special train, or as if he thought (as some people think about vaccination) Confirmation more effectual when administered at first hand. When that eminent person, the Begum Sumroo, died, it is said she left ten thousand pounds to the Pope, and ten thousand to the Archbishop of Canterbury,—so that there should be no

mistake,—so as to make sure of having the ecclesiastical authorities on her side. This is only a little more openly and undisguisedly snobbish than the cases before alluded to. A well-bred Snob is just as secretly proud of his riches and honours as a *parvenu* Snob who makes the most ludicrous exhibition of them; and a high-born Marchioness or Duchess just as vain of herself and her diamonds as Queen Quashyboo, who sews a pair of epaulets on to her skirt, and turns out in state in a cocked hat and feathers.

It is not out of disrespect to my "Peerage," which I love and honour (indeed, have I not said before, that I should be ready to jump out of my skin if two Dukes would walk down Pall Mall with me?)—it is not out of disrespect for the individuals that I wish these titles had never been invented; but, consider, if there were no tree, there would be no shadow; and how much more honest society would be, and how much more serviceable the clergy would be (which is our present consideration), if these temptations of rank and continual baits of worldliness were not in existence, and perpetually thrown out to lead them astray.

I have seen many examples of their falling away. When, for instance, Tom Sniffle first went into the country as Curate for Mr. Fuddleston (Sir Huddleston Fuddleston's brother), who resided on some other living, there could not be a more kind, hardworking, and excellent creature than Tom. He had his aunt to live with him. His conduct to his poor was admirable. He wrote anually reams of the best-intentioned and most vapid sermons. When Lord Brandyball's family first came down into the country, and invited him to dine at Brandyball Park, Sniffle was so agitated that he almost forgot how to say grace, and upset a bowl of currant-jelly sauce in Lady Fanny Toffy's lap.

What was the consequence of his intimacy with that noble family? He quarrelled with his aunt for dining out every night. The wretch forgot his poor altogether, and killed his old nag by always riding over to Brandyball, where he revelled in the maddest passion for Lady Fanny. He ordered the neatest new clothes and ecclesiastical waistcoats from London; he appeared with corazza-shirts, lacquered boots, and perfumery; he bought a blood-horse from Bob Toffy: was seen at archery meetings, public breakfasts, —actually at cover; and, I blush to say, that I saw him in a stall at the Opera; and afterwards riding by Lady Fanny's side in Rotten Row. He *double-barrelled* his name (as many poor Snobs do), and, instead of T. Sniffle, as formerly, came out, in a porcelain card, as Rev. T. D'Arcy Sniffle, Burlington Hotel.

The end of all this may be imagined: when the Earl of Brandyball was made acquainted with the curate's love for Lady Fanny,

he had that fit of the gout which so nearly carried him off (to the inexpressible grief of his son, Lord Alicompayne), and uttered that remarkable speech to Sniffle, which disposed of the claims of the latter:—"If I didn't respect the Church, sir," his Lordship said, "by Jove, I'd kick you downstairs." His Lordship then fell back into the fit aforesaid; and Lady Fanny, as we all know, married General Podager.

As for poor Tom, he was over head and ears in debt as well as in love; his creditors came down upon him. Mr. Hemp, of Portugal Street, proclaimed his name lately as a reverend outlaw; and he has been seen at various foreign watering-places; sometimes doing duty; sometimes "coaching" a stray gentleman's son at Carlsruhe or Kissingen; sometimes—must we say it?—lurking about the roulette-tables with a tuft to his chin.

If temptation had not come upon this unhappy fellow in the shape of Lord Brandyball, he might still have been following his profession, humbly and worthily. He might have married his cousin with four thousand pounds, the wine-merchant's daughter (the old gentleman quarrelled with his nephew for not soliciting wine-orders from Lord B. for him): he might have had seven children, and taken private pupils, and eked out his income, and lived and died a country parson.

Could he have done better? You who want to know how great, and good, and noble such a character may be, read Stanley's "Life of Doctor Arnold."

CHAPTER XIII

ON CLERICAL SNOBS

AMONG the varieties of the Snob Clerical, the University Snob and the Scholastic Snob ought never to be forgotten: they form a very strong battalion in the black-coated army.

The wisdom of our ancestors (which I admire more and more every day) seemed to have determined that the education of youth was so paltry and unimportant a matter, that almost any man, armed with a birch and a regulation cassock and degree, might undertake the charge; and many an honest country gentleman may be found to the present day, who takes very good care to have a character with his butler when he engages him, and will not purchase a horse without the strongest warranty and the closest inspection; but sends off his son, young John Thomas, to school without asking any questions about the Schoolmaster, and places the lad at Switchester College, under Dr. Block, because he (the good old English gentleman) had been at Switchester, under Dr. Buzwig, forty years ago.

We have a love for all little boys at school; for many scores of thousands of them read and love *Punch*:—may he never write a word that shall not be honest and fit for them to read! He will not have his young friends to be Snobs in the future, or to be bullied by Snobs, or given over to such to be educated. Our connection with the youth at the Universities is very close and affectionate. The candid undergraduate is our friend. The Pompous old College Don trembles in his common-room, lest we should attack him and show him up as a Snob.

When railroads were threatening to invade the land which they have since conquered, it may be recollected what a shrieking and outcry the authorities of Oxford and Eton made, lest the iron abominations should come near those seats of pure learning, and tempt the British youth astray. The supplications were in vain; the railroad is in upon them, and the old-world institutions are doomed. I felt charmed to read in the papers the other day a most veracious puffing advertisement headed, "To College and back for Five Shillings." "The College Gardens (it said) will be thrown

open on this occasion; the College youths will perform a regatta; the Chapel of King's College will have its celebrated music;"—and all for five shillings! The Goths have got into Rome; Napoleon Stephenson draws his republican lines round the sacred old cities; and the ecclesiastical big-wigs who garrison them must prepare to lay down key and crosier before the iron conqueror.

If you consider, dear reader, what profound snobbishness the University System produced, you will allow that it is time to attack some of those feudal middle-age superstitions. If you go down for five shillings to look at the "College Youths," you may see one sneaking down the court without a tassel to his cap; another with a gold or silver fringe to his velvet trencher; a third lad with a master's gown and hat, walking at ease over the sacred College grass-plats, which common men must not tread on.

He may do it because he is a nobleman. Because a lad is a lord, the University gives him a degree at the end of two years which another is seven in acquiring. Because he is a lord, he has no call to go through an examination. Any man who has not been to College and back for five shillings, would not believe in such distinctions in a place of education, so absurd and monstrous do they seem to be.

The lads with gold and silver lace are sons of rich gentlemen, and called Fellow Commoners; they are privileged to feed better than the pensioners, and to have wine with their victuals, which the latter can only get in their rooms.

The unlucky boys who have no tassels to their caps, are called sizars—*servitors* at Oxford—(a very pretty and gentlemanlike title). A distinction is made in their clothes because they are poor; for which reason they wear a badge of poverty and are not allowed to take their meals with their fellow-students.

When this wicked and shameful distinction was set up, it was of a piece with all the rest—a part of the brutal, unchristian, blundering feudal system. Distinctions of rank were then so strongly insisted upon, that it would have been thought blasphemy to doubt them, as blasphemous as it is in parts of the United States now for a nigger to set up as the equal of a white man. A ruffian like Henry VIII. talked as gravely about the divine powers vested in him, as if he had been an inspired prophet. A wretch like James I. not only believed that there was in himself a particular sanctity, but other people believed him. Government regulated the length of a merchant's shoes as well as meddled with his trade, prices, exports, machinery. It thought itself justified in roasting a man for his religion, or pulling a Jew's teeth out if he did not pay

a contribution, or ordered him to dress in a yellow gabardine, and locked him in a particular quarter.

Now a merchant may wear what boots he pleases, and has pretty nearly acquired the privilege of buying and selling without the Government laying its paws upon the bargain. The stake for heretics is gone; the pillory is taken down; Bishops are even found lifting up their voices against the remains of persecution, and ready to do away with the last Catholic Disabilities. Sir Robert Peel, though he wished it ever so much, has no power over Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's grinders, or any means of violently handling that gentleman's jaw. Jews are not called upon to wear badges: on the contrary, they may live in Piccadilly, or the Minories, according to fancy; they may dress like Christians, and do sometimes in a most elegant and fashionable manner.

Why is the poor College servitor to wear that name and that badge still? Because Universities are the last places into which reform penetrates. But now that she can go to College and back for five shillings, let her travel down thither.

CHAPTER XIV

ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS

ALL the men of Saint Boniface will recognise Hugby and Crump in these two pictures. They were tutors in our time, and Crump is since advanced to be President of the College. He was formerly, and is now, a rich specimen of a University Snob.

At five-and-twenty, Crump invented three new metres, and published an edition of an exceedingly improper Greek Comedy, with no less than twenty emendations upon the German text of Schnapfenius and Schnapsius. These services to religion instantly pointed him out for advancement in the Church, and he is now President of Saint Boniface, and very narrowly escaped the bench.

Crump thinks Saint Boniface the centre of the world, and his position as President the highest in England. He expects the fellows and tutors to pay him the same sort of service that Cardinals pay to the Pope. I am sure Crawler would have no objection to carry his trencher, or Page to hold up the skirts of his gown as he stalks into chapel. He roars out the responses there as if it were an honour to heaven that the President of Saint Boniface should take a part in the service, and in his own lodge and college acknowledges the Sovereign only as his superior.

When the allied monarchs came down, and were made Doctors of the University, a breakfast was given at Saint Boniface; on which occasion Crump allowed the Emperor Alexander to walk before him, but took the *pas* himself of the King of Prussia and Prince Blucher. He was going to put the Hetman Platoff to breakfast at a side-table with the under college tutors: but he was induced to relent, and merely entertained that distinguished Cossack with a discourse on his own language, in which he showed that the Hetman knew nothing about it.

As for us undergraduates, we scarcely knew more about Crump than about the Grand Llama. A few favoured youths are asked occasionally to tea at the lodge; but they do not speak unless first addressed by the Doctor; and if they venture to sit down, Crump's follower, Mr. Toady, whispers, "Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to get up?—The President is passing;" or "Gentlemen,

the President prefers that undergraduates should not sit down;" or words to a similar effect.

To do Crump justice, he does not cringe now to great people. He rather patronises them than otherwise; and, in London, speaks quite affably to a Duke who has been brought up at his college, or holds out a finger to a Marquis. He does not disguise his own origin, but brags of it with considerable self-gratulation: "I was a Charity-boy," says he; "see what I am now: the greatest Greek scholar of the greatest College of the greatest University of the greatest Empire in the world." The argument being, that this is a capital world for beggars, because he, being a beggar, has managed to get on horseback.

Hugby owes his eminence to patient merit and agreeable perseverance. He is a meek, mild, inoffensive creature, with just enough of scholarship to fit him to hold a lecture, or set an examination paper. He rose by kindness to the aristocracy. It was wonderful to see the way in which that poor creature grovelled before a nobleman or a lord's nephew, or even some noisy and disreputable commoner, the friend of a lord. He used to give the young noblemen the most painful and elaborate breakfasts, and adopt a jaunty genteel air, and talk with them (although he was decidedly serious) about the opera, or the last run with the hounds. It was good to watch him in the midst of a circle of young tufts, with his mean, smiling, eager, uneasy familiarity. He used to write home confidential letters to their parents, and made it his duty to call upon them when in town, to condole or rejoice with them when a death, birth, or marriage took place in their family; and to feast them whenever they came to the University. I recollect a letter lying on a desk in his lecture-room for a whole term, beginning, "My Lord Duke." It was to show us that he corresponded with such dignities.

When the late lamented Lord Glenlivat, who broke his neck at a hurdle-race, at the premature age of twenty-four, was at the University, the amiable young fellow, passing to his rooms in the early morning, and seeing Hugby's boots at his door, on the same staircase, playfully wadded the insides of the boots with cobbler's wax, which caused excruciating pains to the Reverend Mr. Hugby, when he came to take them off the same evening, before dining with the Master of St. Crispin's.

Everybody gave the credit of this admirable piece of fun to Lord Glenlivat's friend, Bob Tizzy, who was famous for such feats, and who had already made away with the college pump-handle; filed St. Boniface's nose smooth with his face; carried off four images of nigger-boys from the tobacconists; painted the senior

proctor's horse pea-green, &c. &c.; and Bob (who was of the party certainly, and would not peach) was just on the point of incurring expulsion, and so losing the family living which was in store for him, when Glenlivat nobly stepped forward, owned himself to be the author of the delightful *jeu-d'esprit*, apologised to the tutor, and accepted the rustication.

Hugby cried when Glenlivat apologised: if the young nobleman had kicked him round the court, I believe the tutor would have been happy, so that an apology and a reconciliation might subsequently ensue. "My Lord," said he, "in your conduct on this and all other occasions, you have acted as becomes a gentleman; you have been an honour to the University, as you will be to the peerage, I am sure, when the amiable vivacity of youth is calmed down, and you are called upon to take your proper share in the government of the nation." And when his Lordship took leave of the University, Hugby presented him with a copy of his "Sermons to a Nobleman's Family" (Hugby was once private tutor to the sons of the Earl of Muffborough), which Glenlivat presented in return to Mr. William Ramm, known to the fancy as the Tutbury Pet, and the sermons now figure on the boudoir-table of Mrs. Ramm, behind the bar of her house of entertainment, "The Game Cock and Spurs," near Woodstock, Oxon.

At the beginning of the long vacation, Hugby comes to town, and puts up in handsome lodgings near St. James's Square; rides in the Park in the afternoon; and is delighted to read his name in the morning papers among the list of persons present at Muffborough House, and the Marquis of Farintosh's evening parties. He is a member of Sydney Scraper's Club, where, however, he drinks his pint of claret.

Sometimes you may see him on Sundays, at the hour when tavern doors open, whence issue little girls with great jugs of porter; when charity-boys walk the streets, bearing brown dishes of smoking shoulders of mutton and baked 'taturs; when Sheeny and Moses are seen smoking their pipes before their lazy shutters in Seven Dials; when a crowd of smiling persons in clean outlandish dresses, in monstrous bonnets and flaring printed gowns, or in crumpled glossy coats and silks that bear the creases of the drawers where they have lain all the week, file down High Street,—sometimes, I say, you may see Hugby coming out of the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, with a stout gentlewoman leaning on his arm, whose old face bears an expression of supreme pride and happiness as she glances round at all the neighbours, and who faces the curate himself, and marches into Holborn, where she pulls the bell of a

house over which is inscribed, "Hugby, Haberdasher." It is the mother of the Rev. F. Hugby, as proud of her son in his white choker as Cornelia of her jewels at Rome. That is old Hugby bringing up the rear with the Prayer-books, and Betsy Hugby the old maid, his daughter,—old Hugby, Haberdasher and Churchwarden.

In the front room upstairs, where the dinner is laid out, there is a picture of Muffborough Castle; of the Earl of Muffborough, K.X., Lord-Lieutenant for Diddlesex; an engraving, from an almanac, of Saint Boniface College, Oxon; and a sticking-plaster portrait of Hugby when young, in a cap and gown. A copy of his "Sermons to a Nobleman's Family" is on the book-shelf, by the "Whole Duty of Man," the Reports of the Missionary Societies, and the "Oxford University Calendar." Old Hugby knows part of this by heart; every living belonging to Saint Boniface, and the name of every tutor, fellow, nobleman, and undergraduate.

He used to go to meeting and preach himself, until his son took orders; but of late the old gentleman has been accused of Puseyism, and is quite pitiless against the Dissenters.

CHAPTER XV

ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS

I SHOULD like to fill several volumes with accounts of various University Snobs; so fond are my reminiscences of them, and so numerous are they. I should like to speak, above all, of the wives and daughters of some of the Professor-Snobs: their amusements, habits, jealousies; their innocent artifices to entrap young men; their picnics, concerts, and evening parties. I wonder what has become of Emily Blades, daughter of Blades, the Professor of the Mandingo language? I remember her shoulders to this day, as she sat in the midst of a crowd of about seventy young gentlemen, from Corpus and Catherine Hall, entertaining them with ogles and French songs on the guitar. Are you married, fair Emily of the shoulders? What beautiful ringlets those were that used to dribble over them! what a waist! what a killing sea-green shot-silk gown! what a cameo, the size of a muffin! There were thirty-six young men of the University in love at one time with Emily Blades: and no words are sufficient to describe the pity, the sorrow, the deep, deep commiseration—the rage, fury, and uncharitableness, in other words—with which the Miss Trumps (daughters of Trumps, the Professor of Phlebotomy) regarded her, because she *didn't* squint, and because she *wasn't* marked with the smallpox.

As for the young University Snobs, I am getting too old, now, to speak of such very familiarly. My recollections of them lie in the far, far past—almost as far back as Pelham's time.

We *then* used to consider Snobs raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel; who wore highlows and no straps; who walked two hours on the Trumpington road every day of their lives; who carried off the college scholarships, and who overrated themselves in hall. We were premature in pronouncing our verdict of youthful Snobbishness. The man without straps fulfilled his destiny and duty. He eased his old governor, the curate in Westmoreland, or helped his sisters to set up the Ladies' School. He wrote a "Dictionary," or a "Treatise on Conic Sections," as his nature and genius prompted. He got a fellowship: and then took to himself a wife, and a living. He presides over a parish now, and thinks it rather a dashing thing

to belong to the "Oxford and Cambridge Club"; and his parishioners love him, and snore under his sermons. No, no, *he* is not a Snob. It is not straps that make the gentleman, or highlows that unmake him, be they ever so thick. My son, it is you who are the Snob if you lightly despise a man for doing his duty, and refuse to shake an honest man's hand because it wears a Berlin glove.

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pineapples and ices at each other's rooms, and fuddle themselves with champagne and claret.

One looks back to what was called a "wine-party" with a sort of wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again. Milk punch—smoking—ghastly headache—frightful spectacle of dessert-table next morning, and smell of tobacco—your guardian, the clergyman, dropping in in the midst of this—expecting to find you deep in Algebra, and discovering the gyp administering soda-water.

There were young men who despised the lads who indulged in the coarse hospitalities of wine-parties, who prided themselves in giving *récherché* little French dinners. Both wine-party-givers and dinner-givers were Snobs.

There were what used to be called "dressy" Snobs:—Jimmy, who might be seen at five o'clock elaborately rigged out, with a camellia in his button-hole, glazed boots, and fresh kid-gloves twice a day;—Jessamy, who was conspicuous for his "jewellery,"—a young donkey, glittering all over with chains, rings, and shirt-studs;—Jacky, who rode every day solemnly on the Blenheim Road, in pumps and white silk stockings, with his hair curled,—all three of whom flattered themselves they gave laws to the University about dress—all three most odious varieties of Snobs.

Sporting Snobs of course there were, and are always—those happy beings in whom Nature has implanted a love of slang: who loitered about the horsekeeper's stables, and drove the London coaches—a stage in and out—and might be seen swaggering through the courts in pink of early mornings, and indulged in dice and blind-hookey at nights, and never missed a race or a boxing-match; and rode flat-races, and kept bull-terriers. Worse Snobs even than these were poor miserable wretches who did not like hunting at all, and could not afford it, and were in mortal fear at a two-feet ditch; but who hunted because Glenlivat and Cinqbars hunted. The Billiard Snob and the Boating Snob were varieties of these, and are to be found elsewhere than in universities.

Then there were Philosophical Snobs, who used to ape statesmen at the spouting-clubs, and who believed as a fact that Government always had an eye on the University for the selection of orators for the House of Commons. There were audacious young free-thinkers, who adored nobody or nothing, except perhaps Robespierre and the Koran, and panted for the day when the pale name of priest should shrink and dwindle away before the indignation of an enlightened world.

But the worst of all University Snobs are those unfortunates who go to rack and ruin from their desire to ape their betters. Smith becomes acquainted with great people at college, and is ashamed of his father the tradesman. Jones has fine acquaintances, and lives after their fashion like a gay free-hearted fellow as he is, and ruins his father, and robs his sister's portion, and cripples his younger brother's outset in life, for the pleasure of entertaining my lord, and riding by the side of Sir John. And though it may be very good fun for Robinson to fuddle himself at home as he does at College, and to be brought home by the policeman he has just been trying to knock down—think what fun it is for the poor old soul his mother!—the half-pay captain's widow, who has been pinching herself all her life long, in order that that jolly young fellow might have a University education.

CHAPTER XVI

ON LITERARY SNOBS

WHAT will he say about Literary Snobs? has been a question, I make no doubt, often asked by the public. How can he let off his own profession? Will that truculent and unsparing monster who attacks the nobility, the clergy, the army, and the ladies, indiscriminately, hesitate when the turn comes to *égorger* his own flesh and blood?

My dear and excellent querist, whom does the schoolmaster flog so resolutely as his own son? Didn't Brutus chop his offspring's head off? You have a very bad opinion indeed of the present state of literature and of literary men, if you fancy that any one of us would hesitate to stick a knife into his neighbour penman, if the latter's death could do the State any service.

But the fact is, that in the literary profession THERE ARE NO SNOBS. Look round at the whole body of British men of letters, and I defy you to point out among them a single instance of vulgarity, or envy, or assumption.

Men and women, as far as I have known them, they are all modest in their demeanour, elegant in their manners, spotless in their lives, and honourable in their conduct to the world and to each other. You *may* occasionally, it is true, hear one literary man abusing his brother: but why? Not in the least out of malice; not at all from envy; merely from a sense of truth and public duty. Suppose, for instance, I good-naturedly point out a blemish in my friend *Mr. Punch's* person, and say, *Mr. P.* has a hump-back, and his nose and chin are more crooked than those features in the Apollo or Antinous, which we are accustomed to consider as our standards of beauty: does this argue malice on my part towards *Mr. Punch?* Not in the least. It is the critic's duty to point out defects as well as merits, and he invariably does his duty with the utmost gentleness and candour.

An intelligent foreigner's testimony about our manners is always worth having, and I think, in this respect, the work of an eminent American, Mr. N. P. Willis, is eminently valuable and impartial. In his "History of Ernest Clay," a crack magazine-writer, the

reader will get an exact account of the life of a popular man of letters in England. He is always the great lion of society.

He takes the *pas* of dukes and earls; all the nobility crowd to see him: I forget how many baronesses and duchesses fall in love with him. But on this subject let us hold our tongues. Modesty forbids that we should reveal the names of the heartbroken countesses and dear marchionesses who are pining for every one of the contributors in *Punch*.

If anybody wants to know how intimately authors are connected with the fashionable world, they have but to read the genteel novels. What refinement and delicacy pervades the works of Mrs. Barnaby! What delightful good company do you meet with in Mrs. Armytage! She seldom introduces you to anybody under a marquis! I don't know anything more delicious than the pictures of genteel life in "Ten Thousand a Year," except perhaps the "Young Duke," and "Coningsby." There's a modest grace about *them*, and an air of easy high fashion, which only belongs to blood, my dear sir—to true blood.

And what linguists many of our writers are! Lady Bulwer, Lady Londonderry, Sir Edward himself—they write the French language with a luxurious elegance and ease which sets them far above their continental rivals, of whom not one (except Paul de Kock) knows a word of English.

And what Briton can read without enjoyment the works of James, so admirable for terseness; and the playful humour and dazzling off-hand lightness of Ainsworth? Among other humourists, one might glance at a Jerrold, the chivalrous advocate of Toryism and Church and State; an à Beckett, with a lightsome pen, but a savage earnestness of purpose; a Jeames, whose pure style, and wit unmingled with buffoonery, was relished by a congenial public.

Speaking of critics, perhaps there never was a review that has done so much for literature as the admirable *Quarterly*. It has its prejudices, to be sure, as which of us has not? It goes out of its way to abuse a great man, or lays mercilessly on to such pretenders as Keats and Tennyson; but, on the other hand, it is the friend of all young authors, and has marked and nurtured all the rising talent of the country. It is loved by everybody. There, again, is *Blackwood's Magazine*—conspicuous for modest elegance and amiable satire; that review never passes the bounds of politeness in a joke. It is the arbiter of manners; and, while gently exposing the foibles of Londoners (for whom the *beaux esprits* of Edinburgh entertain a justifiable contempt), it is never coarse in its fun. The fiery enthusiasm of the *Athenæum* is well known; and the bitter wit of the too difficult *Literary Gazette*. The *Examiner* is perhaps

too timid, and the *Spectator* too boisterous in its praise—but who can carp at these minor faults? No, no; the critics of England and the authors of England are unrivalled as a body; and hence it becomes impossible for us to find fault with them.

Above all, I never knew a man of letters *ashamed of his profession*. Those who know us, know what an affectionate and brotherly spirit there is among us all. Sometimes one of us rises in the world: we never attack him or sneer at him under those circumstances, but rejoice to a man at his success. If Jones dines with a lord, Smith never says Jones is a courtier and cringer. Nor, on the other hand, does Jones, who is in the habit of frequenting the society of great people, give himself any airs on account of the company he keeps; but will leave a duke's arm in Pall Mall to come over and speak to poor Brown, the young penny-a-liner.

That sense of equality and fraternity amongst authors has always struck me as one of the most amiable characteristics of the class. It is because we know and respect each other, that the world respects us so much; that we hold such a good position in society, and demean ourselves so irreproachably when there.

Literary persons are held in such esteem by the nation, that about two of them have been absolutely invited to Court during the present reign; and it is probable that towards the end of the season one or two will be asked to dinner by Sir Robert Peel.

They are such favourites with the public, that they are continually obliged to have their pictures taken and published; and one or two could be pointed out, of whom the nation insists upon having a fresh portrait every year. Nothing can be more gratifying than this proof of the affectionate regard which the people has for its instructors.

Literature is held in such honour in England, that there is a sum of near twelve hundred pounds per annum set apart to pension deserving persons following that profession. And a great compliment this is, too, to the professors, and a proof of their generally prosperous and flourishing condition. They are generally so rich and thrifty, that scarcely any money is wanted to help them.

If every word of this is true, how, I should like to know, am I to write about Literary Snobs?

CHAPTER XVII

A LITTLE ABOUT IRISH SNOBS

YOU do not, to be sure, imagine that there are no other Snobs in Ireland than those of the amiable party who wish to make pikes of iron railroads (it's a fine Irish economy), and to cut the throats of the Saxon invaders. These are of the venomous sort; and had they been invented in his time, St. Patrick would have banished them out of the kingdom along with the other dangerous reptiles.

I think it is the Four Masters, or else it's Olaus Magnus, or else it's certainly O'Neill Daunt, in the "Catechism of Irish History," who relates that when Richard the Second came to Ireland, and the Irish chiefs did homage to him, going down on their knees—the poor simple creatures!—and worshipping and wondering before the English king and the dandies of his Court, my lords the English noblemen mocked and jeered at their uncouth Irish admirers, mimicked their talk and gestures, pulled their poor old beards, and laughed at the strange fashion of their garments.

The English Snob rampant always does this to the present day. There is no Snob in existence, perhaps, that has such an indomitable belief in himself: that sneers you down all the rest of the world besides, and has such an insufferable, admirable, stupid contempt for all people but his own—nay, for all sets but his own. "Gwacious Gad!" what stories about "the Iwish" these young dandies accompanying King Richard must have had to tell, when they returned to Pall Mall, and smoked their cigars upon the steps of "White's"!

The Irish snobbishness develops itself not in pride so much as in servility and mean admirations, and trumpery imitations of their neighbours. And I wonder De Tocqueville and De Beaumont, and the *Times* Commissioner, did not explain the Snobbishness of Ireland as contrasted with our own. Ours is that of Richard's Norman Knights,—haughty, brutal, stupid, and perfectly self-confident;—theirs, of the poor, wondering, kneeling, simple chieftains. They are on their knees still before English fashion—these simple, wild people; and indeed it is hard not to grin at some of their *naïve* exhibitions.

Some years since, when a certain great orator was Lord Mayor of Dublin, he used to wear a red gown and a cocked hat, the splendour of which delighted him as much as a new curtain-ring in her nose or a string of glass-beads round her neck charms Queen Quasheeneaboo. He used to pay visits to people in this dress; to appear at meetings hundreds of miles off in the red velvet gown. And to hear the people crying, "Yes, me Lard!" and "No, me Lard!" and to read the prodigious accounts of his Lordship in the papers: it seemed as if the people and he liked to be taken in by this twopenny splendour. Twopenny magnificence, indeed, exists all over Ireland, and may be considered as the great characteristic of the Snobbishness of that country.

When Mrs. Mulholligan, the grocer's lady, retires to Kingstown, she has "Mulholliganville" painted over the gate of her villa; and receives you at a door that won't shut, or gazes at you out of a window that is glazed with an old petticoat.

Be it ever so shabby and dismal, nobody ever owns to keeping a shop. A fellow whose stock in trade is a penny roll or a tumbler of lollipops, calls his cabin the "American Flour Stores," or the "Depository for Colonial Produce," or some such name.

As for Inns, there are none in the country; Hotels abound, as well furnished as Mulholliganville; but again there are no such people as landlords and landladies: the landlord is out with the hounds, and my Lady in the parlour talking with the Captain or playing the piano.

If a gentleman has a hundred a year to leave to his family they all become gentlemen, all keep a nag, ride to hounds, and swagger about in the "Phaynix," and grow tufts to their chins like so many real aristocrats.

A friend of mine has taken to be a painter, and lives out of Ireland, where he is considered to have disgraced the family by choosing such a profession. His father is a wine-merchant; and his elder brother an apothecary.

The number of men one meets in London and on the Continent who have a pretty little property of five-and-twenty hundred a year in Ireland is prodigious: those who *will* have nine thousand a year in land when somebody dies are still more numerous. I myself have met as many descendants from Irish kings as would form a brigade.

And who has not met the Irishman who apes the Englishman, and who forgets his country, and tries to forget his accent, or to smother the taste of it, as it were? "Come, dine with me, my boy," says O'Dowd, of O'Dowdstown: "you'll *find us all English there;*" which he tells you with a brogue as broad as from here to

Kingstown Pier. And did you never hear Mrs. Captain Macmanus talk about "I-ah-land," and her account of her "fawther's esteet"? Very few men have rubbed through the world without hearing and witnessing some of these Hibernian phenomena—these twopenny splendours.

And what say you to the summit of society—the Castle—with sham king, and sham lords-in-waiting, and sham loyalty, and a sham Haroun Alraschid, to go about in a sham disguise, making believe to be affable and splendid? That Castle is the pink and pride of Snobbishness. A *Court Circular* is bad enough, with two columns of print about a little baby that's christened—but think of people liking a sham *Court Circular!*

I think the shams of Ireland are more outrageous than those of any country. A fellow shows you a hill and says, "That's the highest mountain in all Ireland;" or a gentleman tells you he is descended from Brian Boroo, and has his five-and-thirty hundred a year; or Mrs. Macmanus describes her fawther's esteet; or ould Dan rises and says the Irish women are the loveliest, the Irish men the bravest, the Irish land the most fertile in the world: and nobody believes anybody—the latter doesn't believe his story nor the hearer:—but they make-believe to believe, and solemnly do honour to humbug.

O Ireland! O my country! (for I make little doubt that I am descended from Brian Boroo too) when will you acknowledge that two and two make four, and call a pikestaff a pikestaff?—that is the very best use you can make of the latter. Irish snobs will dwindle away then, and we shall never hear tell of Hereditary Bondsmen.

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